The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1889. PRICE FIVE CENTS

SILKS.

Plain Blacks, Colored and High Novelties, Foreign and Domestic, of all descriptions. Paris and Lyons EXCLUSIVE NOVELTIES a specialty.

DRESS GOODS

Plain and High Novelties, American and Foreign Fabrics. French Sateens.

RIBBONS.

Foreign and Domestic, Plain and High Novelties.

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

Fabric Gloves, American and celebrated English, French and German makes.

KID GLOVES.

Real Kids, Suedes, Lambskins, and Driving Gloves.

Domestic Cloths, Fancy Suitings, Cloakings,

Laces, Embroideries, Curtains.

Of Latest Designs.

Table Damasks, Towellings.

Scotch, German, Belgian and Domestic Goods.

GEORGE -:- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

FINANCIAL STRENGTH OF THE EQUITABLE:

Assets.....$95,042,922 96
Liabilities..... 74,248,207 81

Surplus.....$20,794,715 15

Of the leading companies, the Equitable shows the greatest strength, having not only the largest Surplus, but also the highest ratio of Surplus to Liabilities.

J. E. OHNHAUS,

AGENT, ROOMS 19 and 20 PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK.

Gerding & Aumann Bros

—DEALERS IN—

Tin, Stoves and Hardware.

Roofing and Spouting a Specialty.

115 Wallace St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

THE

PEOPLE'S STORE,

CLEARANCE SALE

STILL CONTINUES.

SUMMER GOODS CLOSING OUT AT ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES.

ONE ♦ PRICE ♦ TO ♦ ALL.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

WILL STAND BY NAGLE!

The Slayer of Judge Terry Released and Counsel Employed for His Defense in Court.

LATHROP, Cal., Aug. 17.—Judge Sawyer, at Stockton, this morning released Deputy United States Marshal Nagle, who shot and killed Judge Terry, on a writ of habeas corpus. Nagle passed through here, accompanied by Marshal Franks, on a special train for San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 17.—A dispatch was received here yesterday by United States Attorney Carey, from the department of justice at Washington, instructing him in behalf of the United States government to assume the defense of Deputy Marshal Nagle, who shot Judge Terry last Wednesday.

The supreme court of California last July reversed the decision in the Sharon-Hill-Terry divorce case and remanded the case for a new trial. Mrs. Terry, before the supreme court, applied for a rehearing to have the order for a new trial set aside. The application was refused yesterday by the supreme court.

LOWELL, Mass., Aug. 17.—Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, questioned by a reporter to-day, said he had not, as stated in some newspapers, been retained as prosecuting attorney against Justice Field and Deputy Marshal Nagle. Mr. Butler says he could not be retained in the case, as he would not act as a prosecuting officer against Judge Field.

"I do not think the law of the case has been clearly stated in any of the newspapers," said the general. "If a man is attacked and is in danger of his life, he is obliged to go to the wall before he can take the life of his assailant. It is different in the case of an officer sent to protect the justice of a court. It is then left in his judgment to strike when he fears the life of the judge is in danger from his assailant.

UNDER BOND.

Claude F. Baker Bound Over by Commissioner Leonard for Robbing the Mails.

This morning, Postoffice Inspector A. C. Bearss returned from Warsaw, having in custody Claude F. Baker, charged with embezzlement in the Warsaw postoffice.

The prisoner was arraigned before United States Commissioner Leonard, when he waived examination and plead guilty. He was bound over in the sum of $1,500, which amount was furnished this afternoon.

Baker was released and returned home.

TWO OTHER CASES.

George Wolford, a young fellow, was arraigned before 'Squire Tancey to-day on a charge of stealing $4 from Sarah Fitch. The parties live at Huntertown. The prisoner was bound over in the sum of $200 and went to jail.

Sam Ward, the colored man, was before 'Squire France this afternoon on a charge of larceny.

A REAL "SNAIK."

A Reptile of the Anaconda Species Found in a Bunch of Bananas at Clayton, Purcell & Co's.

"Ow! Ow-o-o! hi! yi!"

That was about the callibre of a piercing yell that rang out in the commission house of Clayton, Purcell & Co. this morning. The voice belonged to Henry Clay, the dusky complexioned, good natured driver for the firm.

The employes hastened to the spot whence the voice emanated, to find Clay on a high wooden frame, trembling in every nerve, while in a bunch of bananas he had been handling a reptile about four feet long was wriggling itself free from the stalk, to which it had clung since the fruit was shipped from Cuba.

Mr. Dell Clutter, bookkeeper for the firm, captured the reptile, which is a young anaconda.

His snakeship was gazed upon by hundreds of people to-day.

THE EXECUTIVE FORCE.

The People Who Will Put Forth Their Efforts in Behalf of the Catholic Fair.

Biz arrangements are being made for the third Library hall fair.

The following have been elected and committees appointed to serve during the coming Library hall fair, which commences September 12, 1889:

President—G. P. Gordon.

First Vice President—Louis Jocquel.

Second Vice President—Patrick Ryan.

Secretaries—William P. Breen and W. D. Gordon.

Treasurer—Killian Baker.

General Manager—Rev. Father Brammer.

Assistant Manager—Rev. Father O'Leary.

Soliciting Committee—Edward Gilmartin, George P. Gordon, H. C. Graffe, Dennis Monahan, P. A. Moran, A. A. Noll, Edward Golden, William Gaffney, A. J. Dittoe, L. Ryan, Dr. McOscar, James Duffee, Killian Baker, Mart Traverse, R. J. Pasino, Wm. Murphy, Patrick Ryan, Charles Ryan, Frank Voirol, Dr. J. M. Dinnen; Rev. T. M. O'Leary, chairman.

Printing Committee—Wm. P. Breen, A. J. Dittoe, W. D. Gordon, Dennis McCarthy.

Raffle and Premium Committee—Edward Golden, Dr. McOscar, Joseph Sorg, Patrick Ryan, R. Bensman, Louis Jocquel.

Voting Committee—Frank Voirol, Edward Golden, Wm. P. Breen, Dennis McCarthy, John W. Muldoon, Wm. Murphy.

Ticket Office—Joseph Litot, R. J. Pasino.

Door Committee—James Fox, John Monahan, D. McOscar, Lawrence Ryan.

LOCAL LINES.

Hon. Bruce Carr is a guest at the Wayne.

Mrs. James Steedly, of Gay street, is critically ill.

Mrs. A. C. Keel will leave for the east in a few days.

Mrs. Ott Patterson, of Brackenridge street, is quite ill.

Mrs. Charles Cash, of Logansport, is visiting in the city.

Mr. W. A. Bohn and family have returned from Petoskey.

St. Bernard council, C. K. of A., will meet to-morrow at Library hall.

Miss Mary McPhail has returned from a visit with friends at Chicago.

Mr. M. V. B. Spencer will leave for Topeka, Kas., on business next Tuesday.

Civil Engineer Brackenridge to-day staked off the eastern extension of the northside park.

Miss Minnie Orvis, of Decatur, has been visiting some of her Fort Wayne friends this week.

Mr. Joe Bell was offered $1,000 for his team of flyers this week, which he promptly refused.

Street Commissioner O'Brien had his force cleaning Calhoun street bright and early this morning.

The Misses Sadie Wenninghoff and Anna Hollenbeck, have gone to Edgerton, Ohio, on a visit.

Louis Wolf & Co, will open for business next Monday and a big force of clerks will be on hand.

The Shaker doctor on the Court house corner has been catching the crowds and the dollars—and the fools.

The unguarded gas trenches are death traps at night and it is strange that more accidents do not happen.

The Charami club, a new social organization, has fitted up a room in the Anderson building on Broadway.

Mr. Ed Coombs, of Coombs & Co., is at some of the lakes in the Hoosier state. He makes his headquarters at Goshen.

Mr. I. B. Gordon, of Kansas City, is a guest at the residence of his nephew, Mr. George Gordon, in Mechanicsburg.

Mr. Robert Gavin, of the mills of C. Tresselt & Sons, left to-day for Bryan, Ohio, to attend the funeral of a sister-in-law.

Mrs. Carruthers and son, of Springfield, O., are in the city on a visit to their cousins, Rev. Shackelford and family.

James Fox, the contractor, hires every man who makes application to him for work. Mr. Fox is grading and filling the Pittsburg gravel pit.

Mr. Henry Beuret, of Coombs & Co., has gone to Chicago. He will depart from there in a few days for Lake Geneva, Wis., to enjoy a vacation.

Messrs. George K. Torrence and E. L. Craw started out to-day to sell tickets for their excursion to Salt Lake City, Utah. They anticipate a big patronage.

Henry Mayer, of Decatur, has contracted to furnish 200,000 more brick for the new Centlivre brewery, making 400,000 from his yards. The material could not be obtained in this city.

A second test was given the automatic sprinkler at the Jenney electric light works which was successful. In case of fire this system will flood the building at one hundred and fifty degrees of heat.

Mr. Jacob Kline has appealed his nuisance case from 'Squire Tancey to the circuit court. It is charged that the nuisance was maintained at the Harrington house property, on Fairfield avenue.

Misses Anderson and Large speak of beginning the fourth year of their school of music about September 9. They hope to add a vocal department to their present work and to offer especial inducements to rudimentary students.

Some months ago Charles D. Jenney, the electrical inventor, sold his interest in the works of the Jenney Electric Lighting company, of West Indianapolis, and included in the sale was the right to use his systeem of lighting. He will give his exclusive attention to the manufacture of electric motors.

The North Manchester races next week cause a good deal of speculation as to the speed of a number of horses in this city that will be present. Besides Emmet Powers' "Wayne Wilkes," there will be animals on the course owned by Messrs. W. H. Watt, Steve Bond, W. S. Bash, A. D. Cressler, Louis Centlivre, A. Gessler and others.

Business is brisk about the state agricultural department. The state fair will open in a month, and an additional force of clerkt are now completing the arrangements for the annual exhibition. The entries up to date have been larger than usual, and the members of the board say they expect to make a better showing than ever before.

The widow of the late Norman Dodge is tending the crossing at Broadway, the position her husband had held for years. For the past year she has attended the work mostly herself, as her mental [illegible]

MUST GO TO THE PEN!

John L. Sullivan Convicted of Prize Fighting and Sentenced to a Year's Imprisonment.

PURVIS, Miss., Aug. 17.—The jury at 5 p. m., yesterday, returned a verdict finding Sullivan guilty of prize fighting.

Sullivan's face, as the verdict was rendered, was a study. His look was not of disappointment or grief, but more of worry and annoyance. He showed no feeling in the presence of the crowd, and as soon as he could get away from the court house he went by a back way, accompanied by several of his faithful friends. He tried hard to keep up his spirits, singing a snatch of song and forcing a laugh, but he was evidently a little down-hearted.

This morning he was in court and was sentenced to a year's imprisonment in the penitentiary. Fitzpatrick pleaded guilty and was fined $200.

A motion for a new trial was entered at once by the champion's lawyer, and if it be over-ruled an appeal will be taken to the supreme court of the state, which will be determined at the October term.

LOCAL LINES.

Mr. S. L. Morris went to Petoskey to-day.

Mr. Charles Miller has returned from Pittsburg.

Mr. John Dougherty, of Bluffton, is in the city to-day.

J. W. Campbell leaves this evening for Wheeling, W. Va.

Manager R. T. McDonald has returned from Pittsburg.

Rev. and Mrs. C. F. Kriete were at Niagara Falls this week.

Mr. Fred G. Lepper is registered at the Wayne hotel, Chicago.

Miss Minnie Woods, of Decatur, is visiting Miss Bertha Winch.

Mr. L. D. Collins, of No. 5 North Harrison street, is quite sick.

Chas. E. Johnson and Emma J. Herman have been licensed to wed.

Mr. John Conahan has accepted a position at the New York shoe store.

M. G. Matthews, with Brant & Fuller, will Sunday at his home in Chicago.

Misses Tracy Guild and Jennie Creighton have returned from a visit in Chicago.

Mr. C. J. Cross, of Lima, Ohio, is in the city visiting his brother, Mr. Chas. W. Cross.

Little Edith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Philley, is recovering from her attack of fever.

The Catholic Knights will go to communion at St. Mary's Catholic church, one week from to-morrow.

Miss Katy Howley returned home last evening after a pleasant visit in Chicago with relatives and friends.

Mrs. E. A. Barnes, of Detroit, nee Julia Morris, of this city, is the guest of her parents in South Wayne.

Mrs. Garrett, of West Jefferson street, and Mrs. O'Connell, of West Superior street, are visiting at Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. John Bowers, a graduate of the Fort Wayne college, is down with typhoid fever at his home, on Miner street.

Mr. H. Plumadore, of Root & Co., returned last night from his eastern vacation trip spent at Niagara Falls, Buffalo and other places.

The twins of Mr. and Mrs. George Schust, of 184 Wells street, have recovered from the serious illness which nearly took away their lives.

Mrs. Jessie Townsend, Miss Nannie Dervin and Miss Ida Mann, of Decatur, were visiting at Mr. W. E. Winch's, on Maumee avenue, this week.

Mr. D. F. Bower, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., is making arrangements to secure a physical director for the gymnasium of the institution.

There was an examination of teachers at New Haven yesterday and to-day. It is the close of the normal. Superintendent Felts was present yesterday.

Deputy Sheriff Tom Mannix and George Siebold took Wm. E. Kramer to the insane asylum, at Indianapolis, to-day. Kramer worked for years in the Pittsburg shops.

The annual meeting of the Allen County Bible society will be held to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock at the city Y. M. C. A. rooms. Rev. J. W. Vigus, state agent, will be present.

The condition of Mr. Robert Swain, of Maysville, is so much worse to-day that comrades of George H. Humphrey post will not visit the man, as they had intended doing to-morrow.

Lord A. McPherson, the Empire line agent, and Major George Ewing went up the St. Joe river to-day to camp on the Ely farm. They will be joined by the Tad Pole club to-morrow.

John Cummings, arrested by Officer Patton, and Frank Jenner, arrested by Marshal Franks, both for intoxication, were before the mayor this morning. In lieu of bail they were sent to jail.

Prof. B. A. Wallenstein will give a [illegible]

THE DAY OF REST.

Rest From the Weary Labors of the Week and Give One Day in Seven to the Worship of Thy Creator.

Read Talmage's sermon.

See that your children are in Sunday school.

No services at the Congregational church to-morrow.

No services at Trinity English Lutheran church to-morrow.

Pastor Northrop is home from Michigan and will occupy his pulpit to-morrow.

We invite every young man in Fort Wayne to read Talmage's sermon on "Drunkenness."

Sunday school in the First Presbyterian church at 9:30 a. m. All invited. No church service.

Boys' meeting at 2 o'clock, city time, at the Y. M. C. A. Boys not at Sunday school are expected to come.

Simpson M. E. Church—Preaching at 10:30, a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30. Rev. G. B. M. Rogers, pastor.

There will be no service at the Second Presbyterian church to-morrow, as Rev. Leeper is away on a vecation. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

St. Paul's M. E. church. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. M. C. Cooper, at 10:30 a. m., and 8 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m.

Free Methodist church, East Creighton avenue—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Hardin, pastor.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner Berry and Fulton streets. Rev. A. W. Seabrease, rector. Services at 10:45 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school, at 9:30 a. m.

There will be no morning service at the Nebraska Mission church. Rev. James Trythall will preach in the evening at 7:30. Sabbath School at 3 o'clock, p. m.

The men's meeting at the rooms of the R. R. Y. M. C. A. will be held at the usual time to-morrow afternoon, at 3 o'clock, standard time. Come and bring a friend.

Owing to unavoidable circumstances the services arranged for by the Christian church on Sunday evening, in the absence of Pastor Sims, will not be held as contemplated.

Berry street M. E. church, corner West Berry and Harrison streets. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Rev. W. M. Van Slyke, pastor.

Trinity M. E. church. Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., by the pastor. After the morning service the reception of probationers into full membership will take place.

Evangelical church, corner Clinton and Holman streets, to-morrow.—Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All invited. D. D. Speicher, pastor.

Kind reader, if you are old or young, married or single, we urge you to read Talmage's sermon in to-day's issue. It may save your life and the happiness of your friends and loved ones.

There will be no services at the Grace church to-morrow, as Rev. A. K. Zartman is at the bedside of his only daughter, who is very sick at the home of her grandparents, at Canton, Ohio.

Usual services to-morrow at the Wayne street Methodist church. Preaching by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. Young People's Meeting at 7 p. m.

Song and praise service at the Y. M. C. A. to-morrow afternoon at 4:30 city time, conducted by the new general secretary, Mr. D. F. Bower. Come and give him a hearty welcome and bring a friend. For men only.

Remember the regular meeting of the Loyal Temperance Legion at W. C. T. U. headquarters on Harrison street. Be there promptly at 3:30 o'clock and bring your children. Mrs. Hiler will speak on the subject, "Tobacco; Its Effects, Physical, Moral and Financial."

Preaching at the Third Presbyterian church, Sabbath, at 10:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Morning theme, "Moses' Desire to See God's Glory." Evening theme, "Conscience." Sabbath school at 2 p. m. Young peoples' meeting at 7:30 p. m. Rev. J. M. Boggs, pastor.

The First U. B. church, corner East Lewis and Harmer streets. Preaching at 10:45 a. m., by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Lower. Subject, "Moses Viewing the Promised Land." In the evening the pastor will preach his farewell sermon and on the following Monday he will leave for Lima, Ohio, where the annual conference is to be held. Sabbath school at 9 o'clock, standard time.

The Leader Washing Compound is manufactured in Fort Wayne, and sold to the grocery trade only. This compound is made of the purest material that can be bought. There is nothing that will equal it for cleaning and preparing clothes or for cleaning any and all kinds of [illegible]

GOES TO DEER PARK!

The President, After Making Several Appointments, Leaves Washington for a Little Rest.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—The president to day made the following appointments:

Robert B. Rintfro, to be collector of customs for the district of Brazos De Santiego, Texas.

Paul R. Collin, to be surveyor of customs for the port of Louisville, Ky.

Louis Weinstien, to be collector of internal revenue for the Fourth district of Iowa.

The president to-day appointed Marcus W. Towle postmaster at Hammond, Ind.

The president accompanied by Private Secretary Halford left Washington for Deer Park, at 3 p. m. Mrs. Harrison was on the train, having returned from Newport.

CHARGED WITH LARCENY.

George Fike Bound Over by 'Squire Tancey on a Charge of Stealing Tools.

Yesterday, Officer Patton placed George Fike under arrest for getting tools under false pretenses from Charles Bowman, who runs a saw shop on Pearl street, and disposing of the same.

The charge on which Fike was arraigned before 'Squire Tancey to-day was petit larceny. He represented that Mr. William Yergens, of Ranke & Yergens, sent him to Bowman for the tools. It is not the first time he has tried the game.

The court placed him under $300 bail, in default of which he went to jail.

FATAL SHOOTING.

George F. Gilluly Meets With a Fatal Accident at Logansport.

When Manager Tucke conducted the Academy, or People's Theatre, George F. Gilluly was his financial backer.

He stayed here a long time and was well known.

Attorney A. H. Bittinger received a telegram this afternoon that Gilluly accidentally shot himself at Logansport to-day, the ball entering the right side.

A party from this city and Bluffton, who went on the Niagara Falls excursion, were unceremoniously switched on a side track in the stock yards at Fostoria on their return trip and they are consequently indignant. This kind of business would not suit anybody, but inasmuch as these people came home on a regular train they experienced all the extras without additional charge. If they had come on the regular excursion train the unpleasant proceeding would not have happened.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Kunkle and daughter, Miss Ella, leave Monday morning, to be away the rest of the month at Greensburg, Pa., visiting their highly esteemed Uncle and Aunt Mace, also their nieces and nephew, Misses Nettie and Lou, and Mr. E. E. Kunkle, besides their many friends.

Mr. W. H. Bowser, postmaster at Warsaw, and Mr. Wm. Conrad, a wagon manufacturer of the same place, and a prominent democrat, were in the city to-day in attendance at the trial of young Claude F. Baker. They made THE SENTINEL a pleasant call.

D. H. Lawton, manager for the Osborn Remmington company, has secured the contract for the cement floors for the large new malt house of C. F. Rankin & Co., at Piqua, Ohio.

Rev. Reynolds and wife, of St. Paul, Minn., visited W. E. Winch and wife, on Tuesday.

THREE DAYS MORE.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Closing Days of Our Great Remant Sale.

Thousands of ladies have visited our establishment, delighted at the remarkable bargains offered. Each department offers special inducements.

Remnant Silks, Dress Goods, Domestics, Embroideries, White Goods, Linens, Towelings, at half value. Calico remnants at 2c a yard.

Special Offer

in connection with the remnant sale.

(NO HOUSE will offer such unparalleled bargains.)

100 pieces good Unbleached Canton Flannel, at 5c yard.

100 pieces Hill's Bleached Muslin, at 7c yard.

100 pieces Glendale Bleached Muslin, (yard wide) 5c yard.

100 pieces Lonsdale Bleached Muslin, 7c yard.

150 pieces Best Prints, 5c yard.

Indigo Blue Prints, 5c yard.

200 bales Bed Quilts, 90c, worth $1.25.

M. FRANK & CO.,

BEE HIVE,

62 and 64 Calhoun Street,

Corner Berry.

For your Sunday smoking supply yourself with the well-known brands of cigars—the F. G. and Frank's choice.

Don't forget to attend Sam, Pete & Max's fire sale to-day.

Don't fail to ask your groceryman for the Leader Washing Compound and take no other. 17-tf

A NOBLE LIFE ENDED.

Mrs. Allen Hamilton Dies—A Pioneer Citizen, Beloved for Her Good Deeds.

Frequent mention of the illness of Mrs. Emerine J. Hamilton, widow of the late Hon. Allan Hamilton, has been made in the columns of THE SENTINEL. Mrs. Hamilton's disease was very debilitating and her age made it almost impossible to recover strength. She passed quietly away at half past 7 o'clock last evening.

Mrs. Hamilton's illness dates from Thursday of last week. From the first little hope was entertained. Her corps of excellent physicians were re-inforced by a distinguished gentleman of the medical profession, summoned from abroad, but all that the tender love of the family could suggest was unavailing. She died as she had lived—at peace with the world.

Mrs. Hamilton had lived in this county since 1827, in which year she was married to the late Hon. Allan Hamilton, at Aurora, Ind. She came to Fort Wayne when the surrounding country was almost without cultivation, and when there was but a sparse settlement of any but Indians. Her first residence here was the Old Fort, her last was the beautiful Hamilton mansion which was erected in 1838, and with its beautiful grounds occupied an entire square.

She was born in 1810 and was the eldest daughter of Judge Jesse L. Holman, who was one of the first members of the supreme court bench of the state and later was associate justice of the United States district court. The place of her birth was Aurora, Indiana. The family has been distinguished for several generations by its gifted members. Mrs. Hamilton's brother is Hon. William S. Holman, who has represented with honor the Fourth Indiana district in congress for a score of years and whose name has been frequently connected with the republican presidential nomination. Her elder son, Hon. Allen Holman Hamilton, has served the Fort Wayne district in congress with great credit and now manages the affairs of the Hamilton estate. The second son, Montgomery Hamilton, has long been distinguished in business and politics. Other loving children are Mrs. Samuel Wagenhals, wife of the pastor of Trinity Lutheran church, Mrs. Henry M. Williams and Miss Margaret V. Hamilton.

Her husband, founder of the Hamilton National bank and one of the strong men who were first to give direction and stability to the banking system of Indiana, died on August 25th, 1864. He left an honorable name and the record of a long life devoted to business pursuits, in which he won a fortune. In their nearly two score years of married life Mrs. Hamilton was a helpmate wise and loving, and left upon her children the impress of a mind that was inspired with unusual Christian graces. Long will her memory be cherished.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, August 17.—Indiana—Light local showers, slight changes in temperature, variable winds.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Aug. 17.—Wheat: August, 77½; September, 76¾; December, 78; Corn: August, 35½@¾; September, 35¾@¾; October, 35½@¾; December, 34½@¾. Oats: August, 20½; September, 20½@; October, 20½; December, 20¾. Pork: August, $9.52½; September, $9.52½; October, $9.52½. Lard: August, $6.17½; September, $6.17½@20; October, $6.07½; December, $5.90. Short ribs: August, $5.10; September, $5.10; October, $5.10.

Don't fail to ask your groceryman for the Leader Washing Compound and take no other. 17-tf

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry at F. J. Voirol, 244 Calhoun St.

McDermut & Whiteleather's Business College will re-open Monday, Sept. 2, 1888. Persons desiring to begin a course of study in book-keeping, shorthand and other business branches would do well to make arrangements as early as possible.

Clothing, Furnishing Goods and Hats at half-price at the fire sale of

SAM, PETE & MAX.

A New Discovery.

Mr. W. S. Harrison, not the only practical, but one of the best sign painters in the city, is located at 32 East Columbia street, up stairs. A gentleman passing by discovered that Mr. H. could do sign and banner work of every description at a less rate than any other place in the city, and stated to a friend that he was thankful that there was another place to go for signs and silk banners, and now no one person engaged in a like business would be compelled to do it all. Special prices given to those who desire signs for Labor day.

F. G. and Frank's choice are the leading 5c cigars in the city. Sold by all first class retailers.

F. J. Voirol's for Watches.

To a SENTINEL man, this morning, Mr. Frank Gruber, the well-known cigar man, stated that he had received revenue stamps and had a full supply of all his well-known brands of cigars on hand.

Don't fail to ask your groceryman for the Leader Washing Compound and take no other. 17-tf

Tomatoes, Berries, Plums and Peaches.

Fresh Tomatoes, 5c quart.

Concord Grapes, 5c quart.

Fresh Watermelons, 5c quart.

[illegible]

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

THE sextion of the chapel at Budd's Lake, N. J., was badly stung by bees recently. While the chapel-bell was ringing on a Sunday evening some time ago, the bolt which held it to the frame work broke, and the bell clattered down the roof to the ground. The next day it was found to be right side up and uninjured. When the sexton pried it over to one side, preparatory to having it raised by a derrick, hundreds of honey-bees flew out, surrounded him, and drove him into the lake, whence he was rescued when nearly drowned. His head was covered with stings, and his hands and arms suffered severely. The bell was found to be nearly filled with the honey. The bees had obtained ingress and egress through a small hole in the top.

THE peculiarities of various nationalities, as shown in the methods of committing crime, formed the subject of a recent conversation with an official of one of the New York city criminal courts. "The most common ch rges against Americans brought to the bar here," he said, "are swindling and embezzlement. The young men of Irish descent who appear here are most frequently under accusations of robbery or assaults with the fists, or with pistols. The Italians are almost invariably accused of assault with the knife or pistol. If a policeman has cause to arrest an Italian of the lower class on suspicion of being concerned in an assault, he always searches his prisoner promptly and can usually find evidence to warrant a conviction of carrying concealed weapons, even if the particular assault charged is not proved. The favorite weapon of the Italian was formerly the knife or poniard, and that of the colored man the razor, but now both weapons have been for the most part superseded by the revolver. The Polish Jews make a specialty of arson, to secure insurance money. The Germans, when they commit crime, are usually guilty of embezzlement, forgery, or attempts at suicide. The Scandinavians and the Chinese rarely appear in a criminal court as defendants. Most of the murders of recent years have been committed by young men of American birth and foreign ancestry, who belong to the ignoble order of 'roughs.'"

JAMES CRADDOCK, living three miles and a half south of Marshall, Mo., has had some experience with a blacksnake, which, no doubt, he will never forget. Pres Sandidge, of Marshall, who was with Mr. Craddock, relates the following interesting story of the encounter between the latter and the blacksnake. We were cutting bean poles on Mr. Craddock's place, and while working in the thickest of the brush, I noticed, on looking toward my companion, that a huge blacksnake was coiled about his leg, and the upper portion of its body in the iron grasp of Mr. Craddock. It was a very large snake, and appeared to be about 6 feet in length. For a few seconds there was a fierce struggle between snake and man. The reptile, with its ugly fangs protruding, made a desperate effort to free itself from the grasp of its victim and wrapped its coils still tighter about the limbs and body of the man. It was all over in a few seconds, however, the snake suddenly relaxing its coils, and with lightning rapidity swinging its tail around, striking Mr. Craddock with terrible force on either side of the head, bringing the blood and bruising him up considerably. This, of course, caused Mr. Craddock to release his hold on the reptile, and the latter made a hasty retreat, not even giving the men a chance to further investigate. Craddock does not care to engage in a "mill" such as he took part in that afternoon.

SIX miles from Petersburg, Va., is Mr. George W. Gatling's farm, where a remarkable phenomenon, which is exciting widespread interest, is to be seen. This phenomenon is the sinking of a portion of the farm. The sunken area lies within a crescent-shaped margin, and its width at the upper end is from 500 to 600 feet. The sunken territory contains six or more acres. The declivity begins at a point about 200 feet in a straight line from Mr. Gatling's dwelling. Land has sunk from forty to sixty feet. The tops of trees which stood on the level with others are now standing intact and come a few feet only above the level of the bluff where the sinking has occurred. The sunken area is seamed with fissures of varying lengths and depths. The most noteworthy feature of the phenomenon is the formation of a bar in the river. This bar is seventy feet long, and in it, too, are many fissures. The phenomenon was preceded some weeks ago by something like an explosion, the noise of which was heard for miles. The interest in the phenomenon is so great that crowds of people go to view it every day, a privilege for which they pay a fee of twenty-five cents. Mr. Gatling has leased the privilege of landing excursionists on his farm to a party in Richmond for $1,000.

SAID an old railway engineer the other day: "There are three kinds of trains that I do not want to have anything to do with. One is the pay train. You never know when you will overtake the section hands. You will be going at the rate of forty miles an hour, away you go around a curve, and you will dash by the boss and hands, and have to go back to them. There is always a good deal of talk over the wages, and much time is taken up. The next unpleasant train to handle is an excursion train. Every one living along the line of road knows you from seeing you come by every day, and they think you know them as well. When on an excursion they presume upon their friendship to endeavor to ride on the engine. No other place will do them. The engineer has to refuse them, as it would amount to docking his wages from thirty to sixty days, if he complied, as it is positively against the rules of the road. The persons denied the privilege always feel hard about it, and look upon the engineer as unaccommodating. The last and worst of all, however, is the officers' train. If you run slow they say you are scared and fear to run fast. If you make good time they say you are careless and reckless, and want to kill somebody. You can't suit them.

ABOUT two centuries ago an old citizen of St. Ives parish, Hants, left in trust to the vicar and churchwardens an orchard, the rent of which was to be devoted to the purchase of Bibles. The testator further provided that the Bibles should be raffled off with dice, in the church, and since then the prescribed ceremony has been carried out every Whit Tuesday. Last Whit Tuesday, after a shortened evening prayer, the vicar delivered an address telling those present that they must look upon what was going to take place reverently. He was sorry they had to observe the custom in a place sancitified to the service of God; but it had been observed for 200 years. Then the proceedings began. A table covered with white cloth was brought forward, and the boys and girls came up as their names were called and threw the dice, which were provided by the church. Each had three throws, the highest numbers winning the Bibles. The ceremony closed with a hymn and the benediction.

THE little village of St. Helena, on the Nebraska side of the Missouri, ten miles below Yanktown, Dakota, is in a state of excitement over a ghastly discovery made there. Parties who were prospecting in the chalk cliffs of that neighborhood for material for manufacturers of cement, came upon a small opening in the Missouri River face of the rock. It was found to be a large apartment carved by nature in the soft, chalky substance, but the startling feature of the incident was the discovery within this cave of eight human skeletons. These were lying about the cavern in such disorder as to discredit the theory that the cave might be an ancient burial place. The age of the bones cannot be determined, but they have undoubtedly been there a long time. The belief prevails that these are the skeletons of early settlers who sought the shelter of the cave when attacked by Indians years ago, and that they were either killed in a body or starved to death.

THE Singapore (India) Free Press asks: How is this for an alligator story? About two months ago Mr. Hare, chief engineer of the steamer McAlister, was presented with in Sourabaya with two alligator eggs. Not knowing exactly what to do with them at the time he put them in an old tin tobacco-box under the seat of the sofa in his cabin. While the ship was at New Harbor dock, he had a look at them and found them all right, and he then made up his mind to give them away. To carry out his benevolent purpose he went into his cabin one morning, accompanied by the intended recipient of the curios, and to their surprise they found two remarkably healthy young specimens of the alligator tribe running about on the floor as lively as crickets. After considerable trouble and some snarling and biting they were picked up and placed in one of the bathrooms.

A SAN FRANCISCO newspaper offered $200 to the one who would correctly guess the number of types in a jar exhibited in the exposition there. Two men were successful, naming the correct number, 34,200. How they came to hit on that number is interesting. One of them once guessed the number of shot in a jar about the same size as the one containing the type. There were 95,000. He thought there were one-third as many tpye as shot, and so divided 95,000 by three, and he said, "added a little to make it even." The other man saw a crowd around the jar, and felt in his pocket for a pencil with which to write a number. He couldn't find one, and moved on; but afterward, feeling strongly impelled to make a guess, felt again for a pencil, and found an old lottery ticket, on which was the number 34,200. He borrowed a pencil, put down the number, and won $100.

CHIEF CLERK BAKER, of the Superintendent of Prisons' office at Albany, N. Y., recently exhibited a unique tobacco box. It was made of sheet copper and tin by a convict in Sing Sing, the execution of the work being something extraordinary. The box is octagenal in shape. It has the appearance of opening through the centre, the bottom being exposed by pressing on this button, a sharp needle comes out of its centre. The opening is on the top of the box, the hinges being set at two of the angles, and the cover dips when it is opened. The whole thing is very ingenious.

MILLIONS of sand flies precipitated themselves upon Dubuque, Iowa, on a recent evening. So vast was their number that people were compelled to abandon the streets, and men at work in the morning newspaper and telegraph offices were compelled to close doors and windows to escape the torment. "Along the levee," it is stated, "the buildings were covered so thickly with them that nothing could be seen but a writhing mass of insect life. The stench from their bodies was unbearable, and the health authorities had several wagons employed removing the offensive mass."

A RECENT close inspection of the comet discovered by Mr. Barnard, of Lick Observatory, in September last, shows that its body is evidently becoming disintegrated and the fragments are to be seen streaming behind the comet in the form of a tail, directed not from, but toward, the sun. The comet, which is 165,000,000 miles from the earth, is still fairly bright, and were it not for the fragments which are seen to follow it, would seem to be in perfectly normal condition.

GENERAL BATES, a retired English officer of means, on a tour through Washington Territory a few days ago, sat down to a dinner at a hotel in Seattle. He was surprised to recognize in the waiter who took his order his own son, who ran away from home to scalp Indians seven years ago.

Prize Farms.

The National Agricultural Society of France has awarded a gold medal to Arthur Brandin, of Seine et Marne and to M. Tetard, of Saint et Oise, for the excellent management and cultivation of their farms. The Brandin farm has been in the family for upwards of 200 years and its records since 1820 were produced. Just 100 years ago it grew an average of twenty-one bushels of wheat or oats per acre, which rose to 26 bushels in 1850. Shortly after, commercial manure was for the first time employed, and the yield of wheat went up to 32½ bushels per acre and of oats to 41 bushels. Subsequently the land was drained, guano was applied and artificial grasses were grown and fed down, but the average of the wheat crop dropped to 30 bushels, though the quality was better. This system was followed until 1870 without improvement in yield, when the soil was analyzed and found to be rich in potash but deficient in phosphoric acid and lime. These elements were then supplied, tests were made to secure the varieties best adapted to the land, and the yield per acre for the last seven years has risen to 96½ bushels of wheat and 62 bushels of oats. M. Tetard's farm of 812 acres, half way between Paris and Chantilly, has 310 acres in sugar beets, the yield per acre of which, as well as their sugar content, has steadily increased. The average yield of wheat on 250 acres in 1887 was 35 bushels per acre. A large herd of cattle is kept during the winter to consume the beet pulp, in addition to which the cattle get some cottonseed meal or cake, with about six pounds per head of wheat straw, chaff or corn fodder.—[American Agriculturist.

AN ALASKA ROMANCE.

How a Missouri Miner's Native Wife Led Him to Fortune.

The crowd of passengers in the Union Depot, Kansas City, on a recent evening, were interested in a stalwart young man wearing the garb peculiar to mining districts, and his Esquimau wife and two-year-old baby. The woman was clothed in ordinary female dress, but her dark skin, sharp, black eyes, broken speech and appearance generally, proclaimed her nativity, while the baby that nestled in her arms and playfully pulled its papa's long beard clearly showed its mixed blood.

The miner submitted to an interview as gracefully as a politician. His wife proved to have quite a romantic history, and his marriage to be a very interesting romance. "My name," said he, "is James Steed. I live in Alaska, and I am en route to my parents' home, in Dallas County, Mo., with my wife and baby for a visit. My wife is an Esquimau, about twenty-two years of age. I bought her three years ago, while I was in the Forty-Mile River placer gold district. She belongs to the tribe that makes its headquarters at Fort Recovery, 1,800 miles above the mouth of the Yukon.

"In the first place I hired her as a servant to assist me in exploring the placer gold diggings of the Lawrence River, a small stream about 100 miles up the Forty-Mile River, paying her husband $10 for her services three months.

"When I arrived at Forty-Mile three years ago and staked my claim, I heard wonderful stories about Lawrence River, but no camps had been established there, and the bars above the mouth had not been prospected. I determined to go and see for myself. The journey had to be made in a canoe, and I gave out word that I desired to employ a native to pole the boat and take care of my camping outfit. I confess that I was surprised the next day when a stalwart native led a woman into my hut and offered her as the servant I desired. I consulted with other miners, and from them learned that the native females were the only ones that could be trusted, as they were diligent, strong, faithful and honest, while the males were exactly the reverse, and liable to murder their sleeping employer, if there is the least chance to get away with the body. I learned that the woman was the wife of the man who brought her to me. The woman seemed anxious to be employed, and I concluded a bargain with her husband.

"The next morning she appeared at my claim with a small bundle of clothing in her hand. She set about and had my boat fitted up ready for the trip by noon, and we pulled out soon afterward. She poled the boat swiftly, while I sat on the stern musing over the degraded condition of the Alaska females. When the time came for stopping, she drew the boat to the shore, made it fast, and drew a canvas over the part designed as the sleeping apartment. She could not understand a word that I said, but by signs I instructed her to prepare supper. When I sat down to eat I invited her to join me. She seemed surprised and blushed like a girl, but accepted my invitation. I was a little surprised when I found that my invitation meant to her that I should treat her as a wife and not as a servant, and that was the cause of her confusion.

"I found her assistance invaluable. She taught me how to wash a pan of gold, and her native geological knowledge enabled her to tell the gold value of any district we struck at a glance.

"She learned a few words of English, and we got on together amazingly well. The day before we returned home I noticed that she was downhearted about something, and I inquired the cause. Her eyes were full of tears, as she turned her honest-looking face toward me and said: "I don't want to go back to my husband again. He will beat me. He don't treat me like you do." She finally informed me that her husband would sell her for ever for $50, and proposed if I would buy her she would work the gold out of my claim after working hours. I agreed to her proposition. Her eyes brightened up, and from that hour to this she has been the happiest woman in Alaska. I found her husband on a big spree, and he readily sold the woman for $20 and a pair of boots. The money proved to be his ruin. He filled up with Alaska Fur Company whiskey and was drowned in the Yukon a day or two afterward.

"Now that the woman was mine I provided her with clothes like American women. It cost her a considerable effort to learn to wear them, but she did. I did not, of course, let her work in the mines, but treated her like an American wife. Several other miners secured native wives, and the women formed a very select circle, greatly envied by the females of their tribe.

"I had big luck at mining and determined to take my wife and baby back to the States to see my parents. When we came out we stopped at Sitka, and were married in regular style. This was our first chance, and I guess it is all regular under the circumstances.

"I think my wife is nice. I love her dearly, and did you ever see a finer baby than that one in her arms?"

Novel Cars in Use.

Some cars of a novel type have been put in service on the Northern road of France. Each one is composed of three connected sections, each supported on four wheels, as if there were three independent cars; but internally the three sections are in communication, and form a single car with 102 seats, besides a compartment for the mail, and another for the conductor, which can be used for a baggage car when necessary. When the mail and baggage compartments are not needed for these special purposes, the car contains 132 seats. These 102 or 132 seats are divided into twelve first-class seats, twenty second-class and seventy or one hundred third-class. The car weighs 55,450 pounds, or 543 pounds for each seat; it is eighty-two feet in length, and is provided with a central passage which is entered from three platforms having steps at the side; the platforms at the extremities have railings, and a central gate for the exclusive use of the conductor when he desires to go from the car to the locomotive.

Irrigation on a Great Scale.

Irrigation is carried out on an extensive scale in Wyoming Territory. Something like 2,000,000 acres of land have recently been reclaimed and rendered fit for cultivation by means of ordinary ditches, and official reports estimate that not less than 4,000,000 acres more can be reclaimed in the same way. It is also shown that not less than 6,000,000 acres in addition can be redeemed by extraordinary means—that is, by a system of storage. This would give Wyoming about twelve million acres that might be devoted to agriculture, aside from the much larger body of grazing land.

A Battle in a Drop of Water.

To ordinary people a drop of water is like the primrose was to Peter Bell, a drop of water and nothing more. But to the student of nature, armed with a microscope, it becomes a world teeming with minute life, in which the struggles daily witnessed around us are reproduced. Mr. R. P. Grace, writing to Hardwicke's Science Gossip, relates what he saw while examining a collection of the fresh water rotifer—Brachionus rubens. Among the collection was an infusorian, which swam rapidly with a circular motion and was capable of great change in form. A few days after having first noticed the infusorian, he saw that most of the rotifers contained one of these guests, and, his curiosity being excited, he watched the movements of the creatures more closely. The rotifer is a strong, expert swimmer, and the infusorian, in order to overcome it, began operations by turning round the rotifer's foot, slowly and gently at first, and then more rapidly. This appeared to cement the rotifer's foot to the glass, and, finding itself secured, it began to lash about with great vigor in its efforts to escape, but was unable to get away.

In about half an hour the rotifer became exhausted, and the infusorian then got through the lorica, from which comes the rotifer's foot. The infusorian being much larger than the inlet, the following devices are resorted to: The front part of the infusorian was contracted to a mere ribbon, the contents of the animal being pressed into the back part so as to form a globe. The ribbon was now inserted into the lorica through the hole, then the contents of the globular part were injected into the ribbon, making it globular, and thus reversing matters—the bulk of the infusorian being now inside the rotifer. The infusorian next assumed a globular form, and rotated itself, but the rotifer's cella moved rapidly for quite half an hour after the entrance of the enemy. Having devoured the rotifer, the infusorian divides into two or four new animals, which are exactly like the parent, and swim away to seek fresh victims, when the same struggle for existence is gone through. Mr. Grace saw from twenty to thirty attacks and conquests such as that above described, and only once or twice did the rotifer manage to break away.—[Globe-Democrat.

Treatment of Fainting.

Fainting proceeds from different causes, the commonest being a disturbance in the circulation of the blood in the brain. For an ordinary fainting fit you should lay the patient flat; great harm has often resulted from the treatment of ignorant people in trying to make the patient sit up or propping his head with pillows. You want to send the blood back from the heart to the brain, and so the flat posture is absolutely necessary. Let the patient lie so that the feet are higher than the head, throw the clothes about the chest and throat open, sponge the face with cold water, and give him some cold water to drink.

Should the fainting be prolonged, place hot water bottles about the person and apply mustard poultices to the soles of the feet.

In applying smelling salts, which act as a good restorative, be careful to do so only for a short time, as the insensible patient can not withdraw from it, and the pungency often does actual harm to the delicate membrane lining the nose. When the patient recovers, give some stimulant; a teaspoonful of brandy with a good deal of water can be given.

When the faint results from chloroform all the above-named means are good for restoring the patient to consciousness; and in prolonged cases, where these means fail, the patient must be lifted by the feet so that a direct current of blood can be sent to the brain, and warm water should be applied to his head.

It should be remembered that when fainting proceeds from a wound and consequent loss of blood, that the fainting helps to stop the bleeding, so that when you give in this case any stimulants, do not do so until you have stopped the hemorrhage.—[Home Topics.

A Pair of Orioles.

Not all the time of the beautiful orioles was passed in contentions; once having placed themselves on what they considered their proper footing in the family, they had leisure for other things. No more entertaining bird ever lived in the room; full of intelligent curiosity as they were, and industriously studying out the idiosyncrasies of human surroundings in ways peculiarly their own, they pried into and under everything—opened the match-safe and threw out the contents, tore the paper of the wall in great patches, pecked the backs of books, and probed every hole and crack with their sharp beaks. They ate very daintily, and, as mentioned above, were exceedingly fond of dried currants. For this little treat the male soon learned to tease, alighting on the desk, looking wistfully at the little china box whence he knew they came, wiping his bill, and in language plain enough to a bird-student, asking for some. He even went so far, when I did not at once take the hint as to address me in low, coaxing talk of very sweet and varied tones. Still I was deaf, and he came within two feet of me, uttering the half-singing talk, and later burst into song as his supreme effort at pleasing or propitiating the dispenser of dainties. I need not say that he had his fill after that.—[Atlantic Monthly.

Some Famous Suicides.

The following are some of the most noted suicides, of which mention is made in history. These do not favor much of insanity, but rather of stoic philosophy:

Cato stabbed himself rather than live under the despotic reign of Cæsar; Themistocles poisoned himself rather than lead the Persians against his countrymen; Zeno, when 98, hung himself because he had put his finger out of joint; and Hannibal and Mithridates poisoned themselves to escape being taken prisoners. When we search Scripture we find that Saul, rather than fall into the hands of the Philistines, commanded his armor-bearer to hold his sword that he might plunge upon it; Samson, for the sake of being revenged upon his enemies, pulled down the house in which they were reveling and "died with them;" and Judas Iscariot, after selling the Saviour for thirty pieces of silver, was overcome by remorse "and went and hanged himself."

CHARLESTON, S. C., it is said, leads the other cities of the country in respect to miniature painting. For 100 years this has been a peculiar distinction of the city. Thomas Coram, an English artist, was the instructor who introduced the art in South Carolina.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.

How the Shah of Persia Travels in His Own Country.

It was pitch dark as we approached the royal camp, and the appearance presented thereby was very extraordinary. There appeared to us to be miles of white t ents, each with a camp fire burning before it. There were camels, mules, and horses in every direction that our eyes penetrated. It was as if we had suddenly been plunged into the midst of a vast army, and well it might be, for the following are roughly the statistics of the retinue which accompanied the Shah from his capital to the frontier: Four thousand quadrupeds, including mules, horses, and camels, for carrying the luggage and drawing the carriages; 3,000 tents to accommodate 7,000 to 8,000 individuals, 25 carriages for the royal suite alone, 3 royal wives, and their 40 female attendants.

The Shah's tent arrangements cover over an acre of ground. The huge red tent inhabited by the still slumbering monarch was visible from afar. It was pitched in a grove of poplars, by the side of a tiny lake, and surrounded by a wall about eight feet high, made of Resht embroidery—that is to say, an embroidery of chain stitch, uniting little bits of colored cloth, which we know well enough in England in the shape of table covers and anti-macassars, and for which I have never really felt any great affection; but still, when it decorates a high wall inclosing an acre of ground the effect is startling and magnificent. Finer table covers of the same material were spread as saddle cloths over the many gayly-caparisoned horses around us, and just as we approached quantities of mules were on the point of starting with royal and other baggage with bright red palls cast over their burdens. All the carriages were waiting ready before the grate into the royal inclosure, which was formed of poles painted red, looking not unlike gallows Anisi Dowlet, the Shah's favorite wife, was just going to start in her gilded carriage, drawn by six gayly-caparisoned horses. She is a remarkable woman who has held her position of favorite for thirty years. She has no children, she is not young, and I am told not beautiful; but her intellectual qualities are such and her manner so bright that they have placed her far ahead of the other ladies in the royal harem. She always started an hour or two before his Majesty, presumably acting as a good wife should, to see that all was in order and the slippers ready at the other end. There, too, was the Shah's own horse, called "Beest Satoun," or "Twenty Pillars," with its beautiful and neat gold bridle and its saddle cloth of very fine Resht embroidery partially covering its glossy flanks. From the bearing-rein two straps of gold lay across his chest; he is a splendid animal and always held in readiness for his Majesty to ride when tired of driving in his carriage. Close to "Twenty Pillars" stood another horse in readiness to carry his Majesty's pipe bearer; the pipe is a luxury indulged in by all Persian grandees when traveling. His Majesty's own kalyan or water pipe is carried in a drum-shaped case, covered with purple velvet and gold, and strung from the saddle. At the other side are suspended the firebox and the water gourd, similarly decorated and all ready, so that at a moment's notice the pipe can be prepared when the Shah expresses a wish for a whiff of tobacco. Among the horses were the body guard with their silver and gold batons, the running footmen clad in red with hats not unlike fools' coxcombs, any number of generals, officers, and soldiers. The scene was one of the greatest animation and brilliancy, lit up by the rays of a Persian sun.—[The Fortnightly Review.

A Desperate Mother's Ingenuity.

From a gentleman who resides in that vicinity was obtained last night the details of a most remarkable rescue from death that took place at the farm of Wendell Russell, about three miles from Venice, Ill., Monday afternoon. Mr. Russell, had removed the pump from the well to make some repairs, and had partially covered the aperture with boards. A little four-year-old boy playing in the vicinity got on these boards and fell through, one of the boards going with him. His mother heard the cries and rushed to the rescue. There was about twelve feet of water in the well, and the distance from the top to the surface of the water was about fifteen feet. She could see the little one clinging to the board and floating on the water. No assistance was at hand and she was thrown on her own resources. Her wits worked quickly and she acted with great promptness. Securing a stout rope which was near at hand she fastened one end of it tightly about the body of her nine-year-old daughter and then let her down to the water, where she grabbed the little one and shouted to her mother to pull her up. Her mother could not do it. While it was a comparatively easy matter to lower the girl steadily and to hold her, it was quite another thing to hand her up, and the mother's strength was not equal to the task. She, however, found a way out of the dilemma. With a few words of encouragement to her loved ones clinging to each other just above the surface of the water, she made the rope fast above and ran to get a ladder that was leaning against the house. This she let down the well, but it reached but little below the surface of the water, and there was nothing for it to rest on. She secured a stout piece of timber and placed it across the top of the well between the top rounds of the ladder. She then went down herself and helped the children up.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Revolutionizing the Steel Industry.

A firm in Chicago, engaged in the manufacture of tin cans and japanned ware, has patented an invention which competent judges say will revolutionize the iron and steel industry of the world. Patents have been secured in the leading countries of the world. It is, in brief, a process by which molten metal may be rolled into any desired shape, thus saving all intermediate processes. It was invented originally to roll molten solder into thin plates, but the process is pronounced by experts to be equally applicable to iron and steel in its various forms of plate structural iron and rails. It is believed that the cost of manufacturing steel rails can be reduced to the extent of ten dollars per ton, and that thin iron plates for tinning can be made much below the cost of production of tin plates in Wales, thus making a new industry in this country. The molten metal is passed between rollers, which is chilled as it passes, the rollers being kept cold by a stream of water which passes through them. Another advantage is that iron and steel so rolled will be much more even and closer in texture than that made by present methods, being free from the air holes which result from the intermediate processes.—[Times-Democrat.

Eyelids That Have Strange Power.

I saw two women jugglers at Jeppore. They were bright, intelligent-looking girls, one of whom appeared almost old enough to be the mother of the other. They did many wonderful things, one of which was mixing up sand in water, and then putting the hand into the discolored fluid, they brought a handful of sand which they filtered through their fingers as dry as before it went in. The youngest of these girls was perhaps 15. She was tall, well formed and fine looking. She had bracelets on arms and on feet, and her eyes were as beautiful as those of a gazelle. One of her tricks was the lifting of a heavy chair by her eyelids, the thought of which almost makes my eyes sore. The chair was a heavy mahogany one, which belonged to the room in which I was staying. She tied two strong strings to the top of this, and affixed the ends of these strings to her eyes by little round metal cups, each about the size of a nickel. These fitted over the eyeballs and under the lids, and she bent over while they were so fastened. Raising herself she pulled up the chair with these strings with the muscles of her eyelids, and carried it from one side of the room to the other. It was a horrible sight, and as she took the metal cups from her eyes they filled with water, and she almost sank to the floor. I told her the trick was disgusting, and that she ought never to try it again. Still, for this and the rest of the show, these girls were well satisfied with two roupees or about 70 cents.

A Cure for Hydrophobia.

In our search for a cure for hydrophobia, why does no one think of seeking the McGovan family, in County Cavan, who have kept the secret of one for nearly three hundred years? It is, of course, impossible to tell what the secret is, for it is confined to the breast of one man. The father, on his deathbed, confides it to his son, and so it goes down. All that is generally known is that the patient is treated with a broth of herbs, which is said to be far from appetizing. These herbs are gathered in the early dawn, but whether some mystic virtue lies in the hour they are pulled, or whether it is done only to keep off prying eyes, no one can tell. The fact remains that many people who have been bitten by rabid dogs, and not merely dread hydrophobia, but are in foaming convulsions from it, have been cured by the McGovan treatment. Myth and exaggeration may have gathered around it, but even so, is it not worthy to engage the attention of our scientists?—[London Hospital.

Artificial Silk.

In the Faris Exhibition is exhibited a collodion product of remarkable character, neither more nor less than artificial silk. To manufacture it, pyroxyine was first prepared by the conversion of a specially pure cellulose, obtained from certain parts of young wood, and then dissolved in a mixture of thirty-eight parts of ether and forty-two of alcohol. Through a series of concentric tubes the collodion is forced out, under pressure, in a stream, and then immediately solidifies by contact with water, the thread so produced being wound off on a bobbin. Next, this thread is denitrated by being soaked in weak nitric acid, which renders it insoluble in ether and alcohol, and also non-explosive. The threads are now dried and used as ordinary silk; they are capable of being dyed, and are about three-quarters the textile strength of ordinary cocoon silk. In appearance it is stated to excel the natural product of the silk-worm.—[British Journal of Photography.

Losing His Violin Finger.

I heard of an incident which occurred in a horse car here in Boston recently which illustrates anew the need of care by occupants to avoid injuring their fellow-passengerss A manly little fellow had the end of one of his fingers cut off by the door of a box horse car being jammed against it by a heedless passenger. The car was crowded so that the boy was obliged to stand up, and not being tall enough to reach the straps, he held on by the open door of the car. As one of the passengers went out he pulled the door violently and shut it against the boy's finger, leaving it hanging by a thread. Attempts were made by a surgeon to whom the boy's father took him to have the several pieces joined to the stump, but it would not hold. What adds to the misfortune of the boy's loss is that he is studying to be a professional violinist, his father being a well-known performer on this instrument, and the finger mutilated is his "violin finger."—[Boston Post.

Selling Titles in France.

A curious fact is that in France a man can will away his title to anyone whom he may care to adopt, just as he can a ring or a sum of money. Thus, some years ago, one of the proudest titles in France went a begging. The old Duc de Misromesnil was so poor that he offered to adopt and leave his ducal title to any man who would insure him for the rest of his days (and he was very old) the modest income of $2,000. Oddly enough, the poor old duke, whom ill-luck would thus seem to have followed up to the last, found no one to bid for the proffered honor, and so he died in the most abject penury. Were a similar transmission of nobility legal in England, there are twenty members of the House of Lords who would gladly, for a handsome consideration in cash, adopt the most unsavory commercial "gentleman," and leave him all their honors.

Fistic Encounters of Ancient Greece.

At the fistic encounters of ancient Greece, boxers increased the force of their blows by the weight of iron rings, shielding their nuckles, and fastened by means of a broad leather strap that was grasped in the hollow of the fist, thus giving the fighter a chance to shift the ring whenever a heavy blow happened to bruise his hand at any special place. How human skulls could weather such work might seem quite a puzzle, but there is no doubt that the practice prevailed throughout the last seven centuries of the Olympiades, and that boxing formed one of the five athletic accomplishments in the pentathlon—the five prize contests for which the champions of all the Mediterranean coast-lands trained year after year.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Velocity of Light.

Light moves with the amazing velocity of 185,000 miles a second, a speed a million times as great as that of a rifle-bullet. It would make the circuit of the earth's circumference at the equator, seven times in one beat of the pendulum. For a long time light was thought to be instantaneous, but it is now known to have a measurable velocity.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE number of comets discovered this season is almost unprecedented. Either astronomers are becoming more industrious or comets are growing less shy.

THE slight increase in the infantry of the Austrian Army is significant, as it places that branch of service on a war footing. That so trifling an augmentation as 9,000 men should fill the force to the maximum standard illustrates how great has been for some time the tension of the military preparation of European powers.

ACCORDING to the Philadelphia Record the money used in a single year to pay the salary and expense bills of the traveling salesmen of the United States, would liquidate the entire national debt and leave a few dollars over. This rather startling statement was made by a junior member of one of the large dry goods houses in that city, who has a force of about fifty travelers under his immediate charge.

WEALTHY men in New England are setting a good example for men of fortune in other parts of the country by giving large sums of money for the establishment of libraries. The latest instance of these commendable actions is that of the gift of a handsome library building, erected at a cost of $5,000, to the town of South Dartmouth, by John H. Southworth, of Springfield, Mass. Mr. Southworth also stocked the library with 3,400 books.

THERE are a good many "camps" near summer resorts this year, and some even in out-of-the-way places. It seems to be a favorite way for familes to reduce their summer expenses by combining their necessary household and kitchen work, saving both money and time. Recently well to-do residents of Memphis have established such a camp in Canada, on the north shore of Lake Erie. They live in cottages and have their meals served them at a general club-house.

THE Mahatajah of Singpore, who is now in Paris, is astonishing even that blase city. His coaches, attendants, costumes and expenditure are based on such a scale of elegance that he seems to have the wealth of the East at his disposal. He far outshines the Shah of Persia, who has not impressed Europe with his elegance this trip. The Indian potentate of Singpore has never been on the Continent before and he seems to like Paris so well that his stay bids fair to be a long one. Parisian tradesmen sincerely hope that the affairs of Singpore will not soon recall him to his native land.

THE Russian empire is very rich in mineral wealth. The known supplies of coal are very large. As yet, however, the vast wealth possessed by the empire in this direction alone is only beginning to be known. A report to the government by Professor Mendelieff shows that in the basin of the Donetz river, a tributary of the Don, there are nearly 21,000,000,000 tons of coal awaiting working. If the mines prove workable as deep as the average English mines, it is estimated that three times the above total is to be obtained. The Donetz basin, it is claimed, could alone supply the present annual coal consumption of the world for 200 years to come.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Philadelphia Telegraph reports that the Hon. George H. Pendleton, formerly Minister to Germany, is a hopeless invalid. He is now traveling with his daughters about the health resorts of Europe, and hopes to return to America this fall, but he will never again appear in public life. His friends reluctantly confess that he is threatened with softening of the brain. His daughters are devoting themselves to him constantly, and he has to be watched and cared for by an attendant who is obliged to be with him at all times. His decline is due to the shock given him by the death of his wife, who was killed in a runaway accident in this country while he was abroad.

THE business of the Eiffel tower turns out to be immense. M. Eiffel calculated that when everything was in working order the gate money would be $5,000 a day. Since the lifts have been in operation he is thought to have averaged more than this. It costs twenty cents to enter the tower, forty cents to get up in the lift to the second floor, and eighty cents to the top. On any one of the ordinary full price days more than 20,000 people have paid admission, and, with the increased prices for those using the elevator, the entire receipts exceed $10,000. The original cost of the Eiffel Tower, all included, was a little less than $1,000,000. The proprietor has to keep it in repair and hand over one-fourth of his gate money to the Exhibition. It is estimated that it will be half paid for when the Exhibition closes, and then it will remain certainly three years more and perhaps ten.

ON the 1st of October next the representatives of the majority of the independent powers of the New World will meet in the city of Washington, to take part in an international conference to which they have been invited by the government of the United States. There are nineteen independent countries on the American Continent and adjacent islands, all but one of which, the Empire of Brazil, are republics. Of these powers, the following have accepted the invitation of our government to take part in the conference: Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Peru, Salvador and Uruguay. Those which have indicated no wish to be represented are: Colombia, Ecuador, Hayti, Paraguay, San Domingo and Venezuela. The object of the conference in brief, are as follows: Agreement upon a common means of resistance to the encroachment of European powers; the formation of a customs league, or common tariff; the establishment of frequent steamship lines; the adoption of a common system of weights and measures, and of a common currency; the adoption of an international means for the protection of persons, property and trade marks; and the establishment of a system of arbitration to settle all conflicts between American powers.

A Great Ship Canal.

Among the great water-ways which show the triumphs of modern and engineering skill is the Manchester Ship Canal, in England. The canal, which is about 35 miles long, with a normal width of 120 feet on the bottom, and a constant depth of 26 feet, commences with certain docks and basins in the city of Manchester, and follows the Irwell to its junction with the Mersey, and the Mersey to near Runcorn, [illegible]

FREAKS OF LUCK.

TWO PECULIAR CASES PROBED BY A SCRIBE.

A Bank Clerk Stopped From Stealing by a Peculiar Arrangement of Mirrors—A Strangely Deliberate Suicide.

The greed of gold, writes "Durandal" from New York to the Cincinnati Enquirer, is quite as remarkable as the whimsicalities of its expenditure. Did ever a man, no matter how good, have another man's money in his possession without at least the thought of stealing it coming into his head?

"Conscience is a curious thing," said one of Byrnes' best detectives. "Let me tell what I once saw. I was shadowing a bank clerk on a Western railroad train. He had a handbag containing his employer's treasure, and was tempted to vamoose with it. The cars rolled along down from the Rocky Mountains height of Denver for hours. Tom took to studying a time-table, in which he saw that a westward train would meet and pass this eastward train at Mirage. What of it? He put the question mentally to himself, and answered that it meant nothing whatever to him. But he went on to think that, if he wished to steal the gold, a way to do it was to quit this train at Mirage and get aboard the other. I watched the whole mental process.

He pronounced the idea preposterous, but he did not get rid of it, and when the stop was made he alighted with the bag in his hand. He seemed actuated by some impulse which got its force outside of himself. He had the opportunity to use the speed of two locomotives to put distance between the gold and its owner, who was on the same train. He walked slowly toward the further end of the platform, wondering at his inability to cease plotting a crime, and debating whether there was any likelihood of his changing to the westward train when it came. The most resplendent things in Colorado are the drinking saloons, and a new one at Mirage was to be paneled with mirrors. The big plates of glass had been delivered at the station. They were unframed, and some of them were out of the boxes in which they had been transported. The owner of the groggery had discovered that if the edges of two mirrors are placed together at right angle, with no frame or anything else to separate their surfaces, a person sees himself duplicated in the corner thus formed. Half the image is on one glass and half on the other, but the juncture is not visible, and a singular optical effect is that, no matter where the man stands, or how he changes his place, his reflection will not budge from its place in the mirrored angle. The name of Mirage has been derived from the frequency of the visual illusion of mirage in the rarefied atmosphere of the elevated region, and it may be that the whiskey-seller meant to startle his customers beyond anything known to the Fata Morgana as they drank at his bar. As though impatient to foresee the practicability of his plan, he had set up a dozen of the mirror plates in right-angled pairs against the boxes and the side of the freight house. Toward them Tom walked unexpectantly. To his sudden amazement he encountered himself in multiple. Each Tom had a villainous scowl and a skulking air as he gripped the bag of gold. Notwithstanding the absence of frames from the looking-glasses, he would have comprehended them at a second glance but for the behaviour of the reflected images. They did not stir from their separate glasses as he advanced, nor change their positions in the least when he moved aside, but stared back at him like so many thieves suddenly halted in their flight. He was shocked and bewildered as though by a supernatural vision.

"'That's a curious effect, sir.' It was my own voice that caused Tom to turn abruptly, with a quiver of fright.

"'What d' you say?' he brokenly responded. 'Do you mean the effect on me?'

"'O, no,' I carelessly continued; 'the queer optical effect of such an arrangement of mirrors.'

"'Certainly—that is—yes, I was observing it myself.'

"To Tom it remained an uncertainty whether a flight was prevented by the encounter of the errors, but I shall always believe that he was thereby saved from a crime."

I shall put that true and curious incident into an episode of fiction. And let me go from that recollection of a detective to a real occurrence here in New York, to show how curiously one man treated himself while under a trifling misfortune of a pecuniary sort. Carl Werner returned one evening despondent to his apartment in the wilderness of tenements which shut the sun out from West Fortieth street, in the neighborhood of Ninth avenue. He was a man between 50 and 60, shaped like one of those queer, long-bodied and short-legged dogs which are sent into holes after woodchucks. His toes turned in, and he rolled ponderously and ominously as he walked. His face was as round and placid and vacant as the moon. No one could ever guess from its expressionless surface that Werner was sorrowing, and it is possible that, being a deliberate man—his sorrow at that period had not obtained much headway. To his wife, a gray-haired, plaintive-looking woman of about his own age, he briefly confided the information that he was out of work. The pickle factory in which he had labored for thirteen years had suddenly discovered that it was no longer in need of his services. Mrs. Werner burst into tears, and two fatherless and motherless grandchildren, 4 and 6 years of age, respectively, cried to keep her company. Werner filled a pipe, and, seating himself, calmly contemplated his weeping family through a cloud of smoke. Finally he preferred a simple request. "Lieschen," he said to the older of the children, "pring your grandfarder some peer."

The child obtained a brown pitcher with blue stripes ubon it from the table, and went forth sobbing upon her errand. When she returned Werner took the pitcher from her, eyed for a moment the foam rounding from its top, and emptied it without taking breath. Having done that he set the pitcher carefully down, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and observed:

"I trinks no more peer."

That was three weeks ago, and for fifteen days Werner, who had been accustomed to consume a large quantity of beer daily, drank none at all. It seemed to make no difference in his physical person or his spirits. He smoked with equanimity, and his face remained as round and placid and vacant as before. On the sixteenth day, however, he regarded Lieschen with unusual thoughtfulness as he sat down to the breakfast table. He was still out of work, although he had made application for employment at all the pickle factories in the city, and on the evening previous Mrs. Werner had consulted him as to the [illegible] of drawing [illegible] dollars which lay to their credit in the savings bank. After he had regarded the elder of his grandchildren uninterruptedly for the better part of a minute, his little family were mildly surprised to hear him say, in the words which he had employed on the day of his discharge from the pickle factory:

"Lieschen, pring your grandfarder some peer."

The child obeyed with alacrity, and Mrs. Werner seemed cheered by this renewal of a habit which her husband had followed during more than thirty years. Werner took the pitcher from his little granddaughter when she returned, looked reflectively at the beer, and then emptied into it a paper of paris green which he took from his waistcoat pocket. Having so done, Werner softly agitated the pitcher, in order that the poison might be well stirred up, and calmly drank the contents.

For the rest of the day the discharged pickle-maker sat smoking at the window, while the family wept. Mrs. Werner would have given notification of her husband's act, and would have summoned medical assistance, but he commanded her to the contrary, and she had long been accustomed to acknowledge his will as law. The poison sickened him, but seemed unlikely to produce any more serious result. Werner waited paitently until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and then once more summoned the little Lieschen, whom he instructed to procure for him another pitcher of beer, and to stop on her way to the paint store and buy five cents worth of paris green.

"You tole der boss dot was for rats," said Werner.

Mrs. Werner went into a paroxysm of sobbing, and the child was frightened and unwilling to do the errand, but the authority of Werner prevailed, and Lieschen brought the beer and the poison duly. Werner drank the beer, all but a single glass, without admixture. Into the last glass he poured the powder. Holding his pipe in one hand and the deadly dose in the other, he was about to drink, when his wife struck the mixture from his grasp and it was spilled upon the floor. Werner contemplated his wife in placid sorrow, and then turned his attention to the glass. A thick green mess remained at the bottom of it. He took up the glass and swallowed the poison at a gulp.

It was then about 4.30 o'clock, and Werner stretched himself upon the kitchen floor and closed his eyes. Mrs. Werner sat by him, torn by conflicting emotions. Whenever she or the children moved as though to summon assistance he commanded them to desist. None of them dared to disobey him. It may be that a man less obstinate would have died more easily. This one died at last. At 10 o'clock that night the spirit left him, and his wife and grandchildren went sobbing with the story to the police.

No Checks Cashed or Money Loaned.

"You have probably observed in your travels," said the hotel clerk, "the sign hung out at the cashier's desk in all leading hotels; 'No money loaned or checks cashed here!' Those signs are hung out to protect the hotel from dead beats, and they serve the purpose to a certain extent. We make a mistake now and then, as was the case here a couple of weeks ago. An old codger came along with an old-fashioned satchel, and he looked so hard up and rusty that I gave him the poorest room in the house, and asked for a deposit of five dollars. He made it, and I gave him no further attention. At the end of a week he came up to settle his bill, and when I gave him the figures he pulled out a check book and filled up a check for the amount.

"'Can't take it,' I said, as I shoved it back.

"'Why?'

"'Got beat too often.'

"'But it's good.'

"'Maybe.'

"'Well, I have no currency, and must pay you by check; very few people refuse them.'

"'Look here, old fellow,' I replied, my mad coming up, 'if you think to beat this house you will get left! Either come down with the bill or you'll go to jail!'

"He tore up the check, filled in another for $200,000 on a Chicago national bank, and handed it over, with the remark:

"'Please step over to the bank and ask them to assure themselves that this would be honored in Chicago.'

"I went over to a national bank, and inside of an hour Chicago had answered that a check signed by the old man for half a million dollars was as good as gold. I had made a mistake in sizing my man up."

"But who was he?"

"He is familiarly known as 'Old Hutch,' king of the wheat ring."—[New York Sun.

The Rattlesnake a Coward.

"A rattlesnake is the biggest coward in the world," said John Kent, of Swamp Run, Clinton County, Penn., a professional hunter of rattlesnakes for their hides, grease and rattles, in the sale of which to city and country dealers he says he has built up quite a big trade. "The rattler would be scared at his own shadow if he could see it, and would try to run away from it, until he found that it stuck right by him. Then he would stop and try to fight it. When he made the discovery that he couldn't sink a fang into the shadow he would settle the whole difficulty by turning his poison on himself and committing suicide. Some people say that the rattlesnake won't commit suicide. I say he will. I've seen rattlers put an end to themselves dozen of times, but never when they were in captivity. Why that is I can't say. If you have a rattlesnake caged up you may put all sorts of indignities upon him, and, while he will work himself into a rage that is more than terrible to see, somehow he won't let his feelings so far overcome him as to bite and kill himself. It is different when he is met with on his native barren and cornered up. He won't, as a general thing, put an end to himself until he has exhausted all means at hand in trying to get out of the trouble he is in, when his rage seems to get beyond his control, and he twists his head around and sets his fangs in his body right over the heart, and in less time than you could kill him he stretches out stiff."

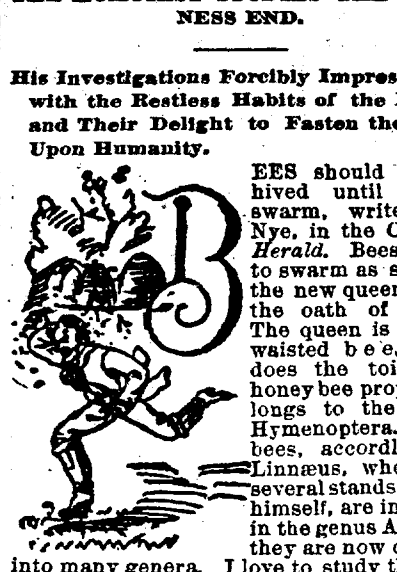
Watermelon Vinegar.

The latest story of Kansas productiveness comes from Ford county, where a Mr. Sternberg planted twenty acres to melons, and sold the seeds to an Eastern seed house for $400. From the melons he manufactured 1,000 barrels of vinegar, which he values at $10 per barrel. This melon vinegar he claims to be fully equal to, if not better than, the cider vinegar. If this story is true, this State will be principally devoted to the production of watermelons in a short space [illegible]

NYE ON BEE CULTURE.

THE HUMORIST STUDIES THE BUSINESS END.

His Investigations Forcibly Impress Him with the Restless Habits of the Insects and Their Delight to Fasten the Same Upon Humanity.



BEES should not be hived until they swarm, writes Bill Nye, in the Chicago *Herald*. Bees begin to swarm as soon as the new queen takes the oath of office. The queen is a long-waisted bee, who does the toil. The honey bee proper belongs to the order Hymenoptera. All bees, according to Linnæus, who kept several stands of bees himself, are included in the genus Apis, but they are now divided into many genera. I love to study the bee, and at one time kept bees myself. I kept several of them longer than I should have done. But honey bees are full of interest to me. I often think of the language of a late writer who goes on to state "that within so small a body should be contained an apparatus for converting the various sweets which it collects into one kind of nourishment for itself, another for the common brood, glue for its carpentry, wax for its cells, poison for its enemies, honey for its master, with a proboscis as long as the body itself, microscopic in several parts, telescopic in its mode of action, with a sting so exceedingly sharp that were it magnified by the same glass which makes a needle's point seem a quarter of an inch across it would yet itself be invisible, and this, too, a hollow tube—that all these varied operations and contrivances should be included within half an inch of length and two grains of matter is surely enough to crush all thoughts of atheism and materialism."

I also compare sometimes the new colony just starting out to hustle for themselves with the Pilgrim Fathers—where are they?—who came to these wild, inhospitable shores, taking their long, tedious, uneventful voyage across the unknown ocean with no relaxation whatever except prayer.

Professor Jaeger, referring to the pronounced habits of industry born in the bee and frequently alluded to in school-books, says: "It is impossible for any reflecting person to look at a beehive in full operation without being astonished at the activity and surprising industry of its inhabitants. We see crowds constantly arriving from the woods, meadows, fields and gardens, laden with provisions and materials for future use, while others are continually flying off on similar collecting expeditions. Some are carrying out the dead, others are removing dirt and offal, while others are giving battle to any strangers who may dare to intrude. Suddenly a cloud appears and the bees hurry home, thronging the entrance by thousands until all are gradually received within the inclosure. In the interior of the hive we see with what skill they work their combs and deposit the honey, and when their labor is over for the day they rest in chains suspended from the ceiling of their habitation, one bee clinging by its fore feet to the hind feet of the one above it until it seems impossible that the upper one can be strong enough to support the weight of so many hundreds."

The queen, during the propagating season, lays as high as two thousand eggs in a



NYE BEGINS TO GET RESTLESS.

day, and I have given much thought to the grafting of the queen bee upon the Plymouth Rock hen, with a view to better egg facilities, but so far to meet with little success. My experiments have been somewhat delayed by the loss of time in taking the swelling out of myself after each perusal of the bee character in his or her home life. The queen bee lives much longer than any other class of inhabitants, and hangs on to the throne, as the historian Motley says, like a pup to a root. She has a stinger, but does not use it on boys. She uses it simply for the purpose of fighting other queens.

The ancients were aware of the existence of a governing bee in each hive, but they thought it was a king. But a scientist with keen insight and massive brains one day saw the monarch come off the nest and leave 2,124 warm eggs. Then it was settled in his mind that it could not be a king, for he was a deep, deep man. His name was Swamerdamm and he made this discovery 200 years ago last week. Aristotle and Virgil claimed in several articles, signed Veritas and Taxpayer, respectively, that the queen or king, as they called it then, did not lay at all, but secured some kind of pollen or other material from flowers, which produced the maggots from which the bee was hatched.

A writer on the bee says that the best way to ascertain the location of the queen is to divide the swarm, after which it will be noticed that the one having the queen will become very restless indeed. I tried this myself and noticed that they were restless. They also communicated their restlessness to me. All of us got restless.

Swamerdamm tied the queen by means of a long hair to a high pole in order to ascertain whether the swarm would follow. In ten minutes he had the whole colony on top of the pole.

The drones are the male bees of the hive. They do no work except to act in a parental



THE BEES ARE SWARMING.

capacity and vote. They have no stinger, but in its place they have a good appetite and a baritone voice. They are destroyed by the workers soon after the honey season and the widows have it all their own way. The drone loads a quiet and rather sunny life, lasting about sixteen weeks, after which he is put to death by the females of the hive by the Maybrick method.

About nine-tenths of the hive are workers or females, say twelve to fifteen thousand. They are the busy bee referred to in the books. They get up early in the morning, eat a hasty meal and go out looking for honey. They fly with great force and as straight as a bullet. Sometimes they try to go through a man on their way to the hive, but only get part way. A bee likes to have a tender young man with linen trousers sit down on it.

From the time the egg is deposited until a perfect bee is turned out requires about three weeks. A queen gets her growth in sixteen days and begins to reign.

Moths get into the beehives frequently during the winter season and destroy the insects. For this reason bees should be packed in snuff or fine-cut tobacco in the fall. This nauseates the moth and discourages him. Great care should be taken not to let the bees out too early in the spring. A good writer says that frozen fruit will [illegible]

colic in the hive, followed by cholera infantum and coma.

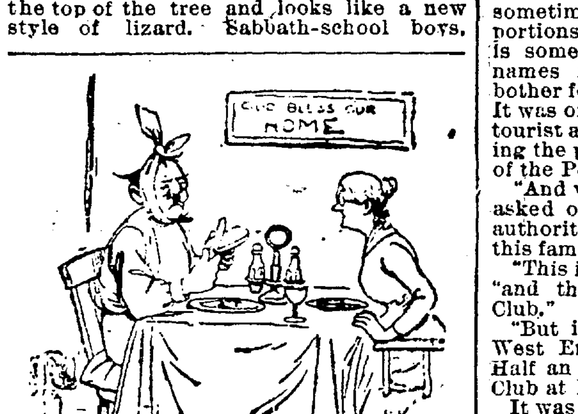
Linnæus says that nothing is more pitiful than the picture of fifteen or sixteen thousand collicky bees suddenly called forth in the dead of night, running hither and thither, looking for hot cloths and Jamaica ginger, after eating too heartily of frozen apple juice.

Bees swarm about 10 a. m. or 3 p. m., and enjoy doing so on Sunday if possible. Selecting a hot Sabbath and waiting patiently until the farmer has shaved one side of his face and lathered the other, the bees decide that they will swarm. The farmer's wife notices it while she is in the garden getting a sprig of caraway to take to meeting. She calls Henry and tells him the bees are swarming. He starts out with a new hive, and looking up in the air he falls over a croquet set and injures himself. His wife says: "Henry, you ought to put on that mosquito-bar arrangement I made for you the other day. They are real cross this morning, and they will certainly sting you if you don't."

"Git out with your pesky nonsense," he straightway doth reply. "I never put nawthing on me before and I won't do it now."

"But, Henry, they are so feverish to-day, and you have got your other clothes on, so they won't know you. Do try it this time."

So he wraps up his head in a green mosquito net and puts on a pair of cowhide mittens. The bees alight on a tall elm tree, and he gets a ladder up there against it. Then he slowly ascends the tree with a beehive under his arm. Just before he put on the mosquito net he took a large chew of tobacco. He now wishes that he had not. People begin to go by on their way to meeting, and see him up in the tree with a large green head on him and hot leather mittens. They speak to him, but he cannot reply because his mouth is full of tobacco. It is very hot indeed. The sun pours down through the hot leaves and the breeze is taking much-needed rest. He gets up in the top of the tree and looks like a new style of lizard. Sabbath-school boys,



WHEN THE BEES HAVE CEASED TO SWARM.

wearing chip hats faced with gingham, pause on their way to the house of worship and watch him. He reaches out to scoop in a handful of the brown fuzzy insects, but the leather mittsismell strangely to them. They do not recognize the proprietor by his paws and his odor. Three or four bees fall down inside those mittens, and, feeling that they must defend themselves, made a hot highway across the back of his hand. Then Henry yells and drops the hive on the Bible class. Some bees get under his green veil and his hair, and, finding that they cannot get out, they sink on him with their little heated hypodermics, and he says things which bring the blush to the features of his sad wife.

For days afterward they sit opposite each other at the table and do not say anything. He looks at her savagely with one eye, the other being closed by its creditors. It is three days before he will even ask her to pass the butter, he is so mad.

Bees are very industrious, but fool themselves by accumulating more than they need, forgetting that they will soon die and leave their substance for those who did not earn it. We should learn a lesson from the bee and not run the matter of industry into the ground. We should not strive to accumulate so much that it will prevent our enjoyment during our lifetime and only enich the idle after our death. Bees should remember that their shrouds will not hold honey. The bee could learn much from man, I think, in this way.

False Alarm.

A Cambridge gentleman was asked to buy a ticket to the firemen's ball, and good-naturedly complied. The next question was what to do with it. One of his two men-servants would probably be glad to use it, but he did not wish to show favoritism. Then it occurred to him that he might buy another ticket, and give both his servants a pleasure.

Not knowing just how to proceed, he inquired of a policeman where the tickets were to be had.

"Why don't you go down to the engine house?" said the officer. "The men all know you."

So the old gentleman went to the engine house, but when he entered there was no one in sight. He had never been in such a place before, but was perfectly familiar with the use of electric signals. On the side of the room was a button, evidently connected with a bell, and, naturally enough, after waiting a minute or two, he put his thumb upon it.

The effect was electrical in every sense of the word. From the air overhead—so, at least, it seemed to the old gentleman in his bewilderment—men began to rain down, completing their toilets as they fell. The horses rushed out of their stalls, and, in a word, all the machinery of a modern engine house was instantly in motion.

Amid all this turmoil stood the mild-mannered and innocent old gentleman, who, even now, did not suspect that he had touched the fire alarm. The men rushed upon him for information as to the whereabouts of the fire, but when he opened his mouth it was only to say, in the mildest accents:

"I should like to buy another ticket to the ball, if you please."

The situation was so ludicrous that no one could be angry, not even the men whose nap had been broken into, and the old gentleman bought his ticket and departed in peace.—*Providence Journal.*

Curious Transmittal of Scarlet Fever.

In 1846 a boy of 8 years, the brother of the narrator's wife, was taken down with scarlet fever and died. One of the principal amusements of his illness had been looking over a large picture book. After his death this, with several other useful playthings, was packed away in a trunk. Twenty-six years later, in 1872, the sister-in-law of the editor took this trunk with her on a journey which she made to England, where he was then residing. The trunk was opened the second day after its arrival and the picture-book was taken out and presented to the editor's 2-year-old son. During the next fortnight the little fellow was attacked by scarlet fever. It was a wonder to the doctors who were called in consultation how the disease had been contracted, as there had been no scarlet fever in the town for years. At last it occurred to the editor that the picture-book might have transmitted the disease, and the medical men in attendance, on being told the facts connected with it, agreed that it had retained the poison for twenty-six years and communicated it to the child.—*Boston Post.*

A MEXICAN plant, called by the natives the "herb of prophecy," is reported to induce a sleep seemingly identical with the hpynotic state. The patient is completely insensible, but answers questions put to him and obeys any commands given.

[illegible]

GIRLS OF LONG BRANCH.

EQUESTRIANISM CONSTITUTES THEIR FAVORITE SPORT.

Yet They Are Given to Indulgence in Various Other Pastimes, Not the Least of Which Is Gambling—Real Losses and Mythical Winnings.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]



ALL that is Long Branch is not so called. The extension of the immense summer population has gone so far beyond the limits of the original Long Branch that no less than sixteen distinct names for railway stations and postoffices are in use between Sandy Hook and Key East. Changes are frequently made in them, and it is only this season that Avon-by-the-Sea is substituted for the old-fashioned Key East. Wealth and fashion are whimsical, you know, and will not tolerate the commonplace in nomenclature any more than in other things. So uniform is the pretentiousness at Long Branch that the sight of a tatterdemalion girl playing in the water from a hydrant with her bare feet was a sight to make me stop and look. The modish children may take off their shoes and stockings for the surf, but the line for such indulgence is drawn for them at the bluff, and a dozen of them were watching this unconventional youngster with positive envy.

But I was writing about the fitful and sometimes foolish names of the different portions of Long Branch. Just now there is something of a controversy over two names for one railway station. Some bother for new visitors is caused thereby. It was only last evening that I saw a British tourist and his daughter interestedly viewing the prismatic fountain in the grounds of the Pennsylvania Club.

"And what place might this be?" the man asked of one of the policemen whom the authorities assign to friendly duty around this famous gambling house.

"This is the West End, sir," was the reply, "and that building is the Pennsylvania Club."

"But is the Pennsylvania Club at the West End, and are there two of them? Half an hour ago we saw a Pennsylvania Club at Hollywood."

It was the same establishment. He had approached it from the other side. There was a time when the West End Hotel was in Long Branch, but the proprietors secured a postoffice and railway station there, naming both West End. Later, John Hoey made his enormous investment in Hollywood, an adjacent park, and by donating the ground and edifice for a new station he has induced the railway people to call it



"A BRITISH TOURIST AND HIS DAUGHTER."

Hollywood and West End. He is now pushing hard for a separate postoffice to be called Hollywood.

This is not a political letter, yet it ought to contain the fact that Postmaster General John Wanamaker is an intensely discussed individual at West End. There is more than Republican versus Democratic partisanism in it, too, because Philadelphians abound here, and they are apt to be immovable adherents of the great Philadelphia merchant. He has just done something, however, to inject religious discussion into the talk about him. He has ordered the withdrawal of all Sunday mail service from the Long Branch section. Now, the thousands of Jews are, of course, disrespectful of the Christian Sabbath to begin with, and of the nominal Christians I suppose that two-thirds are worldly enough to desire to receive and send off letters on Sunday. That has been done ever since David M. Hildreth was humorously made postmaster of West End. That was when President Garfield was slowly dying at Elberon. The amount of mail matter was immensely increased. Postmaster General Thomas L. James visited Long Branch, and saw the inconvenience to which the West End and Elberon people were subjected in getting their letters to and from the Long Branch village postoffice. Hildreth was the principal proprietor of the West End Hotel, and James agreed to establish a postoffice there.

"I will do it if you will be the postmaster," he laughingly said.

"Agreed," was Hildreth's reply, "for it ought to be fun to a Democrat to be an office-holder under a Republican administration."

So James ordered the office to be created, but not without an unexpected ado, for there proved to be another postal West End in New Jersey, and the residents of



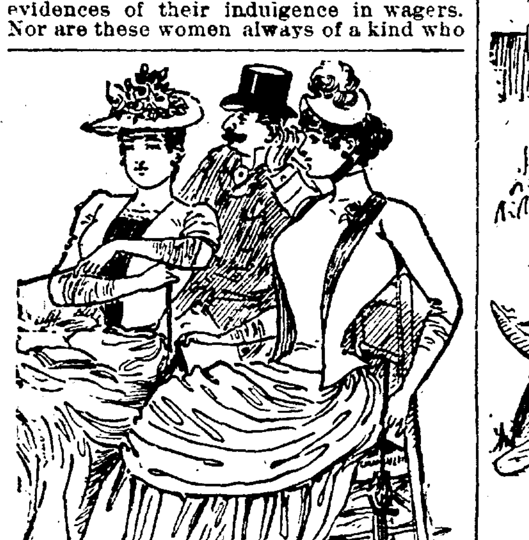
"NOTHING LUMBERING IN HIS WALTZES."

that place kicked up a row over losing the name. They were at length placated by a substitution of the name of the most popular and wealthy inhabitant, and so that difficulty was overcome. Hildreth had to give bonds for official rectitude, and the names signed to the document were Russell Sage and C. K. Garrison, representing anywhere from thirty to fifty millions of property.

But I have become too materialistic in writing a letter from a frivolous watering place. Even the heaviest dignity becomes blithesome here. One of the most industrious and enjoying waltzers in the Long Branch parlors is a bald and bearded man of eighty, who takes pride as well as other delight in bringing his style of dancing right up to date. His name is William Bryce, and he has made his half million in Michigan lumber operations, but there is nothing lumbering in his waltzes. His partners are the prettiest and liveliest of the girls, and they seem more than willing to couple themselves with him in the dance, the reason presumably being that it confers distinction upon them. A belle waltzing with a youthful beau is not singularity here, and it does not command particular attention, no matter how well it may be done, but the sight of December Bryce in an August waltz with May is one which holds the eyes of the spectators from start to finish.

It would be unsuitable to write a column about Long Branch without paying some attention to the gambling, which remains a foremost, assertive, and characteristic feature of the place. A portly, middle-aged man, broken in health and impaired in mind, is seen [illegible]

politics that the police and other officials were servile in the interest of his lawbreakage. In those days he was an aggressive and stalwart individual. But never since the assault made on him by a conspiring gang of men and women in New York last winter has he been his old self. The Pennsylvania Club is open as resplendently as ever, and so is its equally gorgeous rival, the Long Branch Club. This season there is not even any talk of enforcing the law against them. Indeed, it is doubtful whether a vote of all the residents of West End and Long Branch proper, temporary and permanent, would count up against these gaming houses. The villagers are never permitted to lose any money in them, and many of them benefit by the employments afforded in one way or another by the clubs. The summer visitors are so largely Wall street men, turf operators and others accustomed to taking chances, that the faro and roulette tables would be regretfully missed by something like a majority. That may be wicked, but it is true. Go to Monmouth Park race course any day when the grand stand and club house are brilliantly crowded, and you will have to look about you very closely to find a person who is not gambling. The women are no exception. Some of them do their betting very quietly, through their escorts, and sit as placid as I have pictured two of them while the fate of their dollars is being decided. Others are open and above board, making no effort to conceal either their excitement or the other evidences of their indulgence in wagers. Nor are these women always of a kind who



"WHILE THE FATE OF THEIR DOLLARS IS BEING DECIDED."

generally break the rules of feminine decorum. On my last visit to the track I saw a carefully reared and in no wise reprehensible young daughter of a New York millionaire seated at the front of the club-house stand, making her bets through the medium of a well-known bookmaker's employe—a tough-looking fellow, who, of course, could not approach her socially, but who for this occasion was a familiar and confidential agent. She displayed conspicuously, before thousands of observers, the tickets representing her bets, and her consultations with the bookmaker's man, as well as her orders to him, were in ordinary conversational tones, overheard by everybody within a dozen feet. They were informed, too, by her rapturous and mathematical explanation at the close of the day's racing that she was a winner to the extent of two hundred and forty dollars.

Besides the public methods of gambling, quite secluded games of poker were never more numerous at Long Branch than they are this season. Out of that prevalence of the distinctively American cardgame came this bit of dialogue:

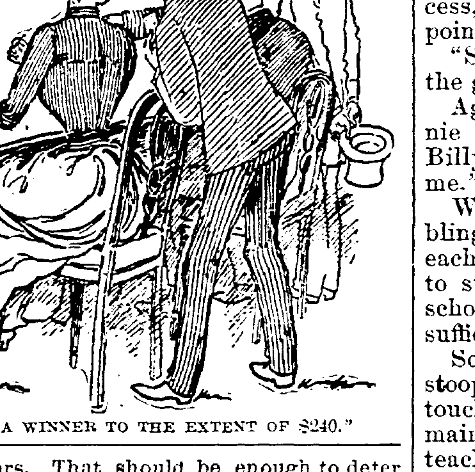
Father (who, having compromised on cards, forbids his boy to touch liquor, finds him with a straw in the demijohn)—"Dick, Dick, what is this?"

Dick—"You said you didn't mind poker."

Father—"This is not poker."

Dick—"Yes, it is. I'm drawing for a full."

A question commonly discussed here is whether the games at the two great club houses are "square." You would be surprised and amused by the partisanism, arising sometimes to rancor, over this seemingly inconsequential point. My own impression is that the club proprietors are content, as they really ought to be, with the regular percentage in their favor. Still, the magnificence of the establishments and the immense cost of their maintenance, to say nothing of the admittedly princely profits, are to a certainty paid for by the



"A WINNER TO THE EXTENT OF $240."

visitors. That should be enough to deter anybody from playing with a view to escape the almost inevitable expenses of the diversion. The club managers do at least indulge in one periodical exploit of humbuggery. Whenever an inordinately heavy loss is sustained by a guest, it is followed by a purely fictitious instance of heavy winning by a mythical outsider. That has happened every year or two since these clubs were opened. The latest of these occurrences was last month, when the recklessly profligate George Law lost over $30,000 in a single night at the Pennsylvania Club, and that was followed within a few days by an altogether fanciful account of almost equal winnings by "Millionaire Jim Reschler, of Denver, ex-Senator Tabor's old partner in the Little Pittsburg mine." A feminine Long Branch correspondent, who possibly may have believed what she wrote, gave this piece of fiction to the world. The club men declare its truthfulness, but I have found upon investigation no shadow of substantiality in it. Senator Tabor writes to me that there is no Jim Reschler, so far as he knows. A persistent search of hotel registers at Long Branch reveals no such name, a trustworthy witness of the alleged play cannot be found, and the whole matter was a concoction intended to offset George Law's losses in public attention.

The girls at Long Branch average well to the eye in dress and deportment. They are not displaying themselves in the surf as much as hitherto, and instances of indecorous bathing costumes have become scarce. Equestrianism is their favorite sport. What is called parasol flirtation is a new indulgence, and it consists in holding their gay sunshades thus or holding them so, with intricate meanings for flirtation in each movement. A more or less well-defined code of signal is in use, just as fans and handkerchief have been employed in that way. "Dancing in the barn" is the season's terpsichorean innovation here as at other



"PARASOL FLIRTATION."

watering places. It is a quite ballet-like departure in round dancing, and for a display of grace or awkwardness, as the case may be, it has never been surpassed in summer hotel parlors. For the dandies it is to be said that they are truly sweeter than the girls in the matter of costumes. They have taken to navy caps and white flannel suits, with colored sashes and canvas shoes brilliantly dyed. They are simply gorgeous. [illegible]

THE WATERMELON SEASON.

[From the Chicago Ledger.]



EXPECTATION.



REALIZATION.



REPARATION.

Punished.

Methods of punishment for unruly pupils, as well as methods of teaching, have undergone many changes during the past quarter of a century, and one looks back with wonder and amusement at the customs of long ago. The writer well remembers the shame and dismay that used to overcome him when he, a bashful boy, heard the teacher say: "I saw you whispering, Johnnie H——, and now you can go and sit with the girls. Sally Smith, you and Tilly Jones make room for him."

Crimson with confusion, I would take my place between the two girls, amid the giggling of the rest of the school, and for the next few days my schoolmates made life a burden to me. Before school, after school, and at recess, somebody was always ready to point the finger and say:

"Sha-a-a-me! You had to set with the gals! Sha-a-a-me!"

Again the teacher would say: "Johnnie H——, I saw you whispering to Billy Smith. Both of you come to me."

We went forward in fear and trembling; a clothes-pin was clapped upon each of our noses, and we were obliged to stand on the platform, facing the school, until we were thought to be sufficiently punished.

Sometimes we were compelled to stoop with the tips of our fingers touching a crack in the floor, and remain in that painful position until the teacher chose to release us. Let those who think this a light penalty assume the position described and keep it for five minutes!

The dunce-cap and block and feruling the hands, were every-day affairs. Sometimes a pupil, maddened with pain, would snatch the ferule from the teacher, snap it in twain, and flee from the room, a proceeding that always gave the rest of the school unlimited satisfaction.

One teacher, whose school I had not the privilege of attending, sometimes detained all offending pupils after school. Then they were made to clasp hands and dance in a circle before the teacher, while he accelerated their speed by using his rod on their shins, keeping it up until they were all howling with grief and pain.

With such educational advantages as I have described, it would have been surprising indeed if some of us had not turned out to be brilliant scholars and illustrious men!

Wanted a Correction.

The editor of the Hornbeam *Maul* received a visit from Tobe Phillips.

"Look here," said Mr. Phillips, "last week you spoke of the death of my grandmother, Mrs. Harky."

"Yes, yes, so I did. Anything wrong?"

"You said she was ninety-eight years old and——"

"Well, wasn't she that old?"

"Oh, yes, but you said that she never chewed tobacco and was never drunk in her life."

"Well, is there anything wrong about that?"

"But don't you understand, it sorter reflects on us—on her."

"How so?"

"Well, now I'll tell you. I don't reckon there is a more respectable lot of people anywere than we are——"

"That's all right, old fellow. I didn't mean any reflection. You see, when a very old man dies the newspapers, particularly the temperance publications, say that he never used tobacco or liquor; and what I said was merely a take-off."

"Yes," said the visitor, "your intentions were all right, but what you say ain't the truth. The old lady usually took a chew of tobacco about the size of a walnut and I don't reckon there was a better judge of licker in our neighborhood. She was sorter proud of her record in regard to licker, and if it won't be too much trouble to you I wish you would make a sort of correction."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wal St., N. Y.

WANTED.

WE want a reliable person in your vicinity to superintend posting up advertisements of our goods in conspicuous places. No experience required. Wages $2.50 per day and expenses. Steady employment. Address, enclosing 2c stamp for reply, UNIVERSAL SUPPLY CO, Rialto Bldg., Chicago, Ill. aug16-3m

WANTED AGENTS! To solicit orders for our celebrated Oil Portraits The finest made. No experience required! Beginners earn $50 a week. $2 Outfit free! Send for full particulars. A rare chance. Safford Adams & Co., 46 Bond St., New York. 10-12t

WANTED—Men to write Accident Insurance for the South B nd Life and Accident Insurance company. The most successful Accident Insurance company in the west. A very liberal commission allowed.

WHITE & MINCKLER,
Pixley & Long Block, Fort Wayne, Ind.

WANTED—People to come to 36 Clinton street for upholstered furniture, plush rockers for $7 and $8, mattresses $3. All kinds of work done on short notice. Respectfully,
24-tf H. E. HOUK.

PERSONS wishing to buy, sell or exchange property of any kind, or desiring to loan or borrow money, will find it to their interest to call on or address me.
J. F. CURTICE, Real Estate and Loan Broker,
Rooms 1 and 2, Pixley & Long Building,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Reference—Hamilton National bank. 20-2m

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—A dwelling house of five rooms, 113 Madison street, $10 per month. Apply next door.

FOR RENT—Brick dwelling No. 54 East Washton. street. Rooms newly papered and painted. House in good order. O. P. Morgan. 6eodtf

FOR RENT—House No. 37 Wilt street, has seven rooms in good repair, with a good stable and carriage house, well and cistern. Rent $15 a month. Enquire at 113 West Berry street. 12-tf

FOR RENT—Two nicely furnished front rooms on first and second floor, suitable for gentlemen or man and wife, at 39 West Washington street. 2-1m

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—A six room house on Killean street, for $1,500 cash, lot 60x150. Barn and out buildings all new and in first class shape. 14-3t J. V. HILER.

FOR SALE—A handsome finish twenty foot counter. Will answer purpose for grocery or lunch room. Will sell cheap. Call at Ervin house, corner Pearl and Harrison street. 22-tf

Girls' Higher School

Removed from La Salle Ave. to 479 & 481 Dearborn Ave., Chicago. Fourteenth year begins Sept. 18th. Boarding and day school for young ladies and children. Full courses of study, including preparation for college. Excellent houses thoroughly fitted up.
Address {MISS REBECCA S. RICE, A. M.} {MISS MARY E. BEEDY, A. M.} Princ.
aug10-1m

BOSTON TEA STORE.
20 West Berry Street.

Watermelons.
Peaches.
Red and Black Raspberries.
Fresh Vegetables.
Extra sugar cured hams.
The Finest Coffee Sold.

P. E. COX,
PRACTICAL
Sanitary Plumber,
Has opened a shop at
No. 29 West Main Street.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT
Reasonable Prices

A. F. GESSLER,
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
FRESH, SALT
—AND—
SMOKED - MEATS,
60 East Main Street.
He has just placed new machinery in his establishment and is now prepared to make the finest Sausages in the market. Dressed Poultry and Home-made Lard for sale. 24-1yr.

DR. T. J. DILLS,
NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.
Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m.

ROBERT SPICE.
Pumps, Pipe, Hose and Fittings.
DRIVE WELLS.
Natural Gas Fitting a Specialty.

J. C. PELTIER,
Undertaker Cl Embalmer

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1889.

SULLIVAN and Kilrain, it is safe to say, will not fight on Mississippi soil again.

EDITOR ZIMMERMAN has again assumed editorial charge of the Valparaiso *Messenger*.

ELIAS LOOMIS, L. L. D., Munson professor of natural philosophy and astronomy at Yale, died at the New Haven hospital Thursday noon.

LEO XIII, although seventy-eight years old, works harder than any European sovereign. He rises between 4 and 5 in summer, and between 5 and 6 in winter.

IF Governor Foraker is re-elected in Ohio this fall, it will give him a prestige in the republican presidential candidate race that will put other competitors in the shade.

THE corner stone laying of the soldiers' monument at Indianapolis next week promises to be one of the most interesting events that has ever taken place at the state capital.

OUR city physicians report a great deal of sickness. "There is death in such weather as this," said one of them last evening, "and people cannot be too careful of their health."

IT IS now generally conceded on all sides that there will be an extra session of congress. It is believed that the president has at last made up his mind definitely to call both houses together by the first week in November.

PRIVATE advices from Europe indicate that the condition of ex-Minister Pendleton is very grave. He goes about only when accompanied by an attendant. The shock of the loss of his wife and daughter followed by prostration by his illness, has proved very serious and it is feared he cannot recover.

TRAVELING QUACKS.

It is surprising how people will be duped by traveling doctors and professional fakers who come to the city and sell their medicines on the street corners, under tents and in other public places.

It is only necessary for the itinerant "professional man" to carry a good quartette of singers and be a slick talker for him to roll in the dollars.

His medicine is good for all the ills flesh is heir to. If it doesn't embrace the whole category, it is a sure cure for dyspepsia, or the liver complaint, or worms. It will knock either of these "higher than a kite."

He tells the hundreds who crowd to hear him of the wonderful cures that his medicine has performed. He has the documents to prove it, and they swallow his oily words for gospel truth.

The man may never have read the inside of a medical work. He knows his piece, however, and can speak it well. He wears a broad brimmed hat and has long hair. He is a Quaker, or a Shaker, or an Indian, or the son of a Quaker, or a Shaker, or an Indian, and this is conclusive proof that he knows all about medicine.

He convinces the people that his medicine is a grand thing, and, silly fools, they pay him a half day's wages for a bottle of it. It contains a little quinine, a few roots and herbs and lots of poor whisky. They take it and feel good under its temporary stimulating effects, and imagine it has done them a benefit, only to find out, after its effects have died away or the fellow has left town, that it is a miserable fraud.

Yet the very next traveling doctor that comes along catches them and they invest another dollar, only to find out again that they have been duped.

This swindling of our people is going on constantly and will continue to go on until the fools are all dead, which, judging by the success that these fellows have, will never be the case.

If people will be duped in this way they have nobody to blame but themselves, but it does seem as if some of them have lived long enough in this world to know better. If you are sick, patronize a reputable physician of Fort Wayne. He can do you more good than a thousand of these quacks, who are here to-day and away to-morrow, and whose medicines in nine cases out of ten are really injurious.

They are after your dollars and care nothing for the permanent effects that their medicin es will have upon you. Let the traveling quacks alone.

THE CHURCHES OF THE UNITED STATES.

The *Independent* prints its usual annual summary of statistics of the various religious organizations of this country, gathered from the denominational year books and other authoritive sources. Presented in tabular form, the summary is as follows:

	Churches.	Ministers.	Communicants.
Adventists	1,575	840	100,712
Baptists	46,624	32,017	4,078,589
Christian Union	1,500	500	120,000
Congregationalists	4,569	4,284	475,608
Friends	763	1,017	106,930
German Evangelical	675	560	125,000
Lutherans	6,971	4,151	968,008
Methodists	50,680	29,770	4,723,681
Mennonites	420	605	100,000
Moravians	98	111	11,319
Presbyterians	13,349	9,786	1,180,113
Episcopalians	5,159	4,012	459,642
Reformed	2,058	1,378	227,512
Roman Catholic	7,424	7,996	7,855,394
Universalists	721	691	35,780
New Jerusalem	100	113	6,000
Unitarians	381	491	64,720
Totals	142,767	98,323	20,667,818

The relatively large figures for the Roman Catholic church are accounted for by the fact that they include all the

bership. The net gain for the year was 3,882 churches, 3,865 ministers, and 876,995 communicants. Upon these figures the *Independent* remarks:

"Certainly a net increase of nearly 877,000 Christians for the year is no insignificant return. The deaths among the 19,790,323 Christians of last year must have made a large figure. This loss and all other losses have been made good by conversions and immigration, and nearly 900,000 gained in addition. We now have 142,767 churches and 98,000 ministers, showing a net gain of 3,882 churches and 3,865 ministers. A clear addition of an average of between ten and eleven churches and as many ministers every day in the year does not appear to indicate decline of power or growth. A daily harvest of 240 souls is not symptomatic of that decay which certain skeptics profess to discover in Christianity in this country."

TWO THOUSAND BADGES

Will be Given Away on Labor Day—A Balloon Ascension and Parachute Descent—Speakers Engaged.

Many subjects were discussed at the meeting of the committee on arrangements for Labor day last night.

Rev. M. C. Lockwood, who has been invited by the committee to attend and deliver one of the leading speeches of the day, is an eloquent Baptist divine of Cincinnati, who champions the cause of labor from the pulpit, as well as on the lecture platform. Rev. Lockwood's sermons are frequently printed in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and are extensively read by the subscribers and patrons of that paper. Labor day comes on Monday and it is understood by some of the committee that Rev. Northrop wants him to arrive in time to deliver a Sunday sermon.

Mr. William Nichols and Mrs. Elizabeth C. Williams-Patterson have been engaged to deliver addresses. Of Mrs. Williams-Patterson, the brilliant orator, THE SENTINEL will some day next week give an extended account. She is editress of the Chicago *Express*.

The committee ordered 2,000 Labor day badges printed bearing the inscription, "Labor Day—1889." These will be given away on the morning of Labor day to shop employes and others who desire to join in the grand parade.

The privileges of the fair grounds will be sold next Saturday at 3 p. m. The program is completed and will be issued next week. The balloon ascension and parachute descent will surely take place.

The following additional business men have signified their intention of helping to make Labor Day a success:

A. J. Langohr, F. M. Kiesling, H. Butke, A. C. Keel. S. Tiquere, F. Brown, W. T. Kirn, G. W. Litt, Kayser & Baade, Robert Spill, W. F. Geller, Rippe & Son, W. Hahn, John M. Riedmiller, J. S. McKenzie & Co., Peter Eggeman, August Korn, L. Brames & Co., N. Leikauf, G. Scherzinger, A. R. Mills, U. Stotz, E. Shuman, George Lenk, N. B. Rowe, E. Spiegel, Kasten & Kohlmeyer, August N. Ehle, L. P. Huser, J. A. Thieme, P. Pierre, Peter Malone, F. E. Houk, John Loar, A. Sullivan, Puff Bros., J. Suelzer, H. Busching, Markey & McNeice, Freese & Fehling, Studor & Co., Archer & Bro., J. Zern, A. H. Boerger, F. D. C. DeLagrange, Gerding & Aumann, Gruber & Gray, *Daily Freie Press*, J. V. Hiler, Daniel Klotz, Zoeller, Merz & Co., W. Scheiman & Co., Fred Tegtmeyer, T. H. Lange & Co., W.H. Polhamus, F. D. Hoham, A. Kalbacher, John Scheffer & Co., Henry Bauer, C. H. Waltemath & Sons, F. J. Miller, Philip Graf, Joseph J. Freiburger, Joseph A. M. Storm and Joseph Hartman & Bro.

All merchants who have not been seen will confer a favor by leaving their names with President Hench, at the *Sentinel* office, Secretary Brinkman, at Baker's cigar factory, or George Jaap, 81 East Columbia street.

BITTEN BY A DOG.

The Young Sons of James Summers and Mr. Koch Bitten by a Vicious Canine.

Mr. James Summers, proprietor of the house of call at the corner of Calhoun and Baker streets, called on Mayor Harding this morning and asked to have a dog killed.

The canine, he said, had bitten his son, and also the young son of Mr. Koch, living at the corner of Brackenridge and Webster streets.

Marshal Franke instructed an officer to investigate and shoot the dog if such act was warranted.

Thieme & Gross, the druggists, will be pleased to have all who suffer from headaches give Baker's Famous Headache Specific, the new discovery, a trial. There is no other remedy which gives such universal satisfaction, and it is fast becoming a household remedy. Use it once and you will never be without it.

Some Kansas towns have taken up cricket. It is so English you know.

A STRANGE CAPER.

Dr. B. R. Freeman, of Decatur, Deserts His Family and is Found by an Officer at Corning, N. Y.

The gossips of Decatur, Ind., are busying themselves with the affairs of Dr. B. R. Freeman, for many years a prominent physician and surgeon of that city. The doctor is married to an excellent lady and is the father of three children. A son is a trainman on the "Clover Leaf" railroad and a daughter is the wife of Dr. Kell, of Delphos, Ohio.

On May 6th last Dr. Freeman suddenly left Decatur, abandoning an excellent practice. He told his wife and friends that he had concluded to locate at Rapid City, Dakota, and that because of the length of his journey he might not be heard from for several weeks.

Months came and went, but the promised tidings from the doctor failed to reach his distressed wife. At last Mrs. Freeman had a description of her missing husband printed upon cards, which also bore the doctor's photograph, and sent them to every sheriff and chief of police in the land. It was learned that Dr. Freeman had gone to Chicago, to which place his trunk had been traced, but trunk and owner had there disappeared.

The agonized wife finally placed the task of finding her husband in the hands of ex-Deputy Sheriff Mark M. McConnell, and that gentleman was not long in connecting his strange leave-taking with the absence from Decatur of a woman who is known to have visited his office with so much frequency as to excite comment.

Miss Carrie Schlegel, an attractive young woman of good family, had left Decatur going east on the Chicago and Atlantic railway. The officer followed, and at Marion, Ohio, he learned that she had bought a ticket to Corning, N. Y. To Corning he went and acquainted the chief of police there and at other places, of his secret mission.

The chief of police at Blossburg finally located Dr. Freeman at Wellsboro', seat of Tioga county, and so apprised McConnell. That officer left for Wellsboro', taking with him the broken-hearted wife. Over the meeting between the disgraced physician and the woman he had vowed to love, before all others, THE SENTINEL draws the veil of charity. It is sufficient to state that a reconciliation has been affected; that Dr. Freeman has cast off any and all unholy alliances, and that with his wife he will seek a new location in a distant part of the United States and seek to gain again an honorable position in society and a professional standing such as he had long enjoyed in Decatur.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. We know of no remedy for dyspepsia more successful than Hood's Sarsaparilla. It acts gently, yet surely and efficiently, tones the stomach and other organs, removes the faint feeling, creates a good appetite, cures headache, and refreshes the burdened mind. Give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial. It will do you good.

Mary Anderson has been ordered to quit London and go to the highlands of Scotland.

News About Town.

It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and and Lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Any druggist will give you a trial bottle *free of cost*. It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. The large bottles are 50c and $1.

The Ingalls letter is producing a harrowing effect in the newspaper offices of Kansas.

JOLIET, ILL.
J. M. LOOSE RED CLOVER CO.—I purchased a box of your Red Clover Pile Ointment of F. P. Goliday, at this place, after using various other ointments without effect. I used several applications of the Red Clover Ointment and have not had any trouble since. I now believe I am permanently cured. My case was not one of the worst, but I have suffered with them over a year, and bled so much I became greatly reduced in flesh. Your ointment acted miraculously, and I am only too glad to speak to the many sufferers of this painful disease. If it cures all who use it as quickly as it did me, you will sell a great deal of it. But I am convinced your Pile Ointment was made to cure, and not like the many others I have tested, to defraud. It is a pleasure to me to say, the Red Clover Pile Ointment has been a priceless blessing to me, and I know it will prove such to others who will try it.
Respectfully, I. V. PARK.
For sale by Dreier & Bros.

Closing out sale of Stoves at Staub Bros., 16 East Columbia street. 2-tf

Free sample bottles to ladies, Creme de Orient, or Magical Beautifier for the complexion, at Mordhurst's drug store, No. 74 Calhoun street. tf

Mexico has caught the fever. It will have an exposition in 1892.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

A BIG SUCCESS!

—THE—

OPENING

—OF THE—

NEW YORK SHOE STORE,

36 CALHOUN STREET.

STORE THRONGED

—THE—

FLOOD GOODS GOING FAST

BECAUSE

The fact is appreciated that they are solid, substantial, honest made goods and are being sold at half the original cost.

Everybody Flocking to the NEW YORK SHOE STORE for Shoes and Slippers from the Great Pennsylvania Floods.

THE NEW YORK SHOE STORE,

(J. W. EMERY & CO.,)

36 CALHOUN ST.

(Next door north of Mergentheim's,)

Important Change in Time

On the "Muncie route," Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville, takes place Sunday, August. 18, by which trains will leave Fort Wayne daily at 7:05 a. m. and 6:00 p. m., for Indianapolis, and 10:40 a. m. (except Sunday) for Cincinnati. Returning trains from Indianapolis arrive in Fort Wayne at 11:45 a. m. and 8:16 p. m. daily and from Cincinnati at 4:23 p. m. (except Sunday). A new feature is to be offered our citizens, viz., half fare rates to all points on the line every Sunday. The "Muncie Route" being the short line to Indianapolis, will, with its new fast service, secure a large portion of the business.
14 4t

Special Excursion to Salt Lake, Utah.

On Tuesday August 20, the Wabash railroad will run a special cheap excursion to Salt Lake City, Utah. The round trip rate for this occasion will be $46.20 and tickets will be good for return passage thirty days from date of sale. As the accommodations are necessarily limited application should be made as early as possible for berths.

Health is Wealth!



Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES
To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, Sole Agents, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

H. C. SYNS, DENTIST. NILLS BLOCK 88 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Visit cures



SIXTH POINT

You should read THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS because, being a family newspaper, *it's against the saloon*. The home and the saloon are forever opposed. There can be no neutrals in this war. But THE DAILY NEWS is temperate in temperance. It isn't a prohibition organ—it's not sure prohibition is the best way of treating the evil—but it believes in prohibiting the saloon keeper from ruling and ruining in American society. If you would read, and have your family read, a newspaper which places the interests of the home higher than those of the saloon, read THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS.

Remember—Its circulation is 220,000 a day—over a million a week—and it costs by mail 25 cts. a month, four months $1.00.—*one cent a day.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



COMFORTABLE and ELEGANT.
For Sale by Leading Dealers.
M'f'd Solely by WM. BARKER, Troy, N.Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

MASONIC TEMPLE.
Saturday, Aug. 17th.
J. K. EMMET
In His Entirely New and Natural Drama
UNCLE JOE,
—OR—
FRITZ IN A MAD HOUSE.
Which ran three months at the 14th Street Theatre, New York.
Excellent Company.
PLINLIMMON, the $5,000 Dog.
The Largest and Handsomest Dog in the World.
Secure seats after Thursday Morning.
Prices 50, 75 and $1.00.
Grand Opening, Season '89-90.
SATURDAY, AUG. 31st.
Theatre entirely restocked with new Scenery,
KEENE AS "OTHELLO."

JAMES MADDEN,
PLUMBER,
Steam and Gas Fitter,
101 Calhoun Street,
Next door to Y. M. C. A.,
FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.
PLUMBERS,
Steam and Gas Fitters,
48 East Main St.
FORT WAYNE, ... IND

THE BEST MEATS IN THE CITY.
GOTTLIEB HALLER
South Side Meat Market, carries nothing but the choicest meats. Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Sausage at
No. 366 CALHOUN STREET.
AND HANNA STREET (WESSEL BLOCK.)

WATER WORKS.
Bath Tubs, Pumps, Rubber Hose, etc.
—AT—
C. W. BRUNS & CO.,
PLUMBERS,
166 Calhoun Street,
Opposite the Cathedral. Fort Wayne, Ind.

COSGROVE & SNYDER,
Tubular and Drive Wells
Put Down by Skilled Workmen.
Special Attention Given to Pump Repairing.
We keep on hand a full line of Pumps and Repairs. PERKINS WIND MILLS.
NUMBER 9 HARRISON STREET.
Sign of Wind Mill Rudder. jun13-tf

FINE MEATS.

Take
Hood's Sarsaparilla
100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the marvellous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that this medicine actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Its real merit has won for Hood's Sarsaparilla a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier. **Merit Wins** It cures Scrofula, all Humors, Dyspepsia, etc. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

LONG LIFE.

There is nothing in the world more generally desired than long life, yet the majority of people put off caring for their health—not because they are really careless, but because we live our lives at such a pace we have not time to give the subject sufficient thought until we receive a reminder in the shape of a severe illness.

Then, too, we are constantly bewildered by the various schools of medicine, and the physicians who represent them, and often blunder in our choice of a doctor.

If people only knew that the very best health-keeper, life-preserver and disease preventer that has yet been discovered, is simmered down into a concentrated and very palatable form in the shape of New Style Pleasant Taste Vinegar Bitters, they would not hesitate a moment to try it.

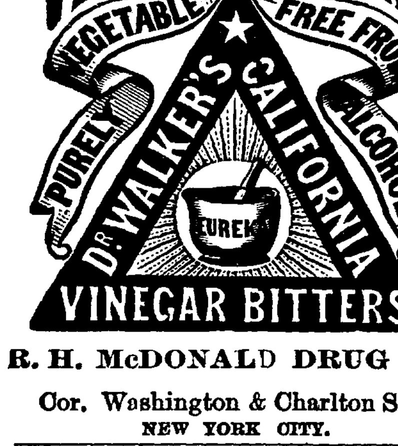
But they do not know. How can they know, when so many not only worthless, but positively injurious drugs are constantly flooding the market under various names and guises, that the New Style Vinegar Bitters is as bad as any of them?

They do not know, of course, unless they have the courage to try the New Style. It straightens out a tangled-up system in a very short while, and those who buy it once buy it always.

Why don't you try it, reader? It is sent out by a responsible house, and is exactly as represented. It costs but a dollar for a very large bottle. Try it once and you will never be so glad of anything in your life. Your druggist may not have it, but he will order it for you. Be sure it says New Style Pleasant Taste on carton and bottle before you take it. Try it, and you will feel happier than if you had found a gold mine, for it really is a mine—of health.

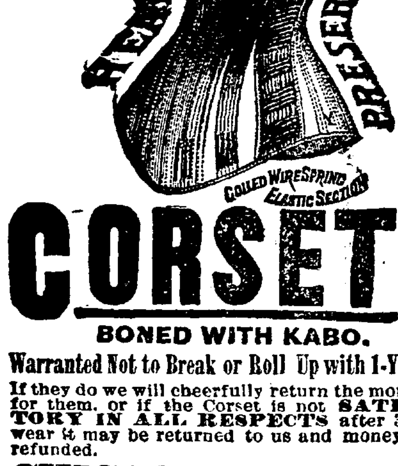
Free from alcohol and opium; composed of expensive herbs and roots, with fine, delicate flavoring.

Send for a beautiful book free.



R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO.,
Cor. Washington & Charlton Sts.,
NEW YORK CITY.

BALL'S



CORSETS

BONED WITH KABO.

Warranted Not to Break or Roll Up with 1-Yrs' Wear

If they do we will cheerfully return the money paid for them, or if the Corset is not SATISFACTORY IN ALL RESPECTS after 3 weeks wear it may be returned to us and money will be refunded.

CHICAGO CORSET CO.
CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

DIETER'S CROWN



BAKING POWDER

Recommended by the highest medical and chemical authorities, who testify to its absolute purity, wholesomeness and wonderful strength. Every can guaranteed to do the work of any other baking powder costing twice as much. Every can guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded.

1 lb. Can, 20c.; ½ lb., 10c.; ¼ lb., 5c.

If your dealer does not keep Crown, do not let him persuade you to buy some other he claims to be just as good, but ask him to oblige you by getting

DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER.

S. BREIDENSTEIN.
Real Estate & Loans

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1889.

HIS LAST WHACK.

Postmaster Higgins Draws His Last Pay as a Railroader--Gossip From the Busy Centers.

"This is my last whack at the pay car," said Postmaster C. R. Higgins, as he stepped from the Pittsburg pay car this morning at the depot and met THE SENTINEL reporter, who was waiting for him.

He had just drawn his pay for the fraction of a month from the paymaster. It was his last pay as chief clerk to Supt. C. D. Law, of the Pittsburg.

Twenty-eight years ago Mr. Higgins entered the service of the Pennsylvania company as a telepraph operator at Delphos, O. Seven years afterwards he came to this city and took a position as night operator in the Pittsburg train dispatcher's office, which he filled for nine years, when he was appointed wood and tie agent for the company.

This position he held for three years, when he was appointed chief clerk in Superintendent Law's office.

Here he has been for the last nine years, proving himself one of the most pleasant and efficient officials in the railroad service. Ceil Higgins knew his duty and did it in a manner that won for him many plaudits not only from his employers, but the public, to whom he was always courteous. He can be proud of his railroad record, for as Superintendent Law's chief clerk he has proven himself a sneeess.

About a month ago he retired from that position and entered upon his duties as postmaster of Fort Wayne. He is a hard worker, methodical in his system, and THE SENTINEL, although opposed in politics to the administration which put him into his present office, believes that Ceil Higgins will make a good postmaster.

He will remain in this office for four years, and will then step down and out for a democrat, and will probably drift back into railroad life again.

THE DAY'S NEWS.

THE SENTINEL reporter was shown a group photo this morning of the employes of the Bass blacksmith shops, recently taken by an artist who was at the works. The boys look handsome. There isn't a better looking lot of men in the city than the Bass blacksmiths, although there are a few bald heads among them. The group is composed as follows: John Lyle, Peter Hohauzen, Robt. Sitterlin, Charles Batcher, Wm. Limecooley, Charles Ginter, Wm. Palmer, J. B. Gilbert, Joseph Slater, Charles Rodenbeck, Edward Eix, Barney Johnson, Wm. Schondel, Henry Mennewisch, Peter Anderson, Martin Hensler, Peter Herner, Lorenzo Armbuster, Jacob Hausbach, Morris Zauner, Abraham Geoglein, Charles Dickmeyer, Henry Romke, Joseph Buckley, Henry Hidenright, Jacob Seibold, Herman Robst and Henry Eix.

On Monday next, the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisvile will put on three trains each way between Fort Wayne and Muncie, each making close connections with the trains of the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis railroad, at Muncie, and on Sunday there will be two trains each way, which will carry passengers for one fare for the round trip. Gen. Pas. Agent Fisher is determined to show the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis that it will pay them to run through coaches between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis over the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and St. Louis and Big Four.

There is a handsome group picture standing on the desk of Clerk J. J. Wiesner at the Olds wheel works. It contains the foremen and several of the clerks at the works. Our reporter recognized their familiar faces as follows: Supt. Victor A. Sallot, F. W. Dunham, Wash Mack, Thos. Cragg, Wes. Davis, James Shepherd, John Koorsen, Jacob Fraunfelder, Joseph Heit, Will Cragg, Wm. Smith, J. J. Wiesner, Wm, Hatfield, H. B. Woolsey, James Smith, Charles Daryrimple, Robert Renfrew, Russell Thompson and Thomas Underwood.

Jay Gould is said to be a bull on the reorganized Wabash. Naturally, he would be. He has $50,000 of the original Wabash stock which, years ago, cost him much more than the stock will sell at, and he has been paying heavy assessments. However, the phenomenally large earnings of the road at the present time is a good argument to bull the stock with.

The Ottawa *Sentinel* brings us this news: "Work on the Midland railroad west of Ottawa is still progressing. The difficulty in adjusting matters conneeted with the right-of-way is delaying the work of track laying. As soon as this matter is adjusted the work will be pushed with vigor."

Albert Miller, machinist at the Bass works, while working at a bolt machine yesterday afternoon, had his hand caught and the lower half of one of his little fingers was completely cut off. He lives on East Washington street and will be kept from duty for some time.

Mr. A. D. Dwelle, for some time past assistant general passenger agent of the Wabash railway, has been appointed assistant general passenger and ticket agent of the Iowa Central road, with office at Marshalltown, Iowa.

John Fleming, formerly of this city, but now foreman of the Grand Rapids round house, at Grand Rapids, has [illegible]

tives. They are now working on six engines from the old order. Next week all the departments will work thirteen hours a day.

W. H. Sherbondy, of the Pittsburg works, who had his leg injured a few days ago by a driving wheel falling on it, is getting along nicely, but will be unable to resume his duties for several days.

Lewis Altevogt, an apprentice boy at the Bass works, while assisting Machinist Charles Taylor about the machinery this morning, had his hand badly crused. He lives in South Wayne.

W. P. Foster, who formerly represented the Wisconsin Central in this territory, has been appointed traveling passenger agent of the Mexican Central.

William Berning, of the Pittsburg machine shops, was injured the other evening by falling in a natural gas trench.

Joe White, foreman of the east yards blacksmith shop, is off duty to-day, on account of an injury to one of his eyes.

The Olds wagon works employes went to Rome City this morning. There were seventy in the party.

A. L. Woodworth, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is going to sell his horse and buggy.

Lewis Seibt, machinist at the Bass works, has returned to duty after an illness.

Fred Vodde, machinist at the Bass works, is ill with typhoid fever.

E. T. Cary, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is on the sick list.

William Korte, of the Bass works, is on the sick list.

The Pittsburg pay car went west today.

EAST YARD TALK.

Who is the "$-g-o-p-r?"

Cars for grain are at a premium.

The road men are getting in good time now.

O. L. Hobbs, the conductor, took the pay car to Chicago.

Joe Shea, the night messenger, is suffering with an inflamed eye.

Isaac Jones, the east end freight conductor, has resumed his run after a long vacation.

Stock business from the union stock yards at Chicago has been unusually heavy for several days.

Two new engines arrived from the east last night for the Fort Wayne, Cinnati and Louisville road.

Reily Evans, a conductor on the Cincinnati, Richmond and Fort Wayne road, is moving into his new home on East Williams street.

Frank Tibbs has returned from Zanesville, O., where he was visiting for the past ten days. His arm, which was hurt recently, is doing nicely.

George McManigal, who was thrown from a passenger train recently, is on deck again. George bears various mottled adornments on the port side of his countenance.

Jim Haskell, of the east yard office, has a new arrangement for hair cutting. From Jim's description of the plan we infer that it would not work very well in summer without bringing an ice machine into requisition.

Our readers have doubtless often noticed that Hood's Sarsaparilla is well spoken of in the newspapers. The press is quick to recognize merit, and does not hesitate to give praise where it is due. The following is from the *Baptist Weekly*, a leading religious paper:

"Advertising may bring an article prominently before the public, but no advertising can long help it if it has not real merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla is well advertised; but the best proof of its value is that so many persons use it on the recommendations of friends who have proved its peculiar virtues."

The town of Lee, in Maine, is said to be so well regulated that it has neither lawyer, doctor nor minister.

The Common Lot.

There is a place no love can reach,
There is a time no voice c n teach,
There is a chain no power can break,
There is a sleep no sound can wake.

Sooner or later that time will arrive, that place will wait for your coming, that chain must bind you in helpless death, that sleep must fall on your senses. But thousands every year go untimely to their fate, and thousands more lengthen out their days by heedful, timely care. For the failing strength, the weakening organs, the wasting blood, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a wonderful restorative and a prolonger of strength and life. It purifies the blood and invigorates the system, thereby fortifying it against disease. Of druggists.

Spokane Falls is on its feet again and is already projecting a railroad from there to Alaska.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Cheap Harvest Excursions

Will be run via the Wabash Line to points in Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Dakota, Colorado, and all parts of the West, on August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th, 1889. Rates one fare for Round trip. For particulars, apply to nearest Wabash Ticket Agent. Oct1

Natural gas will be here by September 10 to 15, without fail. If you do not know whether pipes will be laid in the street or alley at your residence, call at the gas office. Remember that convenience and amount of heat considered, natural gas is [illegible]

OLD BONES.

Contractor James Fox Unearths the Bones of Human Beings at the Pittsburg Gravel Pit.

Mr. James Fox is contractor on the job of filling up the Pittsburg gravel pit.

Yesterday some of his workmen unearthed at a spot about 300 yards from the old cemetery the bones of five human beings. Beads and other trinkets indicated that the bones were those of Indians.

Mr. Fox will furnish a part of the collection to Mr. George Reiter, who will give them a prominent place in his collection of relics.

Economy and strength are peculiar to Hood's Sarsaparilla, the only medicine of which "100 Doses One Dollar" is true.

W. D. Ried, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, has gone to Rome City on a trip.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle *Free*, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and $1.00. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

Mr. Hulet and wife. of Marsailles, O., are in the city.

PAINSVILLE, O.

J. M. LOOSE RED CLOVER CO., Detroit.—I have used your Solid Extract Red Clover with perfect success and take great pleasure in recommending its use to any afflcted with Scrofulous or Cancerous affectiosn, believing it (from my own experience) to be a most efficient blood purifier.

J. J. HARRISON.

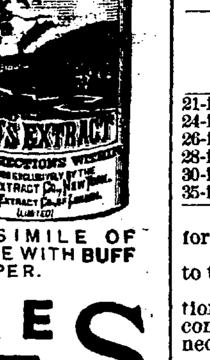
For sale by Dreier Bros.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

FOR Mosquito Bites Sunburn Piles Burns Inflammations Hemorrhages Soreness Sprains Lameness Sore Eyes Chafing Wounds Bruises and ALL PAIN

USE POND'S EXTRACT

DEMAND POND'S EXTRACT. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE FOR IT



FAC-SIMILE OF BOTTLE WITH BUFF WRAPPER.

TO CURE THE WORST CASES OF PILES USE POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT.

BY MAIL FOR 50 CENTS A BOTTLE.
POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 5th Ave., New York

WESTMINSTER SEMINARY.

Fall Term Opens, Sept. 11.

Music, Art, Gymnastics, Elocution, German, Latin, Higher Mathematics, Literature.

First Class Instruction. Select Association. Individual Attention.

ONE DAILY SESSION.
Tuition, First Term, $20.00.

Primary and Boy's Departments open same day.

For information apply at the Seminary.

A Proclamation!

Dr. I. Guy Lewis, Fulton, Ark., says:—"A year ago I had bilious fever; Tutt's Pills were so highly reccommended that I used them. Never did medicine have a happier effect. After a practice of a quarter of a century, I proclaim them the best

ANTI-BILIOUS

medicine ever used. I always prescribe them."

Tutt's Pills

Cure All Bilious Diseases.

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 862 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 3 cent stamp. Sold by Theime & Gross, Druggists, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

BROU'S INJECTION

An Infallible Remedy for the Cure of all Complaints of the Urinary organs; guaranteed [illegible] Stricture; no sickening [illegible] recommended by physicians and sold by druggists [illegible] (successor to Brou).



Will buy sufficient

Pearline

to do a large wash—
Clean a house,

or enough of both to prove to any woman its wonderful dirt-removing and labor-saving qualities. Costs almost nothing, but makes the dirt jump. Does it hurt the hands or clothing?—NO, it is harmless. Many millions of packages used every year—no complaints, but many women write: cannot get along without PEARLINE.

Caution Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers. 146 Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

Schedule of Prices, Adopted July 1, 1889, for Natural Gas.

COOK STOVES--DOMESTIC.

Nov. Dec. Jan. Feb. March April | May. June. July. Aug. Sept. Oct.

	Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th Disc't	Net.	Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th Disc't	Net.
No 7 Mixer	$2.78	.28	$2.50	$1.66	.16	$1 50
No 5 Mixer	2.22	.22	2.00	1.39	.14	1.25

Gas and Gasoline Stoves for Cooking, $1.00 Per Month.

LARGE COOKING RANGE.

	From November 1 to May 1. Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th Disc't	Net.	From May 1 to November 1. Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th Disc't	Net.
No 9 Mixer	$3.33	.33	$3.00	$2.22	.22	$2.00

LAUNDRY STOVES.

(When Cook Stove is Also Contracted.)

	Rate per month.	If paid before the 10th. Discount.	Net.
No 7 Mixer	$1.11	.11	$1.00
No 9 Mixer	.85	.10	.75

HEATING STOVES AND GRATES.

	No. 7 MIXER. Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th. Disc't.	Net.	No. 5 MIXER. Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th. Disc't.	Net.
First Stove	$5 00	.50	$4 50	$3 89	.39	$3 50
Second Stove	4 44	.44	4 00	3 33	.33	3 00
Third Stove	3 89	.39	3 50	2 78	.28	2 50
Fourth Stove	3 33	.33	3 00	2 22	.22	2 00
Fifth Stove	2 78	.28	2 50	1 66	.16	1 50
Sixth Stove	2 22	.22	2 00	1 39	.14	1 25

ANNUAL CHARGES FOR HEATING STOVES AND GRATES IN ADVANCE.

	No. 7 MIXER.	No. 5 MIXER.
First Stove	$27.00	$21.00
Second Stove	24.00	18.00
Third Stove	21.00	15.00
Fourth Stove	18.00	12 00
Fifth Stove	15.00	9.00
Sixth Stove	12.00	7.50

FURNACES.

	Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th. Disc't.	Net.	Annual Charges in Advance.
21-inch fire pot	$ 6 95	$ 70	$ 6 25	$37 50
24-inch fire pot	8 66	86	7 80	46 80
26-inch fire pot	9 44	94	8 50	51 00
28-inch fire pot	10 00	1 00	9 00	54 00
30-inch fire pot	11 66	1 16	10 50	63 00
35-inch fire pot	13 89	1 39	12 50	75 00

Grates and open stoves using No. 5 Mixer or smaller, where boilers or furnaces are also used for heating the premises, shall be charged $7.50 each per annum.

The company will make all necessary connections with its street mains and run service pipes to the curb line without expense to the consumer.

The mixers are owned by the company, and are furnished without charge. Patrons are cautioned against interfering with them in any manner. Any defective service on the part of the company will be promptly attended to, upon notice to the office. A damper in the stove pipe is necessary to insure successful service.

All bills are due on the 1st day of the month, and payable in advance AT THE OFFICE OF THE COMPANY. Ten days' grace is allowed to patrons who pay promptly, but BILLS MUST BE PAID ON OR BEFORE THE 10TH OF EACH MONTH TO SAVE DISCOUNT. Allowing the time for discount to expire before making payment does not give an extension of time on the b ll.

All applications, notices and complaints must be made at the office to insure prompt attention.

The business of the company MUST be transacted AT ITS OFFICE. If you do not clearly understand any point in this circular, call at this office and explanations will be cheerfully given.

☞ The mixer is the bulb through which the gas passes to be mixed with air. A No. 5 mixer is the size generally used for domestic purposes and will supply sufficient gas for heating equal to an ordinary hard coal stove, burning from 4½ to 5 tons of coal during the season. No. 7 and upward are for hot air furnaces and steam heating apparatus.

No. 5 mixer has 4-32 opening.
No. 7 mixer has 5-32 opening.
No. 9 mixer has 6-32 opening.

Special attention is called to the annual rates, which are much below the cost of coal, wood or gasoline.

Furnace or cook stove will be counted as one stove, and where additional fires are used they will be figured on the basis of reduction named in price list.

Annual Contracts are payable in six monthly installments, commencing with the date of connection, between November 1 and May 1, and continuing to April 1, and commencing again November 1 if necessary to complete six monthly installm nts. If connectio s under Annual Contracts are made after May 1, but previous to November 1, then such monthly payments shall begin November 1 and con inue to April 1.

Any consumer using $40.00 worth of gas per year according to above schedule shall have the right to require gas to be furnished by meter measurement instead of schedule rates; in which case the company shall have the right to charge ten (10) cents per 1,000 feet. Standard meters will be furnished by the company.

For all manufacturing purposes and for all other consumers not designated in the foregoing schedule, gas shall be furnished at the option of the consumer as follows:

First, by special agreeme t, or second, by meter measurement not exceeding seven (7) cents per 1,000 cubic feet.

For further information, apply at office.

THE SALIMONIE MINING AND NATURAL GAS CO., 50 CLINTON STREET.

The PARKER GUN.



Double Barrel Breach Loading Shot Guns,

HAMMER AND HAMMERLESS.

Strongest and Best Shooting Guns made. Send for circular.

PARKER BROTHERS, MAKERS,
MERIDEN, CONN.

IF YOU are BILIOUS Take Hoptonic.

For sale at Thieme & Gross' Drug Store, Corner Calhoun and Wayne.

DR. H. W. NEWONGER,
GENERAL PRACTITIONER.

Treatment of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, resulting in Bright's disease, Disease of the Skin, Loss of Strength.

Electricity scientifically applied.

Consumption treated with success if not to far advanced. Examination will be sufficient.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, [illegible] JEFFERSON STREET, FORT WAYNE, IND.

M. V. B. SPENCER,

Attorney-at-Law,

38 CALHOUN ST., FORT WAYNE.

Prompt attention given to all business intrusted to his care.

The D&C
TO MACKINAC

SUMMER TOURS.
PALACE STEAMERS. LOW RATES.
Four Trips per Week Between
DETROIT, MACKINAC ISLAND
Petoskey, Sault Ste. Marie, and Lake Huron Way Ports.
Every Week Day Between
DETROIT AND CLEVELAND
Special Sunday Trips during June, July, August and Sept.
Double Daily Line Between
CHICAGO AND ST. JOSEPH, MICH.
OUR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS
Rates and Excursion Tickets will be furnished by your Ticket Agent, or address
E. B. WHITCOMB, G. P. A., DETROIT, MICH.,
Detroit and Cleveland Steam Nav. Co.

REMINGTON!



STANDARD
TYPEWRITER

It has been for fifteen years the STANDARD, and embraces the latest and highest achievements of inventive skill.

SEND FOR FULL PARTICULARS.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,

51 North Pennsylvania Street, Indianapolis, Ind
May 22-5mo

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

Under Schedule in Effect May 12, 1889.

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:

(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York *5:30 a. m., †1:40 p. m., *8:00 p. m., *9:00 p. m. Crestline accommodation, †7:00 a. m.

WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *5:15 a. m., †11:40 a. m., *5:00 p. m., *1:45 a. m. Chicago accommodation leaves at 6:30 a. m. For Plymouth, †4:00 p. m.

*Daily.
†Daily, except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

GOING EAST		GOING WEST
Lv 2 00 p m	Express	Lv 2 00 p m
Lv 6 10 a m	Accommodation	Lv 6 45 a m

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.
[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH		GOING NORTH
10 30 a m—A.	Cincinnati Ex......—Lv	
	Detroit Ex	" 4 40 p m
3 40 p m	"—Detroit Fx	" 11 30 a m
5 20 p m	"—Way Freight	" 6 40 a m

All trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER R. R.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.
[Fort Wayne Time Table.]

Going South. Arrives
5 30 a m—Ft Wayne accommodation— 9 30 a m
10 45 a m—Cin & Lo'v'le mail and ex— 4 20 pm
5 30 p m—Indianapolis express......—10 00 p m

WABASH RAILWAY.
MARCH 31, 1889.

GOING WEST.	Depar
Pacific Express, daily	5 00 a. m.
Kansas City ex, daily ex'pt Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail	8 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	3 30 p. m.

GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule Limited daily	5 05 a m
Cannon Ball, except Sunday	1 30
Limited Express, daily	6 25
Lafayette accom arrives 11 a m.	

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne ... Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m ... 10 30 a m
1 45 p m ... 6 20 p m
Lv Indianapolis ... Ar Ft Wayne
7 15 a m ... 1 20 p m
1 10 p m ... 6 10 p m
7 00 p m ... 5 00 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect June 16, '89

GOING NORTH.
*For Grand Rapids and North........Lv 2 15 a m
" " " " .... " 8 05 a m
For Grand Rapids........ " 3 50 p m
From Richmond........Ar 6 15 p m
From Portland........Ar 7 30 a m

GOING SOUTH.
For Richmond and Cincinnati...... Lv 5 50 a m
" " ...... " 12 30 p m
* " " ...... " 12 10 p m
For Portland........ 6 50 p m
From Grand Rapids........ Ar 6 35 p m
*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids.
All other trains daily except Sunday.

E. F. SITES, DENTIST,
No. 74 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind

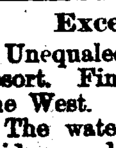


Opposite the Aveline House over the Nordhurst Drug Store.

J. M. E. RIEDEL,
ARCHITECT,
ABOVE SCHANZ'S GALLERY.
112 CALHOUN ST. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Oldest Firm and Most Reliable in the City,
Wing & Mahurin,
ARCHITECTS!
Rooms 41 and 42, Pixley & Long Block.

FRANK B. KENDRICK,
ARCHITECT,
138 CALHOUN STREET,
FORT WAYNE, ... INDIANA



Cook's Cotton Root Compound.—Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal. *Successfully used monthly.* Safe, Effectual, Pleasant. $1 by mail, or druggists. Sealed particulars 2 stamps. Ladies address POND LILY COMPANY, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sold in Fort Wayne by Thieme & Gross, druggists. sept. 13-1yr

Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Unequaled as a health and pleasure resort. Finest Watering Place Hotel in the West.

The waters will positively cure all Kidney and Liver Diseases, Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Female Complaints, Skin and Blood Diseases, etc.

For handsomely illustrated descriptive pamphlet, apply to F. Chandler, G. P. & T. A. "Wabash Line," St. Louis, Mo.

CURSE OF THE NATION.

REV. DR. TALMAGE SAYS THAT IT IS DRUNKENNESS.

His Text II Kings x, 10: "Who Slew All These?"—A More Fearful Massacre Is Now Going On, He Says, Than in the Old Days.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, recently preached at Helena, Mont., to a vast congregation. Taking for his text, "Who slew all these?" II Kings x, 10, he preached a powerful discourse on "Drunkenness the Nation's Curse." He said:

I see a long row of baskets coming up toward the palace of King Jehu. I am somewhat inquisitive to find out what is in the baskets. I look in and I find the gory heads of seventy slain princes. As the baskets arrive at the gate of the palace, the heads are thrown into two heaps, one on either side of the gate. In the morning the king comes out, and he looks upon the bleeding, ghastly heads of the massacred princes. Looking on either side the gate, he cries out, with a ringing emphasis, "Who slew all these?"

We have, my friends, lived to see a more fearful massacre. There is no use of my taking your time in trying to give you statistics about the devastation and ruin and the death which strong drink has wrought in this country. Statistics do not seem to mean anything. We are so hardened under these statistics that the fact that fifty thousand more men are slain, seems to make no positive impression on the public mind. Suffice it to say, that intemperance has slain an innumerable company of princes—the children of God's royal family; and at the gate of every neighborhood there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the household there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the legislative hall there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the university there are two heaps of the slain; and at the gate of this nation there are two heaps of the slain. When I look upon the desolation, I am almost frantic with the scene, while I cry out, "Who slew all these?" I can answer that question in half a minute. The ministers of Christ who have given no warning, the courts of law that have offered the licensure, the women who give strong drink on New Year's day, the fathers and mothers who have rum on the sideboard, the hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women in the land who are stolid in their indifference on this subject—they slew all these!

I propose in this discourse to tell you what I think are the sorrows and doom of the drunkard, so that you to whom I speak may not come to the torment.

Some one says: "You had better let those subjects alone." Why, my brethren, we would be glad to let them alone if they would let us alone; but when I have in my pocket now four requests saying; "Pray for my husband, pray for my son, pray for my brother, pray for my friend, who is the captive of strong drink," I reply, we are ready to let that question alone when it is willing to let us alone; but when it stands blocking up the way to Heaven, and keeping multitudes away from Christ and Heaven, I dare not be silent, lest the Lord require their blood at my hands.

I think the subject has been kept back very much by the merriment people make over those slain by strong drink. I used to be very merry over these things, having a keen sense of the ludicrous. There was something very grotesque in the gait of a drunkard. It is not so now; for I saw in one of the streets of Philadelphia a sight that changed the whole subject to me. There was a young man being led home. He was very much intoxicated—he was raving with intoxication. Two young men were leading him along. The boys hooted in the street, men laughed, women sneered; but I happened to be very near the door where he went in—it was the door of his father's house. I saw him go up stairs. I heard him shouting, hooting, and blaspheming. He had lost his hat, and the merriment increased with the mob until he came up to the door, and as the door was opened his mother came out. When I heard her cry that took all the comedy away from the scene. Since that time when I see a man walking through the street, reeling, the comedy is all gone, and it is a tragedy of tears and groans and heartbreaks. Never make any fun around me about the grotesqueness of a drunkard. Alas for his home!

The first suffering of the drunkard is in the loss of his good name. God has so arranged it that no man ever loses his good name except through his own act. All the hatred of men and all the assaults of devils cannot destroy a man's good name, if he really maintains his integrity. If a man is industrious and pure and Christian, God looks after him. Although he may be bombarded for twenty or thirty years, his integrity is never lost and his good name is never sacrificed. No force on earth or in hell can capture such a Gibraltar. But when it is said of a man, "He drinks," and it can be proved, then what employer wants him for workman? what store wants him for a clerk? what church wants him for a member? who will trust him? what dying man would appoint him his executor? He may have been forty years in building up his reputation—it goes down. Letters of recommendation, the backing up of business firms, a brilliant ancestry cannot save him. The world shies off. Why? It is whispered all through the community, "He drinks; he drinks." That blasts him. When a man loses his reputation for sobriety he might as well be at the bottom of the sea. There are men here who have their good name as their only capital. You are now achieving your own livelihood, under God, by your own right arm. Now look out that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not create any suspicion by going in and out of immoral places, or by any odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush of your cheek. You cannot afford to do it, for your good name is your only capital, and when that is blasted with the reputation of taking strong drink, all is gone.

Another loss which the inebriate suffers is that of self-respect. Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink he feels demeaned. I do not care how reckless he acts. He may say, "I don't care;" he does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye, unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is destroyed; his self-respect gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He cannot. The Philistines have bound him hand and foot, and shorn his locks, and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of a great horror. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing disgrace and ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He cannot. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago; not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He cannot; he knows he cannot, so he does not try. I had a friend who for fifteen years was going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial and very generous and very [illegible] and whenever he talked about any time." But he kept going on, going on, down, down, down. His family would say, "I wish you would stop." "Why," he would reply, "I can stop any time if I want to." After a while he had delirium tremens; he had it twice; and yet after that he said, "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Rum! Rum! And yet among his last utterances was, "I can stop at any time." He did not stop it, because he could stop it. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which, if a man goes, he cannot stop!

One of these victims said to a Christian man, "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.'" I have a dear friend in Philadelphia, whose nephew came to him one day, and when he was exhorted about his evil habit, said, "Uncle, I can't give it up. If there stood a cannon, and it was loaded, and a glass of wine sat on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have it." Oh, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel that he is a captive. He says: "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death; but there is no hope now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal, beating against the wires of my cage in this direction and in that direction; beating against the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed, without remedy!"

"I go further, and say that the inebriate suffers from the loss of his usefulness. Do you not recognize the fact that many of those who are now captives of strong drink only a little while ago were foremost in the churches and in reformatory institutions? Do you not know that sometimes they knelt in the family circle? Do you not know that they prayed in public, and some of them carried around the holy wine on sacramental days? Oh, yes, they stood in the very front rank, but they gradually fell away. And now what do you suppose is the feeling of such a man as that, when he thinks of his dishonored vows and the dishonored sacrament—when he thinks of what he might have been and of what he is now? Do such men laugh and seem very merry? Ah, there is, down in the depths of their soul, a very heavy weight. Do not wonder that they sometimes see strange things, and act very roughly in the household. You would not blame them at all if you knew what they suffer. Do not tell such as that there is no future punishment. Do not tell him there is no such place as hell. He knows there is. He is there now!

I go on, and say that the inebriate suffers from the loss of physical health. The older men in the congregation may remember that some years ago Dr. Sewell went through this country and electrified the people by his lectures, in which he showed the affects of alcohol on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There were thousands of people that turned back from that ulcerous sketch swearing eternal abstinence from everything that could intoxicate.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain files on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his creeping limbs! What fiends stand by his midnight pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the Inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut—he feels them all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and says, "Hush, now, be still. Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone, they begin again: "Oh, God! oh, God! Help! help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! Take them off me! Oh, God!" And then they shriek, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handsful, and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they ask the keepers to kill them. "Stab me. Smother me. Strangle me. Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch. That thing is going on in hospitals, aye, it is going on in some of the finest residences of every neighborhood on this continent. It went on last night while you slept, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it. I see it coming.

Again: the inebriate suffers through the loss of his home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things, and if he could not get drink in any other way, he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up in that way, no one but God knows.

Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul, I hate it. Do you tell me a man can be happy when he knows he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags? Why, there are on the streets of our cities to-day little children, barefooted, uncombed, and unkempt; want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches to-day, and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents, and drove them into the grave. Oh, rum! thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I abhor thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone and that is, that the inebriate suffers from the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that I suppose when an inebriate wakes up in this lost world he will feel an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eternity, where is the rum to come from? Dives could not get one drop of water. From what chalice of eternal fires will the hot lips of the drunkard drain his draught? No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds then for the dregs which the young man just now slung on the saw dusted floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for the rind thrown out from the punch bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives cried for water. The inebriate cries for rum. Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a fiend came up to earth for some infernal work in a grog shop, and should go back taking on its wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate in the lost world longs, what excitement it would make there. Put that one drop from off the fiend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed inebriate; let the liquid brightness just touch it, let the drop be very small if it only have in it the smack of alcoholic drink, let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world, and he would spring to his feet and cry: "That is rum! aha! that is rum!" and it would wake up the echoes of the [illegible] Give me rum!" In the future world, I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow; I do not believe that it will be the absence of light; I do not believe that it will be the absence of holiness; I think it will be the absence of strong drink. Oh! "look not upon the wine it when is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last, it biteth like aserpent and it stingeth like an adder."

But I want in conclusion to say one thing personal, for I do not like a sermon that has no personalities in it. Perhaps this has not had that fault already. I want to say to those who are the victims of strong drink, that while I declare that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that while a man cannot stop in his own strength, the Lord God, by His grace, can help him to stop at any time. Years ago I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said: "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but somehow, since we gave our hearts to Christ, He has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power here not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate and redeem it. I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will this moment give your heart to God He will help you by His grace to conquer. Try it. It is your last chance. I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting under my ministry there are people in awful peril from strong drink, and, judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in five thousand that they will get clear of it. I see men in this congregation of whom I must make the remark that, if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards' graves; and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know that it is an awful thing to say, but I can't help saying it. Oh, beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! As ye open the door of your wine closet to-day, may that decanter flash out upon you. Beware! and when you pour the beverage into the glass, in the foam at the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to your soul, "Beware!" When the books of judgment are open, and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I to-day, in the fear of God, and in the love of your soul, told you with all affection, and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—a premonition of the blackness of darkness forever. Oh, if you could only hear this moment, Intemperance, with drunkard's bones, drumming on the head of the wine cask the Dead March of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lip, and you would go home from this service and kneel down and pray God that, rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind, the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God has a balm for such a wound; but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted death of a drunkard's sepulcher?

Pioneer Justice in Michigan.

A story that Judge Reilly occasionally repeats when the subject of Michigan justice is up for discussion, runs substantially as follows:

When Gratiot County, Michigan, first began to be disturbed by pioneers, and after it had its first justice of the peace, a farmer named Davison walked three miles to secure a warrant for the arrest of his neighbor named Meacham for assault and battery. To save the constable a six mile trip the defendant walked with the plaintiff. They encountered his honor just leaving his house with his gun on his shoulder, and Davison halted him with:

"Squire, I want a warrant for this man for striking me."

"I'm in an awful hurry," said the squire. "Come to-morrow."

"So'm I in a hurry, and I'm going to have a raising to-morrow."

"Meacham, did you hit him?" asked the justice.

"Yes."

"Davison, did you strike first?"

"No."

"Meacham, had you rather work for Davison three days than go to jail?"

"I guess so," answered Meacham.

"And will that satisfy you, Davison?"

"Yes."

"Then make tracks for home, and don't bother me another minute! My son has just come in with the news that an old bear and three cubs are up the same beech, down at the edge of the slashing, and I'm going to have some bear meat if it upsets the supreme bench of Michigan. Court stands adjourned at present."—*Detroit Tribune.*

Jones Would Compromise.

"When I used to run a grist mill over in Scrub Grass Township," said Uncle Silas Bowersox, "an old skinflint named Ab Jones always managed to come to mill just in time to be invited to dinner or supper, as the case might be. This went along most all Summer, when the old woman got mighty sick of it an' told me I mustn't invite him any more. I didn't see how I could very well help it, the way Jones managed things, but the old lady was pretty slick herself, and told me I could just tell him that I was very sorry, but that we didn't have a bite of bread in the house. That looked like an easy way out of it, and so the next time Jones kem to mill and lingered by the brookside, so to say, I jest up and told him how awful sorry I was that I couldn't invite him to stay to dinner, but it happened that Mrs. Bowersox didn't have a bite of bread or biscuit in the house.

"'Oh, well," says old Jones, "pies an' cakes will do.'"

"An' pies and cakes it had to be."

When He Was Away.

Jonjones—The poet says, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.' Do you think it does?

Jonsmith—Yes, I think it does. While you were away that sweetheart of yours was observed to keep company with Jabrown a good deal. She used to be quite fond of him once, you know. Yes, I guess absence does make the heart grow fonder—but it depends a good deal who the absent one is.

Disadvantages of Christianity.

Auntie—I suppose you are a good little Christian boy, Bobby, of course?

Bobby (dubiously)—Well, I don't know. Willie Waffles is a Christian boy, and I wouldn't like to be like him.

Auntie—What's the matter with Willie?

Bobby—Every boy half his age in school can lick him.—*Life.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON CONSIDERED.

Reflections of an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lessons Intelligently and Profitably.

The lesson for Sunday, August 18, may be found in 1 Sam. 15: 10-23.

INTRODUCTORY.

The connection calls for a brief survey of Israel's conquests under Saul. Conquests, we have said, because wherever Israel went victory perched upon her banners. But conquest proper belonged to David's day; those wars under Saul were mainly defensive and expulsory rather than subjugatory. It was the king after God's own heart who at a later time set the bounds of the kingdom and established its authority. But Saul was a mighty warrior in his day, and, had he followed up his advantages, he would have been a great king. His first victory was over the *Ammonites*, just prior to his full coronation (1 Sam. 11). The second triumph was over the *Philistines* (1 Sam. 13 and 14), where Jonathan comes to the front. The third was over the *Moabites;* the fourth, the *Edomites;* and the fifth, the *Syrians*—all mentioned in 1 Sam. 14: 47. The sixth campaign, with the *Amalekites*, the subject of to-day's lesson, occurred about the fifteenth year of Saul's reign. Two other Philistine wars mark the declining years of Saul, in the latter of which he perished. Saul was a man who stopped short of his greatest possibilities. "He smote thrice and stayed."

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES

Behold, he set him up a place. A stone of triumph for King Saul. A monument to himself! That was a tell-tale shaft. It reveals to us the fatal weakness of Saul's character—he set self above God. Carme came before Gilgal, stones before sacrifice. That was the trouble in the initial default, a few years before, there at Gilgal. Tired of waiting for Samuel, God's prophet, anxious to be through with the formal ceremony of the burnt offering, ambitious to do for himself, he essayed that which belonged to the messenger of God alone to do. He boldly put forth his hand, and himself offered the burnt-offering. It was essentially an exaltation of self. Saul thought more highly of himself than he thought of God. So here he has wholly mistaken the character and object of this war, and his place in it. It was not merely for Saul's uplifting. It was to be a religious war, a war of extermination for Israel's lasting good. Saul, thinking of self again, sees in it a mere opportunity for present plunder and for personal glory. Hence his conduct. In the providence of war compromise is often selfishness; it may be treachery. Abatement of the issue, how it pressed upon us in revolutionary days, and again in the more recent war of the sixties, Heaven be praised that there were those who saw a higher purpose. Alas for Saul that he did not.

I have performed the commandment of the Lord. Moral aberration. It is one of the strangest, saddest things in the world—how wilfulness warps the judgment and twists the faculty of discernment. See, said Saul, "I have performed the commandment of the Lord." And when the man of God looked, what did he behold? The flagrant tokens of real disobedience. Saul has performed his own will, not God's. Oh, these consciences of ours, how we can pervert them! "I have performed the commandment of the Lord," some one is saying at the baptismal font; and when we look, alas, what a travesty of the ordinance commanded! "I have performed the commandment of the Lord," some one is saying as he leaves the sacred desk, and lo, it is a pitiful, if not blasphemous, man-made righteousness he has been preaching, and right in the face of the oracles of God. "I have performed the commandment of the Lord," some one is saying at the Lord's treasury, but alas, how meager is his "all for Jesus!" God sees it all. Words will not change its character. "Blessed be thou of the Lord"—cant. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that *doeth the will* of my Father which is in heaven."

The people spared the best to sacrifice unto the Lord. Saul was not the last man who robbed in the name of religion, or gave pious names to such odious things as selfishness, and avarice, and cupidity. Jesus met afterward with a people who, in their wicked covetousness, said to father or mother, regarding something they would fain enjoy themselves, "It is corban," i. e., dedicated to God, and so were "free." Thus, said Christ, ye make "the word of God of none effect." They played with the word of God, that was all. Alas, how the lusts of pride and power and possession were humored through the centuries of Rome's domination, and the church, so-called, became in the name of religion a self-seeker and a robber! Sacrifice, indeed! And there is a lesson for ourselves as individuals. Jesus says, "If thy right hand offend thee cut it off and cast it from thee." And we understand it is that we let no cherished attainment or valued possession hinder our eternal well-being. Yet, in spite of this plain mandate, behold us, burdening and embarrassing our poor souls with earth's rubbish or worse. We have "spared the best," we think, but even that which is "the best" becomes the worst for us if it be kept for self rather than for God. To lay hands on that which is *devoted* is not to win heaven's favor, but to court heaven's wrath. "Ye are *not* your own."

The rest we have utterly destroyed. But "the rest" will not atone. There is no such thing as partitive obedience. It is whole or nought. Neither is there any such thing as a balancing of good against ill. No amount of strength in yesterday's loyalty will make up for to-day's weak treason and disloyalty. The schoolboy may know how to subtract and divide very well, but if he know not how to add and multiply as well his "answer" will be all wrong. It is no palliation before the court that the embezzler was a fair and honest accountant twenty years of his life, no more than that, for the most part, he was a "royal good fellow," and knew how to return a favor. "My son, give me thy heart," says the Voice within. "Utterly destroy the reign of self is what it means. Have you done it?" "No. But I have no great vices. I tell no lies. I have stopped my club expenses. I have even dropped my cigars." *The rest we have utterly destroyed.* Friend, never mind the rest, for the present. Come to the main requirement. Have you "obeyed the voice of the Lord?"

Didst fly upon the spoil. Thus early do "the spoils" prove the ruin of high officials. Saul is sent to do a holy mission, but on the way he has as, the Douay version significantly frames it, "turned to the prey." The aim of the expedition has been forgotten; it has become a mere predatory excursion. And this is the meaning of that grave charge at the opening of the lesson: "He is turned back from following me, and hath not performed," or, as the Douay again phrases it, "*executed* my commandments." That is, Saul had not completed what he set out to do. He had run off the track. Beware of it, friends. God has sent each man out on a holy warfare in this world. Satan slyly thrusts his allurements in the way to draw us from our high purpose or destiny. Shall we leave fighting sin and forthwith "fly upon the spoil?" Alas, what a sordid conception of life some men have! They see nothing in it but booty. They will sacrifice everything to its "spoils." Talk to them of something loftier and they seem like men daft. "Sandy," said the old Scotch King to his Prime Minister Alexander, "is there any king yet we have not conquered?" "Nane, your Majesty, unless it be the one they call the King o' Heaven." "Go find Him," said the complacent monarch, "and tell Him we will fight Him." Alexander went out and met a priest. Forthwith returning, he said, "Please, your Majesty, the King o' Heaven sends word that *you may have His Kingdom for the asking.*" "In truth, mon," cried the Highland chief, "will you tell the King o' Heaven that for His civility *no Scot shall set foot in His dominion.*"

Go and utterly destroy. Here is the end of the whole matter. God wants uncompromising loyalty, unconditional submission, full and complete devotion. He wants it not simply for his honor and glory but for our comfort and blessing. Would you offer sacrifice? "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice." It *is* sacrifice, for it is that in which the Lord delights. Would you render service? "When thou wast little in thine own sight wert thou not made the *head of the tribes of Israel?*" Self-emptying abatement before God is the way to leadership. Destroy pride, root and branch. "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." O, ye men of holy ambition in the kingdom of Christ, believe it, rebellion here is "as the sin of witchcraft." It is virtually going over to the enemy; it is desertion of God. "Because thou hast neglected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee—think of it—*from being king.*" Saul rejected the word of the Lord and lost—a crown. Do we do less?

[illegible]—The Anointing of David." 1 Sam. [illegible]

What Ailed Her.

Douglass Jerrold once exasperated a fish-woman almost to the point of frenzy by rushing up to her, and crying: "You're a noun, you're a pronoun, you're a verb, you're an adjective, you're a participle, you're a preposition, you're an interjection!" Language that people do not understand sometimes has a more powerful effect upon them than language that is more easily comprehended. This is well illustrated by the following incident:

A lady entered the consulting-room of a well-educated and intelligent physician.

The doctor made his usual examination by feeling the pulse, looking at the tongue, etc. In giving his directions, he said: "Madam, you should eat less, and take more out-door exercise."

The advice seemed to be too common for the lady, and she resolved to consult a notorious quack in the community.

While the empiric knew nothing of the nature of the disease, he had learned how to take advantage of the patient's weakness, and confounded her with a cloud of high sounding terms. "The only true and legitimate manner of accounting for your rare disease," he said, "is in the physiological defects of the membranous system, The obtuseness of the spinal abdicator causes the cartilaginous compressor to coagulate into the diaphragm, and thus depresses the duodenum under the flandango. Now, if the disease was caused by the vogation of the electricity from the appendages, the tympanum would dissolve the spiritual sinctum, and the ossificator would ferment in the olfactory, thus becoming identical with the pigmentum. Now, as this is not the case, in order to produce your disease, the spinal rotundum must diverge to a point on the elliptical spero. But, as I said before, in order to produce this disease, the ligamentum teres must subtend over the digitorum to a degree sufficient to dislodge the stericoletum."

The lady replied: "Yes, doctor, you describe my case exactly. I'd like you to treat me."

Hale and Hearty in Old Age.

What is more beautiful than an ancient tree clothed with an ample robe of verdure? Apt is the comparison between such a growth and an old man or woman infused with health and vigor. The *sine qua non*, the indispensable condition of vigorous youth, robust manhood and a virile old age, is sound digestion. Without this life is shorn of the hearty zest that should attend it. No more beneficent and agreeable contributor to the attainment of a hale old age, and efficient means of counteracting the infirmities that too often attend life's decline, can be found than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Dyspeptic symptoms, a tendency to kidney complaint, nervous inquietude and rheumatic trouble are overcome by its use. The effects of exposure and over-work are nullified by it, and it affords efficient protection to all subjected to malarial influences. Give it a thorough trial.

An Amusing Incident of the War.

"One of the funniest incidents that happened under my observation during the war," said Col. Mosby," occurred in a cavalry fight in the Shenandoah Valley along in 1864. In the midst of a sharp cavalry engagement with Sheridan's men in a charge near Berryville there came crushing like a whirlwind into our lines a Yankee soldier on a big black horse. A score of men tried to stop horse and rider, but the old black's blood was up, and he went on clear through the lines before he was under control. The rider was sent to Libby Prison, and we mustered the black charger into the Confederate service. A few days later we charged some of Custer's men, and I'll be —— if that old horse didn't return the compliment by carrying a 'Reb' into the Federal lines, and never came back."—*New York Tribune.*

THIS is the age of wonders, and the average American citizen is no longer surprised at anything. If you want to experience that sensation, however, just write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., and hear what they have got to say of the success of some of their agents. They have got the goods that sell, and any one out of employment will consult their own interests by applying to them.

The Inquiries Had a Purpose.

"Johnny," said the farmer to a lad who had arrived with the summer boarders, and who was watching him turn the grindstone. "Kin ye read?"

"Yes, sir."

"And write?"

"Yes, sir."

"And spell?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, spose ye jest spell me a little while at this grin' stone till I go and feed the cows."

Montana's Free Lands.

The Great Reservation of Montana, thrown open for settlement by the President last May, contains 18,000,000 acres of land, all legible for entry for free homes, under the United States Land Laws. It extends for three hundred miles East and West, and on an average of one hundred miles North and South.

If you intend going to Montana remember that THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL is the direct line between Chicago and St. Paul, making close connection at St. Paul for all points in Montana. Solid through trains with Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars and Unrivaled Dining Cars are run between Chicago and St. Paul. For other information, pamphlets, etc., address JAMES BARKER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Indisputable Evidence.

De Lole—Where do you intend to spend your vacation.

De Pole—I am going to our milkman's dairy farm. There is the finest kind of fishing in that neighborhood.

"Huh! You don't take his word for it, do you?"

"No, indeed. We've found young trout in his milk."—*New York Weekly.*

YOU don't have to *take our word* for the good quality of Dobbins' Electric Soap. Just get *one bar* of your grocer, and let it tell you *its own story* next *Monday*, and be governed by that, *good or bad.*

A BILLIARD ball gets off its baize when it jumps the table and tries the floor for a run.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

WHY is a painter like a second-hand clothes dealer? Because he brushes for a living.

All Run Down

From the weakening effects of warm weather, by hard work, or from a long illness, you need a good tonic and blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives a good appetite, strengthens the whole system, purifies the blood, regulates the digestion.

"It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My health two years ago was very poor. My friends thought I was going with consumption. I commenced using Hood's Sarsaparilla, took five bottles of it, and to-day I can do as hard a day's work as I ever could. It saved me from the grave, put me on my feet a sound, healthy man." WILL E. D. TRIBBEY, Wiggonsville, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

DETECTIVES

[illegible] is a man in our town
And he is very wise, sir.
When e'er he doesn't feel just right
One remedy he tries, sir.
It's just the thing to take in spring
The blood to purify,
He tells his friends, and nothing else
Is he induced to try;

because, having taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to cleanse his system, tone it up, and enrich the blood, and finding that it always produces the desired result, he considers that it would be foolish to experiment with anything else. His motto is, "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." That's why he pins his faith to the "Golden Medical Discovery."

WALKING advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are the thousands it has cured.

One or the Other.

"Chicago is a great place."

"What's up there now?"

"Nothing except the usual thing. If the people are not excited over some great social scandal it is some recent assassination."

"That's so. It is either hug or thug."

For Cure of SPRAINS & STRAINS use St. Jacobs Oil Cures PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY WITHOUT RETURN OF PAIN. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO. BALTO. MD.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY. $75 per month and expenses paid any active man or woman to sell our goods by sample and live at home. Salary paid promptly and expenses in advance. Full particulars and sample case FREE. We mean just what we say. Standard Silverware Co., Lock Box 5308, Boston, Mass.

HOME STUDY. Bookkeeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc., thoroughly taught by *mail*. Circulars free. BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N.Y.

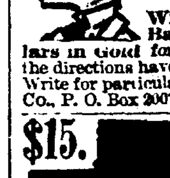
FREE DR. WALTER LANGTRY'S TREATISE ON DISEASES OF HORSES AND CATTLE. Bound in cloth, containing 150 Engravings and 235 PAGES OF VALUABLE INFORMATION. Price $1.00. The above given with every purchase of $1.25 worth of Scotch Remedies, assorted, i. e. Scotch Oil Liniment, Scotch Colic Cure, Scotch Distemper Cure, Scotch Compound Condition Powder. Scotch Ointment. For sale by all druggists, or address LANGTRY'S MEDICINE Co., box 126 Ft. Wayne, Ind.



TO INTRODUCE OUR GOODS We will send by mail on receipt of $1.20 A PAIR —OF— LADIES' DONGOLA OXFORD TIES ANY SIZE CLARKE SHOE CO., Middletown, Conn.



FATHER'S BALD HEAD TREATMENT Will Grow Hair on any and all Bald Heads. Will refund Five Dollars in Gold for every unsuccessful treatment where the directions have been carefully followed. Price $5.00. Write for particulars. Address VEGETABLE COMPOUND Co., P. O. Box 2007, Fort Wayne, Ind.



$15. FREE TRADE PRICES! NO PROTECTION! NO MONOPOLIES! $45 SEWING MACHINES | NOW ONLY $15 We are now selling our WESTERN IMPROVED SINGER SEWING MACHINE—same as cut—complete with all attachments and warranted for 5 years for only $15. Send for circular and see full description of this and other styles to M. A. SCULLEN & CO., 762 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

NORTHERN PACIFIC LOW PRICE RAILROAD LANDS & FREE Government LANDS. MILLIONS OF ACRES of each in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. SEND FOR Publications with Maps describing The BEST Agricultural, Grazing and Timber Lands now open to Settlers Sent Free. Address CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Commissioner, ST. PAUL, MINN.

CATON'S FRENCH VITALIZERS. A Quick and Positive Restorer of Manly Vigor, and the only Legitimate Specific for Sexual Debility and Lost Vitality known. A Marvellous Invigorator, entirely harmless. By mail, $1, 6 for $5. Circulars free. DR. CATON, Boston.

$25 AN HOUR made by our Agents. THE DR. PERKINS MEDICAL CO., Richmond, Va.



SHE TELLS HIM THE SECRET.

"*Later unto Amicola*
Came a pale face preacher, teaching
Peace and progress to the natives.
Wooed and won he Uanita.
She, nobler to make his calling,
Whispered to him nature's secret—
Told him of the herbs so potent
For the healing and the saving."

—EXTRACT FROM POEM OF "UANITA."

An Editor's Experience.

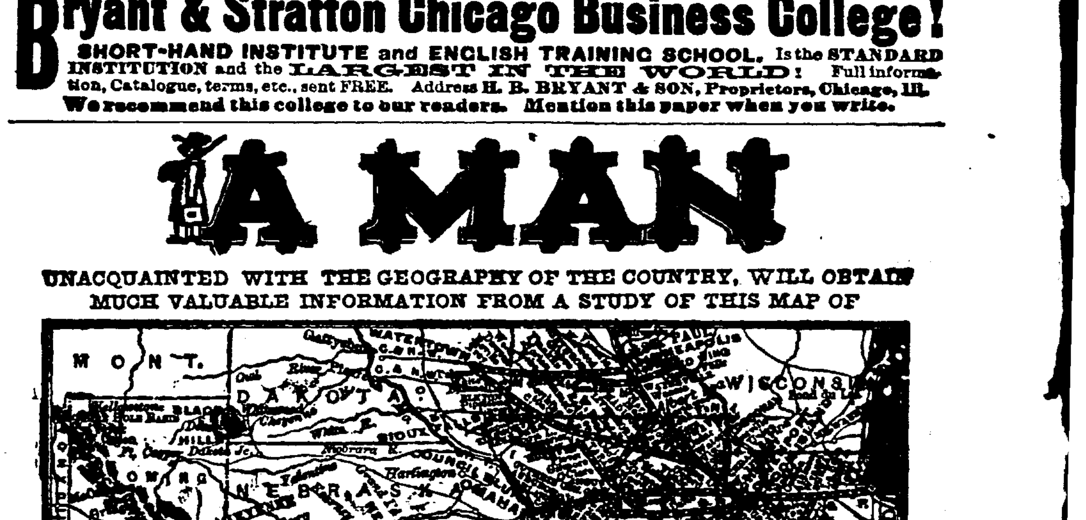
Major Sidney Herbert, a well-known journalist in agricultural circles, writes April 18th, 1889: Some five years ago I wrote a letter stating that Swift's Specific had cured me of severe rheumatism. Since that time I have had no return of the rheumatic troubles, although frequently exposed to the influences that produced former attacks. Several of my friends had a similar experience, and are firm in their conviction that S. S. S. brought a permanent cure. The searching power of this medicine is shown in the fact that it developed a scrofulous taint that was conspicuous in my blood over thirty years ago, and has removed the last trace of it. I have also tested S. S. S. as a tonic after a severe attack of malarial fever, which kept me in bed for three months, and am convinced that its curative and strengthening properties insured my recovery from that illness, as I was in a very low condition of health. SIDNEY HERBERT, Atlanta, Ga.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

JOSEPH H. HUNTER, ATTORNEY, WASHINGTON, D. C., WILL GET YOUR PENSION without DELAY.

Bryant & Stratton Chicago Business College! SHORT-HAND INSTITUTE and ENGLISH TRAINING SCHOOL. Is the STANDARD INSTITUTION and the LARGEST IN THE WORLD! Full information, Catalogue, terms, etc., sent FREE. Address H. B. BRYANT & SON, Proprietors, Chicago, Ill. We recommend this college to our readers. Mention this paper when you write.

A MAN UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Pond Creek, Kingfisher, Fort Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—and Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Traverses new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. Through Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (east of Missouri River) Dining Cars Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to North Platte, Neb., and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels (furnishing meals at seasonable hours) west of Missouri River. California Excursions daily, with CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The DIRECT LINE to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitariums, and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE,

Solid Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake, and Sioux Falls, via Rock Island. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. CHICAGO, ILL. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agent.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH

Baby Carriages [illegible]

IN THE VINEYARD.

Some Gems of Thought Culled for Sabbath Day Reflection.

WHOLESOME READING FOR ALL CLASSES.

Thought as the Supreme Factor—Two Religious Documents by Lincoln—Socrates.

Thought as the Supreme Factor.

Someone points out the fact that thought is not the supreme factor in modern life. News is this factor. Sensation has taken the place of thinking. Germany, "the land of thought," furnishes interesting illustrations. Say what you will of the great universities and the magnificent libraries, they are, after all, for the few. The daily press is the daily food of the nation. Now Mackenzie is the sensation then an empress; then Bismarck; Geffken comes to the front, disappears in prison, and Morier is the theme; the English ambassador is lost sight of when the tragedy of Crown Prince Rudolph and Baroness Vetsera furnish an interesting and exciting sensation; then King Milan leaves his throne and becomes the hero of the press for a week. Then the interest centers around the divorced queen and the papers wonder whether she will now return to Servia and influence her son and national affairs in favor of Russia. In the intervals, the pause, or between the acts, Boulanger poses, or the French ministry dances before the public, or Parnell and Irish affairs are excitedly discussed. Prospects of war also made interesting episodes. Crime and fraud and filth are the pepper and salt and mustard always ready for proper seasoning.

Is that thought? Is that intellectual culture? Is that solid daily food?

Socrates.

The victims of religious persecution have been so many since his day, and we are so well accustomed to the deaths of courageous men in support of a religion, that we are apt to under-value the greatness of the first heathen philosopher who sealed his evidence to the cause of goodness with his blood, and this is the more to be lamented because there has probably been no more consistent life and death recorded in the pages of profane history, with the exception, perhaps, of the life and death of our own countryman, Sir Thomas More. Socrates, like Sir Thomas More, might have escaped the extreme penalty of death had he been willing to plead guilty. In a large jury of nearly six hundred persons, a majority of five votes only found a verdict against him, and had he appealed for mercy there is no doubt that it would have been granted, but to appeal for mercy would have been to admit guilt, and to admit guilt would have been to discredit that Divine commission—to better his countrymen—which he believed himself to have received. Further, he had always declared that death was in itself no evil; to live unjustly was evil; to suffer unjustly was a small misfortune in comparison with doing unjust acts; and so he submitted to his sentence with a dignified cheerfulness which, as described by his friend and disciple, Plato, has been the object of the veneration of all the centuries of learned and good men who have since been privileged with the contemplation of his great example.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Two Religious Documents by Lincoln.

From the *Century* "Life of Lincoln," we quote the following: "We subjoin two papers from the hand of the President, one official and the other private, which bear within themselves the imprint of a sincere devotion and a steadfast reliance upon the power and benignity of an overruling Providence. The first is an order which he issued on the 16th of November, 1864, on the observance of Sunday:

"The President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and naval service. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the National forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperiled, by the profanation of the day or name of the Most High. 'At this time of public distress [adopting the words of Washington in 1779] men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality.' The first general order issued by the Father of His Country after the Declaration of Independence indicated the spirit in which our institutions were founded and should ever be defended. 'The General hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country.'"

The date of this remarkable order leaves no possibility for the insinuation that it sprung from any political purpose or intention. Mr. Lincoln had just been re-elected by an overwhelming majority; his party was everywhere triumphant; his own personal popularity was unbounded; there was no temptation to hypocrisy or deceit. There is no explanation of the order except that it was the offspring of sincere conviction. But if it may be said that this [illegible] their intercourse with the people, we will give one other document, of which nothing of the sort can be said. It is a paper which Mr. Lincoln wrote in September, 1862, while his mind was burdened with the weightiest questions of his life, the weightiest with which this century has had to grapple. Wearied with all the considerations of law and of expediency with which he had been struggling for two years, he retired within himself and tried to bring some order into his thoughts by rising above the wrangling of men and of parties, and pondering the relations of human government to the Divine. In this frame of mind, absolutely detached from any earthly considerations, he wrote this meditation. It has never been published. It was not written to be seen of men. It was penned in the awful sincerity of a perfectly honest soul trying to bring itself into closer communication with its Maker.

"The will of God prevails. In great contests each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both may be and one must be wrong. God can not be for and against the same thing at the same time. In the present civil war it is quite possible that God's purpose is something different from the purpose of either party; and yet the human instrumentalities, working just as they do, are of the best adaption to effect His purpose. I am almost ready to say that this is probably true; that God wills this contest, and wills that it shall not end yet. By His mere great power on the minds of the now contestants, He could have either saved or destroyed the Union without a human contest. Yet the contest began. And having begun, He could give the final victory to either side any day. Yet the contest proceeds."

AN ELOQUENT WITNESS.

In the County Court of Summit County O., a man was recently on trial for stealing a horse from Albert G. Mallison. The principal witness for the prosecution was John Mallison, aged 64 years. The following verbatim report of his testimony has been sent to the Rochester *Post-Express* by a Western lawyer:

Question (by prosecuting attorney)—Where is your home, Mr. Mallison?

Answer—I reside, sir, and gentlemen of the jury, in the Smoky City of the Keystone State.

Question—At the time when it is claimed the horse was stolen you was visiting your brother, A. G. Mallison, I believe?

Answer—Gentlemen of the jury, at the time the horse was stolen I was visiting my only brother for the first time in twenty years. We were quietly sitting by the comfortable old fire-place, engaged in pleasant converse of our boyhood days, when suddenly his hireling, without any sign of warning, rushed into the room in a state of breathless excitement, and with quivering lips announced that the best horse had just been taken from the barn, and that he had come up the highway just in time to see him ridden rapidly away.

Question—This was in the evening, as I understand it; what kind of a night was it, Mr. Mallison?

Answer—A few light and fleecy clouds flitted across the disk of the moon.

Question—What was done when you heard of this?

" 'Mount the large bay mare and ride up the right hand road with celerity, while I will ride the gray gelding up the left hand road with alacrity.' We mounted and were off like the wind. At about two miles from the starting point these two roads came together. For some reason the rascally thief did not ride as fast as we, and as we neared the point of intersection I observed the hireling coming toward me, and the thief was between us. I shouted to him to halt. He saw the situation, halted and dismounted. I bounded from my horse. Hostilities ensued. I struck him to the earth like a dog. He rose again; hostilities were resumed. The hireling was now with me, and, gentlemen of the jury, we soon had the villain *hors de combat* and conveyed him to the jail of the county, and gentlemen (rising to his feet and pointing to the prisoner,) there sits the cowardly, cringing, contemptible, dastardly scoundrel, and may God have mercy on his soul!"

THE "COON" QUESTION DISCUSSED IN THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Judge Asphalt Green, at the meeting of the Limekiln Club, arose to a question of privilege. Time after time he had listened to communications in which the colored race was referred to as "coons," and none of the members had been moved to object. He could hardly pick up a newspaper without seeing the same reference, and more than once he had heard the expression on the street and in the shops. He didn't want to be captious, he said, but such things pained him. He hoped the club, as a club, would take some decided action to express its deep displeasure.

"Brudder Green, would you object to being called a fox?" queried Brother Gardner.

"I reckon not, sah."

"Well, dar' am no great difference between de fox an' de coon—not 'nuff to kick about. It's jist a habit sartin white men hev got into, dat's all. Dey would call you a fox or 'possum or wood-chuck jist as quick, but dey dun doan' think quick 'nuff. I'll spoke to 'em about it an' hev 'em call you a hoss or a mule, if dat will relieve your mind."

"But, sah, do you uphold such conduct?" protested the Judge.

"No, Brudder Green, but I ar' keepin' quiet fur fear of results. De white man has got a mighty long head on him, an' if he was prevented from callin' you a 'coon' he'd hunt up sunthin' a good deal wuss befo' he was a day older. Sot down, Judge, sot down an' rest yo' [illegible]

WOMAN'S PROGRESS

Gossip About Matters in Which the Dear Creatures Take an Interest.

SEASONED WITH A LITTLE WIT.

A Column or Two of Tittle-Tattle Anent Matronly Mothers, Modish Maidens, and Merry Misses.

Ingenious California Girls.

For some time past it has been the custom of a number of young ladies employed in a dressmaking shop to repair to the Capitol Grounds at the noon hour to partake of their luncheon. They invariably sat beneath a large cedar tree, the wide branches of which afforded a generous shade. Several young men about town observed this fact, and almost daily they could be found shorty before 12 m. lounging under a tree not far distant from that beneath which the young ladies sought shelter. This was of course annoying to the young ladies, and each of them has provided herself with a large parasol, all of which are opened when the grounds are reached and placed around in a circle. This forms a perfect corral three or four feet in height, within which the young ladies can partake of their lunch and recline at ease, free from the prying eyes of the curious young men.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Killed a Rattler With Her Tin Pail.

Mrs. Frank Keen, of Chichesterville, had a rather thrilling experience with a rattlesnake a day or two ago, which she will probably remember during the remainder of her life. She was picking raspberries in her garden when she suddenly heard a peculiar rattling noise. She continued her work for a minute or two, when she again heard the same noise nearer by, accompanied by an ominous hiss, and, glancing into the bushes close at hand, she saw a big rattlesnake already coiled and about to spring at her.

Mrs. Keen had a large tin pail partly filled with raspberries in her hand, and without a moment's hesitation she let the snake have a taste of the berries and the big pail at the same time. The pail must have fallen with a terrific whack on the reptile's head, for when Mrs. Keen went closer to examine into the injuries done to her pail, as well as to see how the snake liked its berry bath, she found the head had been nearly severed from the body. Mrs. Keen says she feels assured that the snake would not have attacked her if she had kept a respectable distance from its quarters. The snake measured four feet in length and had nine rattles.—*Kingston Freeman.*

A Womanly Deed.

"I saw a little act of kindness yesterday," said one of our court officials, "that struck me as very pretty and womanly. I suppose you've noticed that there are quite a number of gypsies about the streets lately. Well, yesterday afternoon one of the women was in rather of a fix out on West Main street. She was carrying a bouncing young Roman, and the gay handkerchief she wore twisted about her head instead of a bonnet wes on the point of slipping off and falling on the dirty sidewalk. Having both arms full of baby she couldn't readjust her head dress herself, and her evident distress over what seemed a rather trifling matter seemed a fit subject for laughter to those who observed her at all. "Just then," says the Rochester *Democrat*, "a very handsomely dressed lady came along, and evidently took in the situation at a glance. She walked straight up to the gypsy woman, smiled an 'allow me!' reached across the not over clean baby, and with her daintily gloved hands tied the handkerchief under the woman's chin. Then she gave the repaired headdress a little twitch at the sides to set it straight, and with another smile and that final pat with the hollow of the hand on the knot with which all women put the finishing touch to a bow went on her way. It don't sound like anything in telling, but it struck me as a bit of real womanly kindness, and judging from the look in the brown woman's eyes, it struck her so, too."

Don't Sit on Your Foot.

Another deplorable habit, and one common to the most refined and fastidious women, is the practice of sitting on their foot. Once they acquire this trick it becomes second nature, and they develop into such experts that they find but little trouble in arranging for themselves this, to them, most comfortable perch, even when in the most public places. With a cunning twist of the body and a little side twitch of their skirts they can accomplish the feat under the nose of an ardent admirer without in anyway arousing his suspicions. It is not graceful, but if the young woman is a small specimen of humanity she curls herself up in a kittenish sort of a way and with a little air of such perfect content that one has not the hardness of heart to deliver her a lecture upon the subject. This habit once fixed is apt to follow one down to old age. I met not long ago a charmingly refined old lady who laughingly told me that she had never been able to break herself of this habit, and really she could perform the feat of sitting on her foot with all the ease of a girl of 16.

Sometimes the consequences are rather disastrous. Not, perhaps, as much so now as in the days of hoop skirts, when results most embarrassing were apt to ensue. A funny story was told me the other day by a lady friend who became the victim of her own folly. "It was," she said, "in the days when the small steel [illegible] foot beneath me. When I arrived at my destination I signaled the conductor to stop the car and attempted to rise, but found that my foot had become entangled in one of the steels of the wretched skirt. What to do I did not know, but finally, finding that I was becoming a target for all the eyes in the car. I concluded to ride on, not daring to make a second move until I reached the stables. I am sure," she added, "that from that day to this I have never attempted to sit on my foot."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Pretty Hosiery.

In nothing does the truly feminine soul so delight as in pretty hosiery.

"Gloves and stockings are my weakness," frankly confesses one of the most exquisite of women. "I will get on with three gowns a year, but I must have well-fitting gloves and pretty stockings."

And so she has. Nothing comes in the way of dainty novelty in this line that she does not add to her already generous store. In her enthusiasm she might almost be classed as a collector of this special line of womanly adornment. She is only one of a class, although she may be a little extreme.

"It costs me more, in proportion, for my boots, stockings, and gloves that it does for the larger articles of my wardrobe," said a working girl the other day. "I can scrimp in some things, but not in these."

How horrified a well-dressed woman would have felt a quarter of a century ago had it been proposed to her that she should wear a colored stocking. She would have considered that not only her good taste but her ideas of cleanliness had been outraged. Nothing was admissible but a pure white stocking, one on which not even a speck of dust could be seen. Fine and immaculate and sunny white, this was what the swinging skirt must show if, inadvertently, the ankle was exposed to view.

The first innovation came with the cream-tinted balbriggans, finished so finely that the surface had a silken look. These held their own for a long time. Then came introductory stripes of color on the cream white, these stripes being very narrow, hardly more than a hair line, while the white stripe was very broad. By degrees the stripes widened and the color deepened, until, almost before the women were aware of it, they were wearing stockings of a solid color and admiring them, too, immensely.

Pale blue, pale rose, and a soft French gray were the first innovations; then came scarlet, navy blue, and seal brown, and by and by all these colors deepened into black, which took the place as the proper color for every day wear. Now the black stockings seem to have a firm hold upon the affections of the wearers, as white had a few years ago. It is the exception when a woman is seen in anything but a black stocking in the street or at home in the morning.

A LAUGH THAT COST FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

His daughter was going to Europe. He is a very rich man, but a millionaire will always make up a telegraphic code to save money. It would be nothing to him if she sent a hundred words, but he will always get as much as he can for nothing anyway, and he will have a telegraphic code. I don't know, though. Perhaps he thought she might take as many words to say a thing by telegraph as ladies ordinarily do in conversation, and that would bankrupt a millionaire. Let us acquit him of economy. Let us say that by confining her to one word he would understand what she telegraphed, whereas if he left her to ex press it in her own way he might never have found out what she meant. He left her to make out the code. She made out one quite to the point on all important matters. She selected the words herself, wrote it all out and handed it to him when she left. He locked it in his desk, and it was all right. Last week he got a telegram from her. It consisted of one word—"Laugh." He laughed. It seemed to be something quite pleasant. His code was at the house. He went up there in the best of humor. He got out the code and read: "Laugh—Send me $500."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A COMPOSITOR'S FEAT.

James Leonard, President of the New Orleans Typographical Union, is a typo in the *Times-Democrat* office. On Friday, July 5, Mr. Leonard began his week's work. He was offered no special opportunities to make a great record (or, in typographical parlance, a "big string") by setting up easy matter ("fat takes," as the printer puts it), but worked on the regular "file," which contains the general run of matter that appears in the *Times-Democrat's* columns. The type used in the office is brevier, agate and nonpareil, the latter largely predominating. The agate measures 30 ems to a line, the nonpareil 25. Mr. Leonard worked seven and a half hours a day for seven consecutive days, and on Thursday night last, when he cast up his "string" it was disclosed that he had set up just 102,800 ems, an average of 14,685 ems a day, or 1,941 ems an hour. And he made few errors; his "proof" was good. In doing this feat Mr. Leonard set 205,600 letters, and returned the same to their boxes. The distance traveled by his arm was about 125 miles. This record is the best made in New Orleans since the war. Mr. Leonard was born in Keokuk in 1858.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU HANDLE THIS.

The Joker—Ah, I see you deal in all sorts of shares here?

The Broker—Yes, sir, all sorts of shares. What can I do for you?

The Joker—Well, you see my Uncle Jones away back has died and left me [illegible]

THE STAGE.

"All the World's a Stage; the Men and Women Merely Players."

GREEN-ROOM NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

Fresh News, Idle Gossip, and Amusing Stories About Actors and the Histrionic Art.

A SQUABBLE as to who will have Miss Lena Merville's services next season is imminent.

WILLIAM BROWN, of Chicago, aged 90, is the oldest circus man in America. At 13 he was first jokey to King George III.

A REPORT comes from London that Richard Mansfield and Beatrice Cameron became man and wife before their departure for this country.

IT is said that a syndicate of English capitalists has offered H. R. Jacobs half a million dollars for a two-thirds interest in his circuit of theaters, he to control the remaining interest and receive $15,000 a year salary as general manager of the circuit.

FRANK M. GARLAND will travel with James A. Herne the coming season, playing a character part in Mr. Herne's play, "Drifting Apart." Mr. Garland is a brother to Hamlin Garland, the Boston lecturer and literateur, and is making realistic character acting a specialty.

A CUBAN circus manager is going to give ten exhibitions in Mexico, in which an elephant and a tiger are to be separately pitted against some of the fiercest bulls that can be brought into the arena. The old time elephant, Romeo, well known here, will do the honors on these occasions.

J. K. Emmett will introduce a new feature into his performances next season. Instead of having a vocal quartet he will employ a string quintet. Mr. Emmet has written a new lullaby, which he will sing next season with the quintet accompaniment. The quintet will also be added to the orchestra.

WILSON BARRETT purchased recently from the widow of E. P. Rowe all the rights of dramatization of "He Fell in Love with His Wife" for England and America. Mr. Barrett is about completing a dramitization of the story. It is said an American manager has bought the play from Mr. Clark Sammis, Mr. Barrett's representative here, as the English actor has not much use for domestic dramas.

"THERE are only one or two instances," says the London *Graphic* "of plays written in French by English playwrights being successfully produced on the Parisian stage. A recent case is that of 'L'Heritage d'Helene,' written in French by Richard Davey and Mrs. Lucy Hooper and produced last week at the Theatre de l'Application. M. Sarcey spoke highly of the play, and it is possible that an English version of it will be seen in London next season."

HELEN DAUVRAY, the wife of the New York base ball club's shortstop, John M. Ward, has arrived from Europe. Although there have been numerous reports that Mrs. Ward did not intend to act next season, there is no good reason to doubt that she will star under H. C. Miner's management. Robert C. Hilliard will be the leading man. The principal pieces will be "A Scrap of Paper" and "One of Our Girls."

TWO SWEET young things who occupy a prominent position in the back row of the chorus hied them to the photographer's, and they said, "We want to be took in our stage clothes;" and when they had engaged in the process of dofting till the mugtaker's phiz was the color of a boiled beetroot, that mugtaker yelled, "D'ye take this studio for a Turkish bath house?" Then did the two ladies talk in the language of the ancient Britons, the fur flew, and two young things are still un-took.

MANAGER HENRY E. ABBEY, has purchased "Aunt Jack," the late Court Theater, London success. It is said to be a very laughable comedy, which derives its title from Joan Bryston's (Aunt Jack) suit for $25,000 damages for breach of promise. In her bill of particulars she claims $10,000 for blighted hopes, $7,500 for loss of faith in the male sex, $5,000 for loss of future prospects, so far as at present can be foreseen, and the remaining $7,500 for the worry, bother and anxiety in making up her case.

AT the Wild West Camp, Neuilly, Paris, a little Indian papoose, while playing war-path, swallowed a couple of bullets. His mother, alarmed, hurriedly sent for a doctor. The "medicine man" only laughed at her fright, and, patting the child on the cheek, quietly said: "The danger will soon pass." "Doctor! doctor!" exclaimed the mother, "do, please, prescribe something for the child." The doctor took his pencil and wrote: "If in three weeks the bullets are still in the child fill him with gunpowder up to the throat." N. B. "Do not aim the child at anybody." The child was not loaded

ADELINA PATTI, in speaking of her career, is reported to have said: "I am not beautiful but I pass for pretty, that's one; I am tolerably graceful, that's two; I am a good dresser, that's three; I have a way with me that is piquant, that's four; I like my public, that's five, for my public like me because I like them and never tire of pleasing them; I have a good voice, that's six; I know how to sing well—my way—that's seven; I always know my music, that gives comfort to the audience and may count as eight; I am fairly well with [illegible]

FLORENCE BREEDON has sued her husband, Harry Breedon, at Chicago, for divorce, and Alice Irving, of John Dillon's company, is implicated.

Miss Louise Sylvester, who is well known as one of the best eccentric character actresses in America has been engaged to succeed Miss Deaves in the part of Ayeesha in "Bluebeard, Jr." Arthur Dunn, who showed remarkable cleverness in Hoyt's pieces, will succeed Martinetti.

CHARLES H. MATHEWS, who has been identified with the firm of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau for the last ten years, has decided to resign his position as a member of Mr. Abbey's executive staff next month and devote his time and attention to his own special theatrical venture, "The Burglar."

THIS season Robert Mantell wears some very handsome and expensive costumes in "Monbars." Among them is a dressing gown of electric-blue plush. lined with crimson silk, and trimmed with silver fox fur, that must have cost several hundred dollars. Other dresses are equally rich, and "Monbars" is one of the finest-costumed dramas now before the public.

MISS ALBERTA GALLATIN, a granddaughter of Albert Gallatin, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and Miss Alice King Hamilton, a descendant of Alexander Hamilton, have been engaged by Daniel Frohman for the Lyceum Theater, New York. Both the young women are actresses of some years' experience. Miss Gallatin has starred in the South and West.

MARGARET MATHER recently said to a New York reporter: "One of the objects of my trip abroad was to find a new play, but I did not succeed, for good plays seem quite as scarce there as here, and the demand for them is even greater, if that be possible. The best play we saw was Pinero's 'The Profligate,' but the author was not then willing to sell the American rights."

GEORGE WESSELLS, who has been engaged to play Gouroc in Joseph Haworth's "Paul Kauvar," has been a leading heavy man for upward of twenty years. He used to support E. L. Davenport, William Sheridan, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, Mary Anderson, Modjeska and other stars. He has played such roles as Macbeth, Othello, Iago, Edgar in King Lear, and Richard III. Wessells has not been seen by Eastern theater-goers since 1876, as he has been in California.

SUCCESS like a dancing ray of sunlight has followed the frisky heels of Lena Merville from "Bunch of Keys" to "Oolah." She has been identified with all the big farce comedy successes; her doll dance in "Arabian Nights" saved it from perdition and perdition followed her resignation from that company. Her early training in English burlesques, pantomimes and vaudevilles gave her a wide range of experience, developed her versatility and put her in possession of resources to draw from such as no other American soubrette of to-day has at her command. After the termination of her engagement with Francis Wilson, she leaves the "Oolah" Sept. 9, to fill a thirty weeks' engagement with Munroe and Rice in "My Aunt Bridget."

THERE is considerable pow-wow going on at present in England over the bill for the abolition of theatrical children. The measure will have in all probability a stormy passage through the House of Lords, if it ever gets through. Augustus Harris and other prominent people in the theatrical world protest against this hysterical legislation and with considerable force. If all children were as carefully and as humanely treated as those employed in American theaters their little lives would be brighter. It is right that the safe-guards of law should be thrown around those who start out early in life as bread-winners. The theater is not the only institution that needs special legislation. Here we occasionally see an exhibition of zeal at times that takes the honest bread out of the hands of juvenile performers. If children have to be wage-earners why should not they be allowed to follow an occupation in which kindness, good treatment and fair remuneration is the rule, not the exception?

FRANK MAYO is going to revive "Davy Crockett" next season, but he doesn't like the idea of doing so at all. "I am really compelled to produce the play," he said the other day. "Five years ago I wanted to burn the 'props' and manuscript, but everybody said that I would be glad to make use of them again. I am not glad, but I am like the apothecary; my poverty consents. I am in as serious a predicament as Frankenstein. I worked hard to create the character of Davy Crockett, and now I cannot destroy it. It lives to pursue me; next year I am going to Australia to get rid of it. I shall try to establish some reputation there for Frank Mayo instead of for Davy Crockett." Nevertheless, Davy Crockett has been a good friend to Frank Mayo, and has brought him lots of pleasant compliments, as well as a good deal of money. I remember an occasion nearly ten years ago when Mayo nearly lost a good engagement through a peculiar newspaper comment which was made concerning his appearance in another role. He was playing the part of Badger in "The Streets of New York" at the Boston Theater, and a writer on the staff of one of the evening papers of that city thought it a good joke to criticise him as if he had been Frank Mayo on the stage instead of Badger. Mayo was under contract to play "Davy Crockett" at the Boston Museum, and Manager Field of that house, who read the grotesque criticism rather too literally, sent in hot haste to investigate Mr. Mayo's behavior on the stage of the Boston Theater, in the fear that his own stage was in danger of desecration. It was not until the paper had published a long explanation of its [illegible]

INDIANA HAPPENINGS.

EVENTS AND INCIDENTS THAT HAVE LATELY OCCURRED.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crime, Casualties and General News Notes.

Driven From Home.

The other night Christian Dalhoover, a farmer living with his wife and three children in Milton Township, Jefferson County, was awakened by the barking of his dog. Looking out of the window, he saw about a dozen horsemen riding toward his house, the leader wearing a mask. They halted before his home and ordered him to come out. Almost frightened to death, he barred all the doors and windows, when, all of a sudden a crash was heard, and a ponderous bowlder came through the roof of the frail structure, landing alongside of the bed, wherein slumbered his three small children. Hastily awakening them, he carried two and his wife one in her arms, and they made their escape through a side door. As they fled they could hear the crash of timbers and the rattle of dishes, for the midnight marauders had torn off the roof and weather-boarding, and, gaining an entrance, had entirely demolished the stove, furniture and ornaments. When the old man returned in the morning he found his home a heap of ruins.

Minor State Items.

—Richmond is building an electric railway.

—Anderson has as small typhoid fever epidemic.

—Typhoid fever is epidemic in Monroe County.

—Work has been begun on Muncie's street railway.

—An unusually large peach crop is predicted for Southern Indiana this year.

—The Diamond Plate-glass Company, of Kokomo, has struck another big gas well.

—A barn belonging to David Mickley, in Whitley County, was struck by lightning and burned.

—Clark County paid out, during the past year, on account of sheep, killed by worthless dogs, $1,422.50.

—At Spencer, S. H. H. Mathis and daughter were thrown from a buggy by a runaway horse and seriously hurt.

—Newton Weston, of Lafayette, was shot from ambush, while passing a cornfield, and received a painful wound in the leg.

—The labor organizations and citizens of New Albany have appointed committees to solicit aid for the Clay County strikers.

—Cal Shields, a farmer, living one mile north of Montpelier, while cutting wheat with a reaper, had a valuable horse killed.

—The Diamond Plate-glass Company, of Kokomo, has opened a monster gas well near that city. Experts say the well is the largest in the State.

—Hog cholera has broken out in Jackson County and Fred White, one of the best farmers in that section, has lost over fifty head recently.

—Mrs. John Shelton, a young wife of Seymour, has given birth to an unusually large and hearty boy with six well-formed fingers on each hand.

"Milk sickness" has broken out in Dubois County, and prevails to such an extent that two or three localities have almost entirely tabooed the use of milk.

—Southern Indiana has produced this season one of the largest peach crops ever known in that section. Brown County seems to be "humping" herself especially.

—Charles B. Dougherty, of Bluffton, becomes heir to $10,000 by the will of his aunt, Mrs. B. G. Stults, whose death at the sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich., occurred recently.

—Lafayette is in the throes of a faith-cure sensation. Miss Mamie Smiley and several others claim to have been cured by a Wayne County Christian scientist named R. H. Ramsay.

—The other night a meteor crashed through the roof of John Faschnicht's house, near Lafayette, and was embedded in the floor near the bed where Mr. and Mrs. Faschnicht were sleeping.

—An attempt to wreck a south-bound O. & M. train was made by piling rocks on the track, at the Silver Creek bridge, near Jeffersonville. The engine was thrown from the track, but nobody was hurt.

—John Unison was in the act of getting on the east-bound Vandalia accommodation, at Greencastle, when he slipped and fell, crushing his left foot beneath the rail. His injury is severe, though amputation may be avoided.

—James Ferrell, foreman on the Evansville Suburban and Newburg Railroad, was fatally injured at Newburg, while working under an embankment. A huge pile of earth caved in, burying him beneath it and breaking his back.

—During the past few years a number of valuable pearls have been found attached to shells in White River, near Rockford. One resident of the village has realized over $300 from that source, and a large specimen recently picked up by him sold readily for $38.

—While S. H. H. Mathes, formerly editor of the *Journal* at Spencer, was out riding with his daughter the horse became frightened and ran away, throwing both violently to the ground and seriously injuring the daughter. The father sustained only slight bruises.

—Cutsinger & Son, living a few miles north of Columbus, recently shipped to Liverpool, England, twenty-four carloads of the finest beef cattle that have ever been shipped from the Indianapolis stock-yards, so dealers say. The cattle averaged 1,546 pounds each.

—It is stated that the Mayor of South Bend has received a letter from Benedict, Field & Co., of Chicago, boot and shoe manufacturers, asking what that place will do for them if they locate their factory there. They propose to build a factory with a capacity of 500 pairs of shoes a day, and they will employ 300 hands.

—In Rock Creek Township, Bartholomew County, and over in the edge of Decatur County, there are more copperhead snakes this year than have ever been seen in that locality for many years. The fields there are said to throng with the reptiles, and the people there are very careful to guard themselves against being bitten by the [illegible]

COLD BLAST FEATHERS,

For Ticks and Pillows—these are the feathers that are perfectly clean. We have them in

1-2-3 and 5 pound bags.

Cotton Flannels,

at 5c, 6c, 7c, 8c, 9c, 10c, 12½c.

Much better than you had last season at the same prices.

See our Cotton Flannels,

Bleached, Unbleached and Colored.

SPLENDID COTTON BATTING

Light and Clean

at 8c, 10c, 12½ and 15c.

And the handsome

WHITE ROSE BATTS.

Have you seen that

5c. UNBLEACHED MUSLIN.

You'll say its too good for the price —and that's what it is.

Handsome

NEW FALL PRINTS!

Rivals in styles of fine sateens.

At the Linen Counter you will see some choice things in

TABLE LINENS.
NAPKINS.
TABLE LINEN SETTS

in the new watered stripe patterns.

Call in and see them.

ROOT & COMPANY

E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,

Dental Office in Shoaff's Gallery,

21 W. BERRY St,

SHIRTS ✱ MADE ✱ TO ✱ ORDER.

All the Latest Styles in Fancy Bosoms and French Flannels. All Flannels are shrunken before they are cut. Satisfaction guaranteed.

P. G. KUTTNER,

july 20-3m] 144 CALHOUN ST.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1889.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. J. M. Kuhns has returned from the north.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Kuhne left last night for a trip east.

The uniform rank, K. of P., will hold a meeting next Monday evening.

There will be a general soldiers' reunion at Greensburg, October 9 and 10.

United States Deputy Marshal T. W. Blair returned from Indianapolis last night.

Mr. John McCurdy, the rising young dentist, will spend Sunday at James lake, near Angola.

"Laughing Jack," the new song of Emmet's, was received with great success in Toledo last night.

Mr. Bob Smith is home from Chicago, where he went in the interest of the Fort Wayne Driving association.

The store of Sam, Pete & Max was crowded all day at the big sale and the doors had to be locked frequently.

Mr. Thomas M. Glenn and family will leave for Rome City next week to occupy their cottage until September 1.

The Old Fort Pulley works shipped twenty-nine pulleys to-day to Raleigh, N. C. This industry makes extensive shipments.

Michael Kenny, who, after an injection of the elixir of life, walked off with his crutches over his shoulder, is hobbling about with them again.

Huntington *Herald:* "Miss Bertha Hildebrand went to Fort Wayne on the noon train to-day, where she will visit with the family of George R. Hench."

Governor Hovey and his staff will go to Arkansas City, Kan., on invitation, to attend a great soldiers' reunion. They will leave Indianapolis the evening of September 9.

Rev. J. Hartman, pastor of the Wilson avenue Baptist church, of Cleveland, Ohio, is in the city, a guest of the family of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Hartman, of West Wayne street.

Last evening a little daughter of Mr. John M. Mooney, at the corner of Monroe and Jefferson streets, was run over by a lumber wagon and badly injured. Dr. Boswell attends the little sufferer.

Rev. H. N. Herrick, president of the Fort Wayne college, will occupy the pulpit of the M. E. church at Wabash to-morrow. While there he will be the guest of his brother, George T. Herrick.

Huntington *Democrat:* "Fred Etzold, of Fort Wayne, is down visiting his cousin, John Etzold. The first thing he did on getting here was to go to the river and catch a turtle so large he could hardly lift it."

Mr. E. A. Gill, who has been doing the work in the Wabash dispatcher's office during the sickness of Mrs. A. E. Wells, the regular operator, left to-day for Indianapolis. Mrs. Wells has recovered and will return to her duties Monday.

Mrs. A. C. Keel will go east in a few days.

Mr. Fred Beech, sr., has returned from Philadelphia.

Mr. Fred N. Marquardt, of Monroeville, has taken a position in this city.

Miss Eliza Dando, of Dayton, Ohio, is the guest of her grandma, Mrs. Dan Harmon.

H. Spencer Davis has accepted a position in the incandescent room of the electric light works.

The Shaker medicine snap has gone to Creston, Iowa. Their tents and goods were shipped by the Wabash.

Mr. George C. Richards has completed his bill board improvements. He has the finest boards Fort Wayne ever had.

Mr. Dennis McCarthy, of the Wabash freight office, left this afternoon over the Nickel Plate for Chicago. He goes to visit his brother a few days.

Mr. John C. Fleming, of the Grand Rapids road, left to-day with his family for Grand Rapids to reside. Mrs. Addie Tate accompanied them and will make her home there also.

The Knights of St. Charles will go to the national convention of the order at Cleveland and will run an excursion over the Nickel Plate on the occasion of their trip, the latter part of this month.

Ex-Councilman Joseph Storm and wife entertained a number of friends at their residence last night in compliment to Misses Lizzie and Augusta Paul, who both celebrated their birthdays yesterday.

The comedian, Emmet, played to an enthusiastic audience last night, in Toledo, and will repeat the success at the Temple this evening. "Uncle Joe; or, Fritz in a Mad House," is the bill announced.

In the show window of Scherzinger's jewelry store is exhibited a large photograph of the tug-of-war team that won the first prize at the military academy, at Chester, Pa. Mr. J. B. White, jr., of this city, is in the group.

Mr. John McKenzie, formerly of this city, is now located at Port Townsend, W. T. He is young, hearty and prosperous. John will be recalled as a graduate of Central Grammar school. His parents reside on Butler street.

Special Policemen John Madden and John Baker discovered a blaze in the sheds at the rear of Albrecht's carriage works last night. They extinguished it and a big fire was averted, as the flames would have communicated with the carriage works.

Mr. Silas Lucas, formerly one of the proprietors of the Globe Warehouse, but now in business at Scranton, Pa., is in the city. Mr. Lucas had some goods packed in the fourth floor of the building of Sam, Pete & Max, and the goods were a little damaged by the recent fire.

The officers of the Fort Wayne City band are as follows: President, J. Dennison; vice-president, H. Scherrer; secretary, F. Goebel; treasurer, F. J. Reineke, trustees, M. Bacher, H. Scherrer, W. D. Kyle; finance committee, G. Jacobs, S. Burdett, H. Wolf; 1st, P. Keintz, 2nd, B. Rekers.

Don't fail to ask your groceryman for the Leader Washing Compound and take no other. 17-tf

Lay in your Sunday supply of Cigars at Loesch's; he keeps the best. By the box or at retail.

Flour, Cheese, Potatoes and Onions—No Advance in Price.

Best Quality Flour, $4.50 barrel.
Ohio Factory Cheese, 8c pound.
Best Missouri Potatoes, 35c bushel.
Choice Yellow Onions, 12½c peck.
FRUIT HOUSE.

Fine Jewelry at Voirol's.

Gruber's Best is acknowledged to be the leading 10c cigar manufactured in the city.

You can make a week's wages by buying your clothing now of
SAM, PETE & MAX.

Go to Warsaw with the Traveling Men Saturday, Aug. 24th. 17-6t

"Yes sir, I will be closed Sundays," said Mr. Frank Gruber to one of his customers to-day. So don't forget to fill your pockets this eve, with F. G's. and Frank's Choice, the best 5c cigars sold in the city.

Don't fail to ask your groceryman for the Leader washing Compound and take no other. 17-tf

We will have sixty clerks to wait on the crowd to-day.
SAM, PETE & MAX.

Cheap Reading.

Hundreds of paper bound novels, retailing from 20c to 50c each, slightly watered, your choice 10c, or three for 25c. *Puck's* libraries, mid-summer numbers of *Puck* and other good reading at 5c. German books very cheap.
The Detroit *Free Press*, daily and Sunday. at 10c a week.
A. C. KATT, 78 Calhoun Street,
17-2t Taylor's Music Store.

Remember the Traveling Men's excursion to Warsaw Saturday, Aug. 24th. 17 6t

Railroad Watches at Voirol's.

Don't mind the crowds, and if you have to wait your turn in getting in, remember you are earning a dollar for every hour you have to wait.
SAM, PETE & MAX.

Wedding Rings at Voirol's.

Chicago Markets.

The following table, furnished by T. M. Baxter & Co., Room 3, Trentman Block, Fort Wayne, Ind., gives range of prices for to-day. They have direct wires to the Chicago Board of Trade, and orders for grain, provisions and stocks will be filled promptly.
O. M. STONE, Manager.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, Aug. 17.

ARTICLES.	Opening to-day	Range to-day.		CLOSING.	
				Aug 17	Aug 16
Wheat—					
August....	$.77⅞	$.77⅞	$.77⅛	$.77⅛	$.78
September	.77⅛	.77⅛	.76⅞	.76⅞	.77⅝
December.	.78⅛	.78⅛†	.78	.78	.78⅛
Corn—					
September	.35½	.35½†	.35¼†	.35¼†	.35½
October ...	.35½	.35½†	.35¼†	.35¼†	.35½†
Mess pork-					
September	9.80	9.80	9.45	9.52	9.72½
October ...	9.72	9.72	9.50	9.52	9.67½
Lard—					
September	6.25	6.25	6.17	6.17†	6.22½
October ...	6.17	6.17	6.05	6.07	6.15

†Bid.

Notice.

The stand privileges for Labor day will be let by a committee, on Saturday, August 24, at the fair grounds at 3 p. m.
G. B. HENCH,
Chairman Committee on Arrangements.

Get your old tin roofs coated with pure "Trinadad Asphalte." The best Roof Paint in the world. It is cheap and will out last any roof paint in the world. Leave orders with the Osborn Remington Co., D. H. Lawton, Manager, Room 19, Pixley-Long Block.
6 tf.

Now is the time to secure Stoves at actual cost. Staub Bros., 16 East Columbia street. 2-tf

Fresh Butter and Eggs, at
16-2t STANDARD GROCERY.

Staub Bros. 16 East Columbia street, are closing out their entire stock of Stoves and Gasoline Stoves at cost. 2-tf

Try Peerless Flour, sold by
16-2t PAUL BROS.

The excursion of the Catholic Legion to Spring Fountain Park, Warsaw, on Wednesday, August 21, promises to be the event of the season. th&s

Wm. Meyer & Bro. will receive their new fall styles of the celebrated Knox and Youman hats next week. 16-2t

Fine large Potatoes, 35c bushel at
16-2t PAUL BROS.

Just received our new fall styles of the celebrated Wilcox Hat.
WM. MEYER & BRO.,
16-2t 34 Calhoun Street.

Wait for the Catholic Benevolent Legion excursion to Warsaw, Wednesday, August 21. There will be a reunion of all the societies of Northern Indiana. th&s

"Stylish! Well, I should say," was the remark of one of Mr. William Meyer & Bros. customers this morning in regard to the new fall style of their Wilcox Hat, which they have just received. 16-2t

Choice Goods and low prices.
16-2t STANDARD GROCERY.

The Wilcox Light Weight Hat takes the lead for style and durability. For sale by Wm. Meyer & Bro., the leading hatters, 34 Calhoun street. 16-2t

Joe H. Brinmar, the only practical sign painter, will decorate your wagon for the great industrial parade on Labor day. 16-tf

Bananas, 10c dozen.
Nutmeg Mellons, 10c each.
Watermelons, 15c, 20c and 25c each.
16-2t AT STANDARD GROCERY.

A GRAND REUNION.

The Catholic Benevolent Legion reunion takes place at Spring Fountain Park, Eagle Lake, Warsaw, Wednesday, August 21. A grand excursion has been arranged for that date. th&s

Fine Cakes and Bread.
16 2t STANDARD GROCERY.

See the new fall style of the Wilcox hat. It is nobby.
AT WM. MEYER & BRO.,
The Leading Hatters,
16-2t 34 Calhoun Street.

Fine Teas and Coffee at
16-2t PAUL BROS.

MERGENTHEIMS
BAZAAR
BARGAINS
—IN—
Towels and Table Linen.
Muslins, Sheetings
and Canton Flannels

Sold cheaper than elsewhere.

Just received a large line of beautiful
LAWN APRONS
to be sold at 25 cents.
FINE SILK MITTS
18 and 25 cents.

Mergentheims Bazaar.

TAPS CIGAR - TAPS CIGAR

Full Havana! Strictly first-class, and without doubt the Best 5 Cent CIGAR on the Market. Try 25 cents worth and be convinced it has no Equal.

W. H. PYKE,

SOLE AGENT. : : : 80 CALHOUN ST.

—THE—
"Jacobs Shoe Store,"
17 Calhoun Street,

Is the Place to bring your Dollars. We Guarantee to give you Better Shoe Leather for Your Money than any other concern in Fort Wayne.

We Shall always endeavor to maintain Our Well-Earned Reputation for selling First-Class Goods Exclusively.

We place on sale to-day 72 pair of Ladies' Bright Dongola Kid Button Boots—warranted in every instance—at $1.50 a pair, regular price $2.50.

Also: 150 pair of Gents' Dress shoes at $1.50, guaranteed to satisfy anybody.

Good Bargains in Children's shoes, Misses shoes, Ladies' Oxfords.

Make a Bee line for
The Jacobs Shoe Store,
17 Calhoun St.

Sugar and Flour
DOWN.

Extra C. sugar 8 cts.
Coffee A. 9 cts.
Granulated, 9½ cts.
Flour, $4.50 bbl.

COVERDALE & ARCHER.

FIRE! SMOKE! WATER!

Our Fire is Out, Our Losses Adjusted and Stock Arranged so that we can Commence Business Again.

MONDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19th.

AT 9 O'CLOCK,

Every Article in Our $80,000 Stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CARPETS, MILLINERY, CLOAKS AND SHAWLS, UNDERWEAR,

To Be Sold at a Great Sacrifice.

Not an article in our store has been touched by Fire. The only damage done was by Smoke and Water. They are just as good as ever. Come early Monday morning. Plenty of help so everybody can be waited on. This is a Bona-Fide CASH SALE Only.

LOUIS WOLF & COMPANY,

NO. 64 CALHOUN STREET

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1889. PRICE FIVE CENTS

SILKS.

Plain Blacks, Colored and High Novelties, Foreign and Domestic, of all descriptions. Paris and Lyons EXCLUSIVE NOVELTIES a specialty.

DRESS GOODS

Plain and High Novelties, American and Foreign Fabrics. French Sateens.

RIBBONS.

Foreign and Domestic, Plain and High Novelties.

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

Fabric Gloves, American and celebrated English, French and German makes.

KID GLOVES.

Real Kids, Suedes, Lambskins, and Driving Gloves.

Domestic Cloths, Fancy Suitings, Cloakings,

Laces, Embroideries, Curtains.

Of Latest Designs.

Table Damasks, Towellings.

Scotch, German, Belgian and Domestic Goods.

GEORGE -:- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

FINANCIAL STRENGTH OF THE EQUITABLE:

Assets	$95,042,923 96
Liabilities	74,248,207 81
Surplus	$20,794,715 15

Of the leading companies, the Equitable shows the greatest strength, having not only the largest Surplus, but also the highest ratio of Surplus to Liabilities.

J. E. OHNHAUS,

AGENT, ROOMS 19 and 20 PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK.

Gerding & Aumann Bros

—DEALERS IN—

Tin, Stoves and Hardware.

Roofing and Spouting a Specialty.

116 Wallace St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

THE

PEOPLE'S STORE,

CLEARANCE SALE

STILL CONTINUES.

SUMMER GOODS CLOSING OUT AT ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES.

ONE * PRICE * TO * ALL.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Dozois, Beadell & Co.

(PIXLEY & LONG, BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

WILL STAND BY NAGLE!

The Slayer of Judge Terry Released and Counsel Employed for His Defense in Court.

LATHROP, Cal., Aug. 17.—Judge Sawyer, at Stockton, this morning released Deputy United States Marshal Nagle, who shot and killed Judge Terry, on a writ of habeas corpus. Nagle passed through here, accompanied by Marshal Franks, on a special train for San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 17.—A dispatch was received here yesterday by United States Attorney Carey, from the department of justice at Washington, instructing him in behalf of the United States government to assume the defense of Deputy Marshal Nagle, who shot Judge Terry last Wednesday.

The supreme court of California last July reversed the decision in the Sharon-Hill-Terry divorce case and remanded the case for a new trial. Mrs. Terry, before the supreme court, applied for a rehearing to have the order for a new trial set aside. The application was refused yesterday by the supreme court.

LOWELL, Mass., Aug. 17.—Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, questioned by a reporter to-day, said he had not, as stated in some newspapers, been retained as prosecuting attorney against Justice Field and Deputy Marshal Nagle. Mr. Butler says he could not be retained in the case, as he would not act as a prosecuting officer against Judge Field.

"I do not think the law of the case has been clearly stated in any of the newspapers," said the general. "If a man is attacked and is in danger of his life, he is obliged to go to the wall before he can take the life of his assailant. It is different in the case of an officer sent to protect the justice of a court. It is then left in his judgment to strike when he fears the life of the judge is in danger from his assailant.

UNDER BOND.

Claude F. Baker Bound Over by Commissioner Leonard for Robbing the Mails.

This morning, Postoffice Inspector A. C. Bearss returned from Warsaw, having in custody Claude F. Baker, charged with embezzlement in the Warsaw postoffice.

The prisoner was arraigned before United States Commissioner Leonard, when he waived examination and plead guilty. He was bound over in the sum of $1,500, which amount was furnished this afternoon.

Baker was released and returned home.

TWO OTHER CASES.

George Wolford, a young fellow, was arraigned before 'Squire Tancey to-day on a charge of stealing $4 from Sarah Fitch. The parties live at Huntertown. The prisoner was bound over in the sum of $200 and went to jail.

Sam Ward, the colored man, was before 'Squire France this afternoon on a charge of larceny.

A REAL "SNAKE."

A Reptile of the Anaconda Species Found in a Bunch of Bananas at Clayton, Purcell & Co's.

"Ow! Ow-o-o! ki! yi!"

That was about the callibre of a piercing yell that rang out in the commission house of Clayton, Purcell & Co. this morning. The voice belonged to Henry Clay, the dusky complexioned, good natured driver for the firm.

The employes hastened to the spot whence the voice emanated, to find Clay on a high wooden frame, trembling in every nerve, while in a bunch of bananas he had been handling a reptile about four feet long was wriggling itself free from the stalk, to which it had clung since the fruit was shipped from Cuba.

Mr. Dell Clutter, bookkeeper for the firm, captured the reptile, which is a young anaconda.

His snakeship was gazed upon by hundreds of people to-day.

THE EXECUTIVE POWER.

The People Who Will Put Forth Their Efforts in Behalf of the Catholic Fair.

Big arrangements are being made for the third Library hall fair.

The following have been elected and committees appointed to serve during the coming Library hall fair, which commences September 12, 1889:

President—G. P. Gordon.

First Vice President—Louis Jocquel.

Second Vice President—Patrick Ryan.

Secretaries—William P. Breen and W. D. Gordon.

Treasurer—Killian Baker.

General Manager—Rev. Father Brammer.

Assistant Manager—Rev. Father O'Leary.

Soliciting Committee—Edward Gilmartin, George P. Gordon, H. C. Graffe, Dennis Monahan, P. A. Moran, A. A. Noll, Edward Golden, William Gaffney, J. Ditton, L. Ryan, Dr. McOscar, James Duffee, Killian Baker, Mart Traverse, R. J. Pezino, Wm. Murphy, Patrick Ryan, Charles Ryan, Frank Voirol, Dr. J. M. Dinnen; Rev. T. M. O'Leary, chairman.

Printing Committee—Wm. P. Breen, A. J. Ditton, W. D. Gordon, Dennis McCarthy.

Raffle and Premium Committee—Edward Golden, Dr. McOscar, Joseph Sorg, Patrick Ryan, R. Bensman, Louis Jocquel.

Voting Committee—Frank Voirol, Edward Golden, Wm. P. Breen, Dennis McCarthy, John W. Muldoon, Wm. Murphy.

Ticket Office—Joseph Litot, R. J. Pasinu.

Door Committee—James Fox, John Monahan, D. McCaron, Lawrence Ryan.

The several ladies' committees will be announced hereafter.

All officers and committees are requested to meet at Library Hall, Sunday evening, August 18, 7:30, p. m.

LOCAL LINES.

Hon. Bruce Carr is a guest at the Wayne.

Mrs. James Steadly, of Clay street, is critically ill.

Mrs. A. C. Keet will leave for the east in a few days.

Mrs. Ott Patterson, of Brackenridge street, is quite ill.

Mrs. Charles Cash, of Logansport, is visiting in the city.

Mr. W. A. Bohn and family have returned from Petoskey.

St. Bernard council, C. K. of A., will meet to-morrow at Library hall.

Miss Mary McPhail has returned from a visit with friends at Chicago.

Mr. M. V. B. Spencer will leave for Topeka, Kas., on business next Tuesday.

Civil Engineer Brackenridge to-day staked off the eastern extension of the northside park.

Miss Minnie Orvis, of Decatur, has been visiting some of her Fort Wayne friends this week.

Mr. Joe Bell was offered $1,000 for his team of flyers this week, which he promptly refused.

Street Commissioner O'Brien had his force cleaning Calhoun street bright and early this morning.

The Misses Sadie Wenninghoff and Anna Hollenbeck, have gone to Edgerton, Ohio, on a visit.

Louis Wolf & Co. will open for business next Monday and a big force of clerks will be on hand.

The Shaker doctor on the Court-house corner has been catching the crowds and the dollars—and the fools.

The unguarded gas trenches are death traps at night and it is "strange that more accidents do not happen.

The Charami club, a new social organization, has fitted up a room in the Anderson building on Broadway.

Mr. Ed Coombs, of Coombs & Co., is at some of the lakes in the Hoosier state. He makes his headquarters at Goshen.

Mr. I. B. Gordon, of Kansas City, is a guest at the residence of his nephew, Mr. George Gordon, in Mechanicsburg.

Mr. Robert Gavin, of the mills of C. Trossalt & Sons, left to-day for Bryan, Ohio, to attend the funeral of a sister-in-law.

Mrs. Carruthers and son, of Spring field, O., are in the city on a visit to their cousins, Rev. Shackelford and family.

James Fox, the contractor, hires every man who makes application to him for work. Mr. Fox is grading and filling the Pittsburg gravel pit.

Mr. Henry Bourot, of Coombs & Co., has gone to Chicago. He will depart from there in a few days for Lake Geneva, Wis., to enjoy a vacation.

Messrs. George K. Torrence and E. L. Craw started out to-day to sell tickets for their excursion to Salt Lake City, Utah. They anticipate a big patronage.

Henry Mayer, of Decatur, has contracted to furnish 200,000 more brick for the new Centlivre brewery, making 400,000 from his yards. The material could not be obtained in this city.

A second test was given the automatic sprinkler at the Jenney electric light works which was successful. In case of fire this system will flood the building at one hundred and fifty degrees of heat.

Mr. Jacob Kline has appealed his nuisance case from 'Squire Tancey to the circuit court. It is charged that the nuisance was maintained at the Harrington house property, on Fairfield avenue.

Misses Anderson and Large speak of beginning the fourth year of their school of music about September 9. They hope to add a vocal department to their present work and to offer especial inducements to rudimentary students.

Some months ago Charles D. Jenney, the electrical inventor, sold his interest in the works of the Jenney Electric Lighting company, of West Indianapolis, and included in the sale was the right to use his system of lighting. He will give his exclusive attention to the manufacture of electric motors.

The North Manchester races next week cause a good deal of speculation as to the speed of a number of horses in this city that will be present. Besides Emmet Powers' "Wayne Wilkes," there will be animals on the course owned by Messrs. W. H. Watt, Steve Bond, W. S. Bash, A. D. Cressler, Louis Centlivre, A. Gessler and others.

Business is brisk about the state agricultural department. The state fair will open in a month, and an additional force of clerks are now completing the arrangements for the annual exhibition. The entries up to date have been larger than usual, and the members of the board say they expect to make a better showing than ever before.

The widow of the late Norman Dodge is tending the crossing at Broadway, the position her husband had held for years. For the past year she has attended the work mostly herself and for her careful performance of the duties received a compliment from the company. If Mrs. Dodge will accept the place the Wabash will have the only lady "watchman" in the city.

MUST GO TO THE PEN!

John L. Sullivan Convicted of Prize Fighting and Sentenced to a Year's Imprisonment.

PONTOTOC, Miss., Aug. 17.—The jury at 5 p. m., yesterday, returned a verdict finding Sullivan guilty of prize fighting.

Sullivan's face, as the verdict was rendered, was a study. His look was not of disappointment or grief, but more of worry and annoyance. He showed no feeling in the presence of the crowd, and as soon as he could get away from the court house he went by a back way, accompanied by several of his faithful friends. He tried hard to keep up his spirits, singing a snatch of song and forcing a laugh, but he was evidently a little down-hearted.

This morning he was in court and was sentenced to a year's imprisonment in the penitentiary. Fitzpatrick pleaded guilty and was fined $200.

A motion for a new trial was entered at once by the champion's lawyer, and if it be over-ruled an appeal will be taken to the supreme court of the state, which will be determined at the October term.

LOCAL LINES.

Mr. S. L. Morris went to Petoskey to-day.

Mr. Charles Miller has returned from Pittsburg.

Mr. John Dougherty, of Bluffton, is in the city to-day.

J. W. Campbell leaves this evening for Wheeling, W. Va.

Manager R. T. McDonald has returned from Pittsburg.

Rev. and Mrs. C. F. Kriete were at Niagara Falls this week.

Mr. Fred G. Lepper is registered at the Wayne hotel, Chicago.

Miss Minnie Woods, of Decatur, is visiting Miss Bertha Winch.

Mr. L. D. Collins, of No. 5 North Harrison street, is quite sick.

Chas. E. Johnson and Emma J. Herman have been licensed to wed.

Mr. John Conahan has accepted a position at the New York shoe store.

M. G. Matthews, with Brant & Fuller, will Sunday at his home in Chicago.

Misses Tracy Guild and Jennie Creighton have returned from a visit in Chicago.

Mr. C. J. Cross, of Lima, Ohio, is in the city visiting his brother, Mr. Chas. W. Cross.

Little Edith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Philley, is recovering from her attack of fever.

The Catholic Knights will go to communion at St. Mary's Catholic church, one week from to-morrow.

Miss Katy Howley returned home last evening after a pleasant visit in Chicago with relatives and friends.

Mrs. E. A. Barnes, of Detroit, nee Julia Morris, of this city, is the guest of her parents in South Wayne.

Mrs. Garrott, of West Jefferson street, and Mrs. O'Connell, of West Superior street, are visiting at Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. John Bowers, a graduate of the Fort Wayne college, is down with typhoid fever at his home, on Miner street.

Mr. H. Plumadore, of Root & Co., returned last night from his eastern vacation trip spent at Niagara Falls, Buffalo and other places.

The twins of Mr. and Mrs. George Schust, of 184 Wells street, have recovered from the serious illness which nearly took away their lives.

Mrs. Jessie Townsend, Miss Nannie Dervin and Miss Ida Mann, of Decatur, were visiting at Mr. W. E. Winch's, on Maumee avenue, this week.

Mr. D. F. Bower, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., is making arrangements to secure a physical director for the gymnasium of the institution.

There was an examination of teachers at New Haven yesterday and to-day. It is the close of the normal. Superintendent Felts was present yesterday.

Deputy Sheriff Tom Mannix and George Siebold took Wm. E. Kramer to the insane asylum, at Indianapolis, to-day. Kramer worked for years in the Pittsburg shops.

The annual meeting of the Allen County Bible society will be held to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock at the city Y. M. C. A. rooms. Rev. J. W. Vigus, state agent, will be present.

The condition of Mr. Robert Swain of Maysville, is so much worse to-day that comrades of George H. Humphrey post will not visit the man, as they had intended doing to-morrow.

Lord A. McPherson, the Empire line agent, and Major George Ewing went up the St. Joe river to-day to camp on the Ely farm. They will be joined by the Tad Pole club to-morrow.

John Cummings, arrested by Officer Patton, and Frank Jonnor, arrested by Marshal Franke, both for intoxication, were before the mayor this morning. In lieu of bail they were sent to jail.

Prof. R. A. Wellenstein will give a concert next Tuesday evening, at Standard hall. He will be assisted by Ro[illegible]'s orchestra and Prof. W. F. H[illegible]. The entertainment will prove a great treat to lovers of music, and should be well patronized.

THE DAY OF REST.

Rest From the Weary Labors of the Week And Give One Day in Seven to the Worship of Thy Creator.

Read Talmage's sermon.

See that your children are in Sunday school.

No services at the Congregational church to-morrow.

No services at Trinity English Lutheran church to-morrow.

Pastor Northrop is home from Michigan and will occupy his pulpit to-morrow.

We invite every young man in Fort Wayne to read Talmage's sermon on "Drunkenness."

Sunday school in the First Presbyterian church at 9:30 a. m. All invited. No church service.

Boys' meeting at 2 o'clock, city time, at the Y. M. C. A. Boys not at Sunday school are expected to come.

Simpson M. E. Church—Preaching at 10:30, a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30. Rev. G. B. M. Rogers, pastor.

There will be no service at the Second Presbyterian church to-morrow, as Rev. Leeper is away on a vecation. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

St. Paul's M. E. church. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. M. C. Cooper, at 10:30 a. m., and 8 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m.

Free Methodist church, East Creighton avenue—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Hardin, pastor.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner Berry and Fulton streets. Rev. A. W. Seabrease, rector. Services at 10:45 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school, at 9:30 a. m.

There will be no morning service at the Nebraska Mission church. Rev. James Trythall will preach in the evening at 7:30. Sabbath School at 3 o'clock, p. m.

The men's meeting at the rooms of the R. R. Y. M. C. A. will be held at the usual time to-morrow afternoon, at 3 o'clock, standard time. Come and bring a friend.

Owing to unavoidable circumstances the services arranged for by the Christian church on Sunday evening, in the absence of Pastor Sims, will not be held as contemplated.

Berry street M. E. church, corner West Berry and Harrison streets. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Rev. W. M. Van Slyke, pastor.

Trinity M. E. church. Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., by the pastor. After the morning service the reception of probationers into full membership will take place.

Evangelical church, corner Clinton and Holman streets, to-morrow.—Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All invited. D. D. Steichor, pastor.

Kind reader, if you are old or young, married or single, we urge you to read Talmage's sermon in to-day's issue. It may save your life and the happiness of your friends and loved ones.

There will be no services at the Grace church to-morrow, as Rev. A. K. Zartman is at the bedside of his only daughter, who is very sick at the home of her grandparents, at Canton, Ohio.

Usual services to-morrow at the Wayne street Methodist church. Preaching by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. Young People's Meeting at 7 p. m.

Song and praise service at the Y. M. C. A. to-morrow afternoon at 4:30 city time, conducted by the new general secretary, Mr. D. F. Bower. Come and give him a hearty welcome and bring a friend. For men only.

Remember the regular meeting of the Loyal Temperance Legion at W. C. T. U. headquarters on Harrison street. Be there promptly at 3:30 o'clock and bring your children. Mrs. Hiler will speak on the subject, "Tobacco; Its Effects, Physical, Moral and Financial."

Preaching at the Third Presbyterian church, Sabbath, at 10:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Morning theme, "Moses' Desire to See God's Glory." Evening theme, "Conscience." Sabbath school at 2 p. m. Young peoples' meeting at 7:00 p. m. Rev. J. M. Boggs, pastor.

The First U. B. church, corner East Lewis and Harmer streets. Preaching at 10:45 a. m., by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Lower. Subject, "Moses Viewing the Promised Land." In the evening the pastor will preach his farewell sermon and on the following Monday he will leave for Lima, Ohio, where the annual conference is to be held. Sabbath school at 9 o'clock, standard time.

The Leader Washing Compound is manufactured in Fort Wayne, and sold to the grocery trade only. This compound is made of the purest material that can be bought. There is nothing that will equal it for cleaning and preparing cloths or for cleaning any and all kinds of wood-work. Every package guaranteed to do its work well or money refunded. Ask your grocery man for a package of the Leader Washing Compound and give it a trial.

GOES TO DEER PARK!

The President, After Making Several Appointments, Leaves Washington for a Little Rest.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—The president to day made the following appointments:

Robert B. Rintfro, to be collector of customs for the district of Brazos De Santiego, Texas.

Paul R. Collin, to be surveyor of customs for the port of Louisville, Ky.

Louis Weinstien, to be collector of internal revenue for the Fourth district of Iowa.

The president to-day appointed Marcus W. Towle postmaster at Hammond, Ind.

The president accompanied by Private Secretary Halford left Washington for Deer Park, at 3 p. m. Mrs. Harrison was on the train, having returned from Newport.

CHARGED WITH LARCENY.

George Fike Bound Over by 'Squire Tancey on a Charge of Stealing Tools.

Yesterday, Officer Patton placed George Fike under arrest for getting tools under false pretenses from Charles Bowman, who runs a saw shop on Pearl street, and disposing of the same.

The charge on which Fike was arraigned before 'Squire Tancey to-day was petit larceny. He represented that Mr. William Yergens, of Rauke & Yergens, sent him to Bowman for the tools. It is not the first time he has tried the game.

The court placed him under $300 bail, in default of which he went to jail.

FATAL SHOOTING.

George F. Gilfilly Meets With a Fatal Accident at Logansport.

When Manager Tuoke conducted the Academy, or People's Theatre, George F. Gilfilly was his financial backer.

He stayed here a long time and was well known.

Attorney A. H. Bittinger received a telegram this afternoon that Gilfilly accidentally shot himself at Logansport to-day, the ball entering the right side.

A party from this city and Bluffton, who went on the Niagara Falls excursion, were unceremoniously switched on a side track in the stock yards at Fostoria on their return trip and they are consequently indignant. This kind of business would not suit anybody, but inasmuch as these people came home on a regular train they experienced all the extras without additional charge. If they had come on the regular excursion train the unpleasant proceeding would not have happened.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Kunkle and daughter, Miss Ella, leave Monday morning, to be away the rest of the month at Greensburg, Pa., visiting their highly esteemed Uncle and Aunt Mace, also their nieces and nephew, Misses Nettie and Lou, and Mr. E. E. Kunkle, besides their many friends.

Mr. W. H. Bowser, postmaster at Warsaw, and Mr. Wm. Conrad, a wagon manufacturer of the same place, and a prominent democrat, were in the city to-day in attendance at the trial of young Claude F. Baker. They made THE SENTINEL a pleasant call.

D. H. Lawton, manager for the Osborn Remmington company, has secured the contract for the cement floors for the large new malt house of C. F. Rankin & Co., at Piqua, Ohio.

Rev. Reynolds and wife, of St. Paul, Minn., visited W. E. Winch and wife, on Tuesday.

THREE DAYS MORE.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Closing Days of Our Great Remnant Sale.

Thousands of ladies have visited our establishment, delighted at the remarkable bargains offered. Each department offers special inducements.

Remnant Silks, Dress Goods, Domestics, Embroideries, White Goods, Linens, Towelings, at half value. Calico remnants at 2c a yard.

Special Offer

in connection with the remnant sale. (NO HOUSE will offer such unparalleled bargains.)

100 pieces good Unbleached Canton Flannel, at 5c yard.

100 pieces Hill's Bleached Muslin, at 7c yard.

100 pieces Glendale Bleached Muslin, (yard wide) 5c yard.

100 pieces Lonsdale Bleached Muslin, 7c yard.

150 pieces Best Prints, 5c yard.

Indigo Blue Prints, 5c yard.

200 bales Bed Quilts, 90c, worth $1.25.

M. FRANK & CO.,

BEE HIVE,

62 and 64 Calhoun Street,

Corner Berry.

For your Sunday smoking supply yourself with the well-known brands of cigars—the F. G. and Frank's choice.

Don't forget to attend Sam, Pete & Max's fire sale to-day.

Don't fail to ask your grocery man for the Leader Washing Compound and take no other. 17-tf

Geo. H. Loesch, the druggist, corner Barr and Wayne streets, is having a large trade in prescriptions, all owing to accuracy and reasonable prices.

A NOBLE LIFE ENDED.

Mrs. Allen Hamilton Dies—A Pioneer Citizen, Beloved for Her Good Deeds.

Frequent mention of the illness of Mrs. Emerine J. Hamilton, widow of the late Hon. Allan Hamilton, has been made in the columns of THE SENTINEL. Mrs. Hamilton's disease was very debilitating and her age made it almost impossible to recover strength. She passed quietly away at half past 7 o'clock last evening.

Mrs. Hamilton's illness dates from Thursday of last week. From the first little hope was entertained. Her corps of excellent physicians were re-inforced by a distinguished gentleman of the medical profession, summoned from abroad, but all that the tender love of the family could suggest was unavailing. She died as she had lived—at peace with the world.

Mrs. Hamilton had lived in this county since 1827, in which year she was married to the late Hon. Allan Hamilton, at Aurora, Ind. She came to Fort Wayne when the surrounding country was almost without cultivation, and when there was but a sparse settlement of any but Indians. Her first residence here was the Old Fort, her last was the beautiful Hamilton mansion which was erected in 1838, and with its beautiful grounds occupied an entire square.

She was born in 1810 and was the eldest daughter of Judge Jesse L. Holman, who was one of the first members of the supreme court bench of the state and later was associate justice of the United States district court. The place of her birth was Aurora, Indiana. The family has been distinguished for several generations by its gifted members. Mrs. Hamilton's brother is Hon. William S. Holman, who has represented with honor the Fourth Indiana district in congress for a score of years and whose name has been frequently connected with the republican presidential nomination. Her elder son, Hon. Allen Holman Hamilton, has served the Fort Wayne district in congress with great credit and now manages the affairs of the Hamilton estate. The second son, Montgomery Hamilton, has long been distinguished in business and politics. Other loving children are Mrs. Samuel Wagenhals, wife of the pastor of Trinity Lutheran church, Mrs. Henry M. Williams and Miss Margaret V. Hamilton.

Her husband, founder of the Hamilton National bank and one of the strong men who were first to give direction and stability to the banking system of Indiana, died on August 25th, 1864. He left an honorable name and the record of a long life devoted to business pursuits, in which he won a fortune. In their nearly two score years of married life Mrs. Hamilton was a helpmate wise and loving, and left upon her children the impress of a mind that was inspired with unusual Christian graces. Long will her memory be cherished.

THE WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, August 17.—Indiana—Light local showers, slight changes in temperature, variable winds.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Aug. 17.—Wheat: August, 77½; September, 76½; December, 78; Corn: August, 35¼@¼; September, 35¼@¼; October, 35½@¾; December, 34¾@¼. Oats: August, 20½; September, 20½@¾; October, 20½; December, 20¼. Pork: August, $9.52½; September, $9.80; October, $9.52½. Lard: August, $6.17½; September, $6.17½@20; October, $6.07½; December, $5.90. Short ribs: August, $5.10; September, $5.10; October, $5.10.

Don't fail to ask your grocery man for the Leader Washing Compound and take no other. 17-tf

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry at F. J. Voirol, 244 Calhoun St.

McDermut & Whitesell's Business College will re-open Monday, Sept. 2, 1888. Persons desiring to begin a course of study in book-keeping, shorthand and other business branches would do well to make arrangements as early as possible.

Clothing, Furnishing Goods and Hats at half-price at the fire sale of SAM, PETE & MAX.

A New Discovery.

Mr. W. S. Harrison, not the only practical, but one of the best sign painters in the city, is located at 32 East Columbia street, up stairs. A gentleman passing by discovered that Mr. H. could do sign and banner work of every description at a less rate than any other place in the city, and stated to a friend that he was thankful that there was another place to go for signs and silk banners, and now no one person engaged in a like business would be compelled to do it all. Special prices given to those who desire signs for Labor day.

F. G. and Frank's choice are the leading 5c cigars in the city. Sold by all first class retailers.

F. J. Voirol's for Watches.

To a SENTINEL man, this morning, Mr. Frank Gruber, the well-known cigar man, stated that he had received revenue stamps and had a full supply of all his well-known brands of cigars on hand.

Don't fail to ask your grocery man for the Leader Washing Compound and take no other. 17-tf

Tomatoes, Berries, Plums and Peaches.

Fresh Tomatoes, 3c quart,
Concord Grapes, 5c quart,
Fresh Whortleberries, 8c quart.
English Plums, 8c quart.
Crawford Peaches, 35c basket.

FRUIT HOUSE.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.



THE section of the chapel at Budd's Lake, N. J., was badly stung by bees recently. While the chapel-bell was ringing on a Sunday evening some time ago, the bell which held it to the frame work broke, and the bell clattered down the roof to the ground. The next day it was found to be right side up and uninjured. When the sexton pried it over to one side, preparatory to having it raised by a derrick, hundreds of honey-bees flew out, surrounded him, and drove him into the lake, whence he was rescued when nearly drowned. His head was covered with stings, and his hands and arms suffered severely. The bell was found to be nearly filled with the honey. The bees had obtained ingress and egress through a small hole in the top.

THE peculiarities of various nationalities, as shown in the methods of committing crime, formed the subject of a recent conversation with an official of one of the New York city criminal courts. "The most common charges against Americans brought to the bar here," he said, "are swindling and embezzlement. The young men of Irish descent who appear here are most frequently under accusations of robbery or assaults with the fists, or with pistols. The Italians are almost invariably accused of assault with the knife or pistol. If a policeman has cause to arrest an Italian of the lower class on suspicion of being concerned in an assault, he always searches his prisoner promptly and can usually find evidence to warrant a conviction of carrying concealed weapons, even if the particular assault charged is not proved. The favorite weapon of the Italian was formerly the knife or poniard, and that of the colored man the razor, but now both weapons have been for the most part superseded by the revolver. The Polish Jews make a specialty of arson, to secure insurance money. The Germans, when they commit crime, are usually guilty of embezzlement, forgery, or attempts at suicide. The Scandinavians and the Chinese rarely appear in a criminal court as defendants. Most of the murders of recent years have been committed by young men of American birth and foreign ancestry, who belong to the ignoble order of 'roughs.'"

JAMES CRADDOCK, living three miles and a half south of Marshall, Mo., has had some experience with a blacksnake, which, no doubt, he will never forget. Pres Sandidge, of Marshall, who was with Mr. Craddock, relates the following interesting story of the encounter between the latter and the blacksnake. We were cutting bean poles on Mr. Craddock's place, and while working in the thickest of the brush, I noticed, on looking toward my companion, that a huge blacksnake was coiled about his leg, and the upper portion of its body in the iron grasp of Mr. Craddock. It was a very large snake, and appeared to be about 6 feet in length. For a few seconds there was a fierce struggle between snake and man. The reptile, with its ugly fangs protruding, made a desperate effort to free itself from the grasp of its victim and wrapped its coils still tighter about the limbs and body of the man. It was all over in a few seconds, however, the snake suddenly relaxing its coils, and with lightning rapidity swinging its tail around, striking Mr. Craddock with terrible force on either side of the head, bringing the blood and bruising him up considerably. This, of course, caused Mr. Craddock to release his hold on the reptile, and the latter made a hasty retreat, not even giving the man a chance to further investigate. Craddock does not care to engage in a "mill" such as he took part in that afternoon.

SIX miles from Petersburg, Va., is Mr. George W. Catling's farm, where a remarkable phenomenon, which is exciting widespread interest, is to be seen. This phenomenon is the sinking of a portion of the farm. The sunken area lies within a crescent-shaped margin, and its width at the upper end is from 500 to 600 feet. The sunken territory contains six or more acres. The declivity begins at a point about 200 feet in a straight line from Mr. Catling's dwelling. Land has sunk from forty to sixty feet. The tops of trees which stood on the level with others are now standing intact and come a few feet only above the level of the bluff where the sinking has occurred. The sunken area is seamed with fissures of varying lengths and depths. The most noteworthy feature of the phenomenon is the formation of a bar in the river. This bar is seventy feet long, and in it, too, are many fissures. The phenomenon was preceded some weeks ago by something like an explosion, the noise of which was heard for miles. The interest in the phenomenon is so great that crowds of people go to view it every day, a privilege for which they pay a fee of twenty-five cents. Mr. Catling has leased the privilege of landing excursionists on his farm to a party in Richmond for $1,000.

SAID an old railway engineer the other day: "There are three kinds of trains that I do not want to have anything to do with. One is the jury train. You never know when you will overtake the section hands. You will be going at the rate of forty miles an hour, away you go around a curve, and you will dash by the boss and hands, and have to go back to them. There is always a good deal of talk over the wages, and much time is taken up. The next unpleasant train to handle is an excursion train. Every one living along the line of road knows you from seeing you come by every day, and they think you know them as well. When on an excursion they presume upon their friendship to undeavor to ride on the engine. No other place will do them. The engineer has to refuse them, as it would amount to docking his wages from thirty to sixty days, if he complied, as it is positively against the rules of the road. The persons denied the privilege always feel hard about it, and look upon the engineer as unaccommodating. The last and worst of all, however, is the officers' train. If you run slow they say you are scared and fear to run fast. If you make good time they say you are careless and reckless, and want to kill somebody. You can't suit them.

ABOUT two centuries ago an old citizen of St. Ives parish, Hants, left in trust to the vicar and churchwardens an orchard, the rent of which was to be devoted to the purchase of Bibles. The testator further provided that the Bibles should be raffled off with dice, in the church, and since then the prescribed ceremony has been carried out every Whit Tuesday. Last Whit Tuesday, after a shortened evening prayer, the vicar delivered an address telling those present that they must look upon what was going to take place reverently. He was sorry they had to observe the custom in a place sanctified to the service of God; but it had been observed for 200 years. Then the proceedings began. A table covered with white cloth was brought forward, and the boys and girls came up as their names were called and threw the dice, which were provided by the church. Each had three throws, the highest numbers winning the Bibles. The ceremony closed with a hymn and the benediction.

THE little village of St. Helena, on the Nebraska side of the Missouri, ten miles below Yankton, Dakota, is in a state of excitement over a ghastly discovery made there. Parties who were prospecting in the chalk cliffs of that neighborhood for material for manufacturers of cement, came upon a small opening in the Missouri River face of the rock. It was found to be a large apartment carved by nature in the soft, chalky substance, but the startling feature of the incident was the discovery within this cave of eight human skeletons. These were lying about the cavern in such disorder as to discredit the theory that the cave might be an ancient burial place. The age of the bones cannot be determined, but they have undoubtedly been there a long time. The belief prevails that these are the skeletons of early settlers who sought the shelter of the cave when attacked by Indians years ago, and that they were either killed in a body or starved to death.

THE Singapore (India) Free Press asks: How is this for an alligator story? About two months ago Mr. Hare, chief engineer of the steamer McAlister, was presented with in Sourabaya with two alligator eggs. Not knowing exactly what to do with them at the time he put them in an old tin tobacco-box under the seat of the sofa in his cabin. While the ship was at New Harbor dock, he had a look at them and found them all right, and he then made up his mind to give them away. To carry out his benevolent purpose he went into his cabin one morning, accompanied by the intended recipient of the curios, and to their surprise they found two remarkably healthy young specimens of the alligator tribe running about on the floor as lively as crickets. After considerable trouble and some snarling and biting they were picked up and placed in one of the bathrooms.

A SAN FRANCISCO newspaper offered $200 to the one who would correctly guess the number of types in a jar exhibited in the exposition there. Two men were successful, naming the correct number, 34,200. How they came to hit on that number is interesting. One of them once guessed the number of shot in a jar about the same size as the one containing the type. There were 95,000. He thought there were one-third as many type as shot, and so divided 95,000 by three, and he said, "added a little to make it even." The other man saw a crowd around the jar, and felt in his pocket for a pencil with which to write a number. He couldn't find one, and moved on; but afterward, feeling strongly impelled to make a guess, felt again for a pencil, and found an old lottery ticket, on which was the number 34,200. He borrowed a pencil, put down the number, and won $100.

CHIEF CLERK BAKER, of the Superintendent of Prisons' office at Albany, N. Y., recently exhibited a unique tobacco box. It was made of sheet copper and tin by a convict in Sing Sing, the execution of the work being something extraordinary. The box is octagonal in shape. It has the appearance of opening through the centre, the bottom being exposed by pressing on this button, a sharp needle comes out of its centre. The opening is on the top of the box, the hinges being cut at two of the angles, and the cover flips when it is opened. The whole thing is very ingenious.

MILLIONS of sand flies precipitated themselves upon Dubuque, Iowa, on a recent evening. So vast was their number that people were compelled to abandon the streets, and men at work in the morning newspaper and telegraph offices were compelled to close doors and windows to escape the torment. "Along the levee," it is stated, "the buildings were covered so thickly with them that nothing could be seen but a writhing mass of insect life. The stench from their bodies was unbearable, and the health authorities had several wagons employed removing the offensive mass."

A RECENT close inspection of the comet discovered by Mr. Barnard, of Lick Observatory, in September last, shows that its body is evidently becoming disintegrated and the fragments are to be seen streaming behind the comet in the form of a tail, directed not from, but toward, the sun. The comet, which is 165,000,000 miles from the earth, is still fairly bright, and were it not for the fragments which are seen to follow it, would seem to be in perfectly normal condition.

GENERAL BATES, a retired English officer of means, on a tour through Washington Territory a few days ago, sat down to a dinner at a hotel in Seattle. He was surprised to recognize in the waiter who took his order his own son, who ran away from home to scalp Indians seven years ago.

Prize Farms.

The National Agricultural Society of France has awarded a gold medal to Arthur Brandin, of Seine et Marne and to M. Telard, of Saint et Oise, for the excellent management and cultivation of their farms. The Brandin farm has been in the family for upwards of 200 years and its records since 1820 were produced. Just 100 years ago it grew an average of twenty-one bushels of wheat or oats per acre, which rose to 26 bushels in 1820. Shortly after, commercial manure was for the first time employed, and the yield of wheat went up to 32½ bushels per acre and of oats to 41 bushels. Subsequently the land was drained, guano was applied and artificial grasses were grown and eaten down, but the average of the wheat crop dropped to 30 bushels, though the quality was better. This system was followed until 1870 without improvement in yield, when the soil was analyzed and found to be rich in potash but deficient in phosphoric acid and lime. These elements were then supplied, tests were made to secure the varieties best adapted to the land, and the yield per acre for the last seven years has risen to 961 bushels of wheat and 62 bushels of oats. M. Telard's farm of 812 acres, half way between Pithiviers and Chantilly, has 310 acres in sugar beets, the yield per acre of which, as well as their sugar content, has steadily increased. The average yield of wheat on 250 acres in 1887 was 36 bushels per acre. A large herd of cattle is kept during the winter to consume the beet pulp, in addition to which the cattle get some cottonseed meal or cake, with about six pounds per head of wheat straw, chaff or corn fodder.—[American Agriculturist.

AN ALASKA ROMANCE.

How a Missouri Miner's Native Wife Led Him to Fortune.

The crowd of passengers in the Union Depot, Kansas City, on a recent evening, were interested in a stalwart young man wearing the garb peculiar to mining districts, and his Esquimaux wife and two-year-old baby. The woman was clothed in ordinary female dress, but her dark skin, sharp, black eyes, broken speech and appearance generally, proclaimed her nativity, while the baby that nestled in her arms and playfully pulled its papa's long beard clearly showed its mixed blood.

The miner submitted to an interview as gracefully as a politician. His wife proved to have quite a romantic history and his marriage to be a very interesting romance. "My name," said he, "is James Steed. I live in Alaska, and I am en route to my parents' home, in Dallas County, Mo., with my wife and baby for a visit. My wife is an Esquimau, about twenty-two years of age. I bought her three years ago, while I was in the Forty-Mile River placer gold district. She belongs to the tribe that makes its headquarters at Fort Recovery, 1,800 miles above the mouth of the Yukon.

"In the first place I hired her as a servant to assist me in exploring the placer gold diggings of the Lawrence River, a small stream about 100 miles up the Forty-Mile River, paying her husband $10 for her services three months.

"When I arrived at Forty-Mile three years ago and staked my claim, I heard wonderful stories about Lawrence River, but no camps had been established there, and the bars above the mouth had not been prospected. I determined to go and see for myself. The journey had to be made in a canoe, and I gave out word that I desired to employ a native to pole the boat and take care of my camping outfit. I confess that I was surprised the next day when a stalwart native led a woman into my hut and offered her as the servant I desired. I consulted with other miners, and from them learned that the native females were the only ones that could be trusted, as they were diligent, strong, faithful and honest, while the males were exactly the reverse, and liable to murder their sleeping employer, if there is the least chance to get away with the body. I learned that the woman was the wife of the man who brought her to me. The woman seemed anxious to be employed, and I concluded a bargain with her husband.

"The next morning she appeared at my claim with a small bundle of clothing in her hand. She set about and had my boat fitted up ready for the trip by noon, and we pulled out soon afterward. She poled the boat swiftly, while I sat on the stern musing over the degraded condition of the Alaska females. When the time came for stopping, she drew the boat to the shore, made it fast, and drew a canvas over the part designed as the sleeping apartment. She could not understand a word that I said, but by signs I instructed her to prepare supper. When I sat down to eat I invited her to join me. She seemed surprised and blushed like a girl, but accepted my invitation. I was a little surprised when I found that my invitation meant to her that I should treat her as a wife and not as a servant, and that was the cause of her confusion.

"I found her assistance invaluable. She taught me how to wash a pan of gold, and her native geological knowledge enabled her to tell the gold value of any district we struck at a glance.

"She learned a few words of English, and we got on together amazingly well. The day before we returned home I noticed that she was downhearted about something, and I inquired the cause. Her eyes were full of tears, as she turned her honest-looking face toward me and said: "I don't want to go back to my husband again. He will beat me. He don't treat me like you do." She finally informed me that her husband would sell her for ever for $50, and proposed if I would buy her she would work the gold out of my claim after working hours. I agreed to her proposition. Her eyes brightened up, and from that hour to this she has been the happiest woman in Alaska. I found her husband on a big spree, and he readily sold the woman for $20 and a pair of boots. The money proved to be his ruin. He filled up with Alaska Free Company whiskey and was drowned in the Yukon a day or two afterward.

"Now that the woman was mine I provided her with clothes like American women. It cost her a considerable effort to learn to wear them, but she did. I did not, of course, let her work in the mines, but treated her like an American wife. Several other miners secured native wives, and the women formed a very select circle, greatly envied by the females of their tribe.

"I had big luck at mining and determined to take my wife and baby back to the States to see my parents. When we came out we stopped at Sitka, and were married in regular style. This was our first chance, and I guess it is all regular under the circumstances.

"I think my wife is nice. I love her dearly, and did you ever see a finer baby than that one in her arms?"

Novel Cars in Use.

Some cars of a novel type have been put in service on the Northern road of France. Each one is composed of three connected sections, each supported on four wheels, as if there were three independent cars; but internally the three sections are in communication, and form a single car with 102 seats, besides a compartment for the mail, and another for the conductor, which can be used for a baggage car when necessary. When the mail and baggage compartments are not needed for those special purposes, the car contains 122 seats. These 102 or 122 seats are divided into twelve first-class seats, twenty second-class and seventy or one hundred third-class. The car weighs 55,450 pounds, or 543 pounds for each seat; it is eighty-two feet in length, and is provided with a central passage which is entered from three platforms having steps at the side; the platforms at the extremities have railings, and a central gate for the exclusive use of the conductor when he desires to go from the car to the locomotive.

Irrigation on a Great Scale.

Irrigation is carried out on an extensive scale in Wyoming Territory. Something like 2,000,000 acres of land have recently been reclaimed and rendered fit for cultivation by means of ordinary ditches, and official reports estimate that not less than 4,000,000 acres more can be reclaimed in the same way. It is also shown that not less than 6,000,000 acres in addition can be reclaimed by extraordinary means—that is, by a system of storage. This would give Wyoming about twelve million acres that might be devoted to agriculture, aside from the much larger body of grazing land.

A Battle in a Drop of Water.

To ordinary people a drop of water is like the primrose was to Peter Bell, a drop of water and nothing more. But to the student of nature, armed with a microscope, it becomes a world teeming with minute life, in which the struggles daily witnessed around us are reproduced. Mr. R. P. Grace, writing to Hardwicke's Science Gossip, relates what he saw while examining a collection of the fresh water rotifer Brachionus rubens. Among the collection was an infusorian, which swam rapidly with a circular motion and was capable of great change in form. A few days after having first noticed the infusorian, he saw that most of the rotifers contained one of these guests, and, his curiosity being excited, he watched the movements of the creatures more closely. The rotifer is a strong, expert swimmer, and the infusorian, in order to overcome it, began operations by turning round the rotifer's foot, slowly and gently at first, and then more rapidly. This appeared to cement the rotifer's foot to the glass, and, finding itself secured, it began to lash about with great vigor in its efforts to escape, but was unable to get away.

In about half an hour the rotifer became exhausted, and the infusorian then got through the lorica, from which comes the rotifer's foot. The infusorian being much larger than the inlet, the following devices are resorted to: The front part of the infusorian was contracted to a mere ribbon, the contents of the animal being pressed into the back part so as to form a globe. The ribbon was now inserted into the lorica through the hole, then the contents of the globular part were injected into the ribbon, making it globular, and thus reversing matters—the bulk of the infusorian being now inside the rotifer. The infusorian next assumed a globular form, and rotated itself, but the rotifer's cells moved rapidly for quite half an hour after the entrance of the enemy. Having drowned the rotifer, the infusorian divides into two or four new animals, which are exactly like the parent, and swim away to seek fresh victims, when the same struggle for existence is gone through. Mr. Grace saw from twenty to thirty attacks and conquests such as that above described, and only once or twice did the rotifer manage to break away.—[Globe-Democrat.

Treatment of Fainting.

Fainting proceeds from different causes, the commonest being a disturbance in the circulation of the blood in the brain. For an ordinary fainting fit you should lay the patient flat; great harm has often resulted from the treatment of ignorant people in trying to make the patient sit up or propping his head with pillows. You want to send the blood back from the heart to the brain, and so the flat posture is absolutely necessary. Let the patient lie so that the feet are higher than the head, throw the clothes about the chest and throat open, sponge the face with cold water, and give him some cold water to drink.

Should the fainting be prolonged, place hot water bottles about the person and apply mustard poultices to the soles of the feet.

In applying smelling salts, which act as a good restorative, be careful to do so only for a short time, as the insensible patient can not withdraw from it, and the pungency often does actual harm to the delicate membrane lining the nose. When the patient recovers, give some stimulant; a teaspoonful of brandy with a good deal of water can be given.

When the faint results from chloroform all the above-named means are good for restoring the patient to consciousness; and in prolonged cases, where these means fail, the patient must be lifted by the feet so that a direct current of blood can be sent to the brain, and warm water should be applied to the head.

It should be remembered that when fainting proceeds from a wound and consequent loss of blood, that the fainting helps to stop the bleeding, so that when you give in this case any stimulants, do not do so until you have stopped the hemorrhage.—[Home Topics.

A Pair of Orioles.

Not all the time of the beautiful orioles was passed in contentions; once having placed themselves on what they considered their proper footing in the family, they had leisure for other things. No more entertaining bird ever lived in the room; full of intelligent curiosity as they were, and industriously studying out the idiosyncrasies of human surroundings in ways peculiarly their own, they pried into and under everything—opened the match-safe and threw out the contents, tore the paper of the wall in great patches, packed the backs of books, and probed every hole and crack with their sharp beaks. They ate very sparingly, and, as mentioned above, were exceedingly fond of dried currants. For this little treat the male soon learned to tease, alighting on the desk, looking wistfully at the little china box whence he knew they came, wiping his bill, and in language plain enough to a bird-student, asking for some. He even went so far, when I did not at once take the hint as to address me in low, coaxing talk of very sweet and varied tones. Still I was deaf, and he came within two feet of me, uttering the half-singing talk, and later burst into song as his supreme effort at pleasing or propitiating the dispenser of dainties. I need not say that he had his fill after that.—[Atlantic Monthly.

Some Famous Suicides.

The following are some of the most noted suicides, of which mention is made in history. These do not favor much of insanity, but rather of stoic philosophy:

Cato stabbed himself rather than live under the despotic reign of Cæsar; Themistocles poisoned himself rather than lead the Persians against his countrymen; Zeno, when 98, hung himself because he had put his finger out of joint; and Hannibal and Mithridates poisoned themselves to escape being taken prisoners. When we search Scripture we find that Saul, rather than fall into the hands of the Philistines, commanded his armor-bearer to hold his sword that he might plunge upon it; Samson, for the sake of being revenged upon his enemies, pulled down the house in which they were reveling and "died with them;" and Judas Iscariot, after selling the Saviour for thirty pieces of silver, was overcome by remorse "and went and hanged himself."

CHARLESTON, S. C., it is said, lead the other cities of the country in respect to miniature painting. For 100 years this has been a peculiar distinction of the city. Thomas Coram, an English artist, was the instructor who introduced the art in South Carolina.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.

How the Shah of Persia Travels in His Own Country.

It was pitch dark as we approached the royal camp, and the appearance presented thereby was very extraordinary. There appeared to us to be miles of white tents, each with a camp fire burning before it. There were camels, mules, and horses in every direction that our eyes penetrated. It was as if we had suddenly been plunged into the midst of a vast army, and well it might be, for the following are roughly the statistics of the retinue which accompanied the Shah from his capital to the frontier: Four thousand quadrupeds, including mules, horses, and camels, for carrying the luggage and drawing the carriages; 3,000 tents to accommodate 7,000 to 8,000 individuals, 25 carriages for the royal suite alone, 3 royal wives, and their 40 female attendants.

The Shah's tent arrangements cover over an acre of ground. The huge red tent inhabited by the still slumbering monarch was visible from afar. It was pitched in a grove of poplars, by the side of a tiny lake, and surrounded by a wall about eight feet high, made of Resht embroidery—that is to say, an embroidery of chain stitch, uniting little bits of colored cloth, which we know well enough in England in the shape of table covers and anti-macassars, and for which I have never really felt any great affection; but still, when it decorates a high wall inclosing an acre of ground the effect is startling and magnificent. Finer table covers of the same material were spread as saddle cloths over the many gayly-caparisoned horses around us, and just as we approached quantities of mules were on the point of starting with royal and other luggage with bright red palls cast over their burdens. All the carriages were waiting ready before the gate into the royal inclosure, which was formed of poles painted red, looking not unlike gallows. Anisi Dowlet, the Shah's favorite wife, was just going to start in her gilded carriage, drawn by six gayly-caparisoned horses. She is a remarkable woman who has held her position of favorite for thirty years. She has no children, she is not young, and I am told not beautiful; but her intellectual qualities are such and her manner so bright that they have placed her far ahead of the other ladies in the royal harem. She always started an hour or two before his Majesty, presumably acting as a good wife should, to see that all was in order and the slippers ready at the other end. There, too, was the Shah's own horse, called "Beest Satoun," or "Twenty Pillars," with its beautiful and neat gold bridle and its saddle cloth of very fine Resht embroidery partially covering its glossy flanks. From the bearing rein two straps of gold lay across his chest; he is a splendid animal and always held in readiness for his Majesty to ride when tired of driving in his carriage. Close to "Twenty Pillars" stood another horse in readiness to carry his Majesty's pipe bearer; the pipe is a luxury indulged in by all Persian grandees when traveling. His Majesty's own kalyan or water pipe is carried in a drum-shaped case, covered with purple velvet and gold, and strung from the saddle. At the other side are suspended the firebox and the water guard, similarly decorated and all ready, so that at a moment's notice the pipe can be prepared when the Shah expresses a wish for a whiff of tobacco. Among the horses were the body guard with their silver and gold batons, the running footmen clad in red with hats not unlike Gods' coxcombs, any number of generals, officers, and soldiers. The scene was one of the greatest animation and brilliancy, lit up by the rays of a Persian sun.—[The Fortnightly Review.

A Desperate Mother's Ingenuity.

From a gentleman who resides in that vicinity was obtained last night the details of a most remarkable rescue from death that took place at the farm of Wendell Russell, about three miles from Venice, Ill., Monday afternoon. Mr. Russell had removed the pump from the well to make some repairs, and had carelessly covered the aperture with boards. A little four-year-old boy playing in the vicinity got on these boards and fell through, one of the boards going with him. His mother heard the boards and rushed to the rescue. There was about twelve feet of water in the well, and the distance from the top to the surface of the water was about fifteen feet. She could see the little one clinging to the board and floating on the water. No assistance was at hand and she was thrown on her own resources. Her wits worked quickly and she acted with great promptness. Securing a stout rope which was near at hand she fastened one end of it tightly about the body of her nine-year-old daughter and then let her down to the water, where she grabbed the little one and shouted to her mother to pull her up. Her mother could not do it. While it was a comparatively easy matter to lower the girl steadily and to hold her, it was quite another thing to hand her up, and the mother's strength was not equal to the task. She, however, found a way out of the dilemma. With a few words of encouragement to her loved ones clinging to each other just above the surface of the water, she made the rope fast above and ran to get a ladder that was leaning against the house. This she let down the well, but it reached but little below the surface of the water, and there was nothing for it to rest on. She secured a stout piece of timber and placed it across the top of the well between the top rounds of the ladder. She then went down herself and helped the children up.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Revolutionizing the Steel Industry.

A firm in Chicago, engaged in the manufacture of tin cans and japanned ware, has patented an invention which competent judges say will revolutionize the iron and steel industry of the world. Patents have been secured in the leading countries of the world. It is, in brief, a process by which molten metal may be rolled into any desired shape, thus saving all intermediate processes. It was invented originally to roll molten solder into thin plates, but the process as pronounced by experts to be equally applicable to iron and steel in its various forms of plate structural iron and rails. It is believed that the cost of manufacturing steel rails can be reduced to the extent of ten dollars per ton, and that thin iron plates for tinning can be made much below the cost of production of tin plates in Wales, thus making a new industry in this country. The molten metal is passed between rollers, which is chilled as it passes, the rollers being kept cold by a stream of water which passes through them. Another advantage is that iron and steel so rolled will be much more even and closer in texture than that made by present methods, being free from the air holes which result from the intermediate processes.—[Times Democrat.

Eyelids That Have Strange Power.

I saw two women jugglers at Jeppore. They were bright, intelligent-looking girls, one of whom appeared almost old enough to be the mother of the other. They did many wonderful things, one of which was mixing up sand in water, and then putting the hand into the discolored fluid, they brought a handful of sand which they filtered through their fingers as dry as before it went in. The youngest of these girls was perhaps 15. She was tall, well formed and fine looking. She had bracelets on arms and on feet, and her eyes were as beautiful as those of a gazelle. One of her tricks was the lifting of a heavy chair by her eyelids, the thought of which almost makes my eyes sore. The chair was a heavy mahogany one, which belonged to the room in which I was staying. She tied two strong strings to the top of this, and affixed the ends of these strings to her eyes by little round metal cups, each about the size of a nickel. These fitted over the eyeballs and under the lids, and she bent over while they were so fastened. Raising herself she pulled up the chair with these strings with the muscles of her eyelids, and carried it from one side of the room to the other. It was a horrible sight, and as she took the metal cups from her eyes they filled with water, and she almost sank to the floor. I told her the trick was disgusting, and that she ought never to try it again. Still, for this and the rest of the show, these girls were well satisfied with two rupees or about 70 cents.

A Cure for Hydrophobia.

In our search for a cure for hydrophobia, why does no one think of seeking the McGovan family, in County Cavan, who have kept the secret of one for nearly three hundred years? It is, of course, impossible to tell what the secret is, for it is confined to the breast of one man. The father, on his death bed, confides it to his son, and so it goes down. All that is generally known is that the patient is treated with a broth of herbs, which is said to be far from appetizing. These herbs are gathered in the early dawn, but whether some mystic virtue lies in the hour they are pulled, or whether it is done only to keep off prying eyes, no one can tell. The fact remains that many people who have been bitten by rabid dogs, and not merely dread hydrophobia, but are in foaming convulsions from it, have been cured by the McGovan treatment. Myth and exaggeration may have gathered around it, but even so, is it not worthy to engage the attention of our scientists?—[London Hospital.

Artificial Silk.

In the Paris Exhibition is exhibited a collodion product of remarkable character, neither more nor less than artificial silk. To manufacture it, pyroxyline was first prepared by the conversion of a specially pure cellulose, obtained from certain parts of young wood, and then dissolved in a mixture of thirty-eight parts of ether and forty-two of alcohol. Through a series of concentrin tubes the collodion is forced out, under pressure, in a stream, and then immediately solidifies by contact with water, the thread so produced being wound off on a bobbin. Next, this thread is denitrated by being soaked in weak nitric acid, which renders it insoluble in ether and alcohol, and also non-explosive. The threads are now dried and used as ordinary silk; they are capable of being dyed, and are about three-quarters the textile strength of ordinary cocoon silk. In appearance it is stated to excel the natural product of the silk-worm.—[British Journal of Photography.

Losing His Violin Finger.

I heard of an incident which occurred in a horse car in Boston recently which illustrates anew the need of care by occupants to avoid injuring their fellow-passengers. A unruly little fellow had the end of one of his fingers cut off by the door of a box horse car being jammed against it by a heedless passenger. The car was crowded so that the boy was obliged to stand up, and not being tall enough to reach the straps, he held on by the open door of the car. As one of the passengers went out he pulled the door violently and shut it against the boy's finger, leaving it hanging by a thread. Attempts were made by a surgeon to whom the boy's father took him to have the several pieces joined to the stump, but it would not hold. What adds to the misfortune of the boy's loss is that he is studying to be a professional violinist, his father being a well-known performer on this instrument, and the finger mutilated is his "violin finger."—[Boston Post.

Selling Titles in France.

A curious fact is that in France a man can will away his title to anyone whom he may care to adopt, just as he can a ring or a sum of money. Thus, some years ago, one of the proudest titles in France went a-begging. The old Duc de Mismorenail was so poor that he offered to adopt and leave his ducal title to any man who would insure him for the rest of his days (and he was very old) the modest income of $2,000. Oddly enough, the poor old duke, whom ill-luck would thus seem to have followed up to the last, found no one to bid for the proffered honor, and so he died in the most abject penury. Were a similar transmission of nobility legal in England, there are twenty members of the House of Lords who would gladly, for a handsome consideration in cash, adopt the most unsavory commercial "gentleman," and leave him all their honors.

Fistic Encounters of Ancient Greece.

At the fistic encounters of ancient Greece, boxers increased the force of their blows by the weight of iron rings, shielding their knuckles, and fastened by means of a broad leather strap that was grasped in the hollow of the fist, thus giving the fighter a chance to shift the ring whenever a heavy blow happened to bruise his hand at any special place. How human skulls could weather such work might seem quite a puzzle, but there is no doubt that the practice prevailed throughout the last seven centuries of the Olympiads, and that boxing formed one of the five athletic accomplishments in the pentathlon—the five prize contests for which the champions of all the Mediterranean coast-lands trained year after year.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Velocity of Light.

Light moves with the amazing velocity of 185,000 miles a second, a speed a million times as great as that of a rifle-bullet. It would make the circuit of the earth's circumference at the equator, seven times in one beat of the pendulum. For a long time light was thought to be instantaneous, but it is now known to have a measurable velocity.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE number of comets discovered this season is almost unprecedented. Either astronomers are becoming more industrious or comets are growing less shy.

THE slight increase in the infantry of the Austrian Army is significant, as it places that branch of service on a war footing. That so trifling an augmentation as 9,000 men should fill the force to the maximum standard illustrates how great has been for some time the tension of the military preparation of European powers.

ACCORDING to the Philadelphia Record the money used in a single year to pay the salary and expense bills of the traveling salesmen of the United States, would liquidate the entire national debt and leave a few dollars over. This rather startling statement was made by a junior member of one of the large dry goods houses in that city, who has a force of about fifty travelers under his immediate charge.

WEALTHY men in New England are setting a good example for men of fortune in other parts of the country by giving large sums of money for the establishment of libraries. The latest instance of these commendable actions is that of the gift of a handsome library building, erected at a cost of $5,000, to the town of South Dartmouth, by John H. Southworth, of Springfield, Mass. Mr. Southworth also stocked the library with 3,400 books.

THERE are a good many "camps" near summer resorts this year, and some even in out-of-the-way places. It seems to be a favorite way for families to reduce their summer expenses by combining their necessary household and kitchen work, saving both money and time. Recently well-to-do residents of Memphis have established such a camp in Canada, on the north shore of Lake Erie. They live in cottages and have their meals served them at a general clubhouse.

THE Maharajah of Singpore, who is now in Paris, is astonishing even that blase city. His coachmen, attendants, costumes and expenditure are based on such a scale of elegance that he seems to have the wealth of the East at his disposal. He far outshines the Shah of Persia, who has not impressed Europe with his elegance this trip. The Indian potentate of Singpore has never been on the Continent before and he seems to like Paris so well that his stay bids fair to be a long one. Parisian tradesmen sincerely hope that the affairs of Singpore will not soon recall him to his native land.

THE Russian empire is very rich in mineral wealth. The known supplies of coal are very large. As yet, however, the vast wealth possessed by the empire in this direction alone is only beginning to be known. A report to the government by Professor Mendelieff shows that in the basin of the Donetz river, a tributary of the Don, there are nearly 21,000,000,000 tons of coal awaiting working. If the mines prove workable as deep as the average English mines, it is estimated that three times the above total is to be obtained. The Donetz basin, it is claimed, could alone supply the present annual coal consumption of the world for 200 years to come.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Philadelphia Telegraph reports that the Hon. George H. Pendleton, formerly Minister to Germany, is a hopeless invalid. He is now traveling with his daughters about the health resorts of Europe, and hopes to return to America this fall, but he will never again appear in public life. His friends reluctantly confess that he is threatened with softening of the brain. His daughters are devoting themselves to him constantly, and he has to be watched and cared for by an attendant who is obliged to be with him at all times. His decline is due to the shock given him by the death of his wife, who was killed in a runaway accident in this country while he was abroad.

THE business of the Eiffel tower turns out to be immense. M. Eiffel calculated that when everything was in working order the gate money would be $5,000 a day. Since the lifts have been in operation he is brought to have averaged more than this. It costs twenty cents to enter the tower, forty cents to get up in the lift to the second floor, and eighty cents to the top. On any one of the ordinary full price days more than 20,000 people have paid admission, and, with the increased prices for those using the elevator, the entire receipts exceed $10,000. The original cost of the Eiffel Tower, all included, was a little less than $1,000,000. The proprietor has to keep it in repair and hand over one-fourth of his gate money to the Exhibition. It is estimated that it will be half paid for when the Exhibition closes, and then it will remain certainly three years more and perhaps ten.

ON the 1st of October next the representatives of the majority of the independent powers of the New World will meet in the city of Washington, to take part in an international conference to which they have been invited by the government of the United States. There are nineteen independent countries on the American Continent and adjacent islands, all but one of which, the Empire of Brazil, are republics. Of these powers, the following have accepted the invitation of our government to take part in the conference: Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Peru, Salvador and Uruguay. Those which have indicated no wish to be represented are: Columbia, Ecuador, Hayti, Paraguay, San Domingo and Venezuela. The object of the conference in brief, are as follows: Agreement upon a common means of resistance to the encroachment of European powers; the formation of a customs league, or common tariff; the establishment of frequent steamship lines; the adoption of a common system of weights and measures, and of a common currency; the adoption of an international means for the protection of persons, property and trade marks; and the establishment of a system of arbitration to settle all conflicts between American powers.

A Great Ship Canal.

Among the great water-ways which show the triumphs of modern and engineering skill is the Manchester Ship Canal, in England. The canal, which is about 35 miles long, with a normal width of 120 feet on the bottom, and a constant depth of 26 feet, commences with certain docks and basins in the city of Manchester, and follows the fewell to its junction with the Mersey, and the Mersey to near Runcorn, crossing the two rivers thirty times in a distance of 14 miles.

FREAKS OF LUCK.

TWO PECULIAR CASES PROBED BY A SCRIBE.

A Bank Clerk Stopped From Stealing by a Peculiar Arrangement of Mirrors—A Strangely Deliberate Suicide.

The greed of gold, writes "Durandal" from New York to the Cincinnati Enquirer, is quite as remarkable as the whimsicalities of its expenditure. Did ever a man, no matter how good, have another man's money in his possession without at least the thought of stealing it coming into his head?

"Conscience is a curious thing," said one of Byrnes' best detectives. "Let me tell what I once saw. I was shadowing a bank clerk on a Western railroad train. He had a handbag containing his employer's treasure, and was tempted to vamoose with it. The cars rolled along down from the Rocky Mountains height of Denver for hours. Tom took to studying a time-table, in which he saw that a westward train would meet and pass this eastward train at Mirage. What of it? He put the question mentally to himself, and answered that it meant nothing whatever to him. But he went on to think that, if he wished to steal the gold, a way to do it was to quit this train at Mirage and get aboard the other. I watched the whole mental process.

He pronounced the idea preposterous, but he did not get rid of it, and when the stop was made he alighted with the bag in his hand. He seemed actuated by some impulse which got its force outside of himself. He had the opportunity to use the speed of two locomotives to put distance between the gold and its owner, who was on the same train. He walked slowly toward the further end of the platform, wondering at his inability to cease plotting a crime, and debating whether there was any likelihood of his changing to the westward train when it came. The most resplendent things in Colorado are the drinking saloons, and a new one at Mirage was to be paneled with mirrors. The big plates of glass had been delivered at the station. They were unframed, and some of them were out of the boxes in which they had been transported. The owner of the groggery had discovered that if the edges of two mirrors are placed together at right angle, with no frame or anything else to separate their surfaces, a person sees himself duplicated in the corner thus formed. Half the image is on one glass and half on the other, but the juncture is not visible, and a singular optical effect is that, no matter where the man stands, or how he changes his place, his reflection will not budge from its place in the mirrored angle. The name of Mirage has been derived from the frequency of the visual illusion of mirage in the rarefied atmosphere of the elevated region, and it may be that the whiskey-seller meant to startle his customers beyond anything known to the Fata Morgana as they drank at his bar. As though impatient to foresee the practicability of his plan, he had set up a dozen of the mirror plates in right-angled pairs against the boxes and the side of the freight house. Toward them Tom walked unexpectantly. To his sudden amazement he encountered himself in multiple. Each Tom had a villainous scowl and a skulking air as he gripped the bag of gold. Notwithstanding the absence of frames from the looking-glasses, he would have comprehended them at a second glance but for the behaviour of the reflected images. They did not stir from their separate glasses as he advanced, nor change their positions in the least when he moved aside, but stared back at him like so many thieves suddenly halted in their flight. He was shocked and bewildered as though by a supernatural vision.

"'That's a curious effect, sir.' It was my own voice that caused Tom to turn abruptly, with a quiver of fright.

"'What d' you say?' he brokenly responded. 'Do you mean the effect on me?'

"'O, no,' I carelessly continued; 'the queer optical effect of such an arrangement of mirrors.'

"'Certainly—that is—yes, I was observing it myself.'

"To Tom it remained an uncertainty whether a flight was prevented by the encounter of the errors, but I shall always believe that he was thereby saved from a crime."

I shall put that true and curious incident into an episode of fiction. And let me go from that recollection of a detective to a real occurrence here in New York, to show how curiously one man treated himself while under a trifling misfortune of a pecuniary sort. Carl Werner returned one evening despondent to his apartment in the wilderness of tenements which shut the sun out from West Fortieth street, in the neighborhood of Ninth avenue. He was a man between 50 and 60, shaped like one of those queer, long-bodied and short-legged dogs which are sent into holes after woodchucks. His toes turned in, and he rolled ponderously and ominously as he walked. His face was as round and placid and vacant as the moon. No one could ever guess from its expressionless surface that Werner was sorrowing, and it is possible that, being a deliberate man—his sorrow at that period had not obtained much headway. To his wife, a gray-haired, plaintive-looking woman of about his own age, he briefly confided the information that he was out of work. The pickle factory in which he had labored for thirteen years had suddenly discovered that it was no longer in need of his services. Mrs. Werner burst into tears, and two fatherless and motherless grandchildren, 4 and 6 years of age, respectively, cried to keep her company. Werner filled a pipe, and, seating himself, calmly contemplated his weeping family through a cloud of smoke. Finally he preferred a simple request. "Lieschen," he said to the older of the children, "pring your grandfarder some peer."

The child obtained a brown pitcher with blue stripes abon it from the table, and went forth sobbing upon her errand. When she returned Werner took the pitcher from her, eyed for a moment the foam rounding from its top, and emptied it without taking breath. Having done that he set the pitcher carefully down, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and observed:

"I trinks no more peer."

That was three weeks ago, and for fifteen days Werner, who had been accustomed to consume a large quantity of beer daily, drank none at all. It seemed to make no difference in his physical person or his spirits. He smoked with equanimity, and his face remained as round and placid and vacant as before. On the sixteenth day, however, he regarded Lieschen with unusual thoughtfulness as he sat down to the breakfast table. He was still out of work, although he had made application for employment at all the pickle factories in the city, and on the evening previous Mrs. Werner had consulted him as to the advisability of drawing, for the defrayment of current household expenses, a small part of the nine hundred and odd dollars which lay to their credit in the savings bank. After he had regarded the elder of his grandchildren uninterruptedly for the better part of a minute, his little family were mildly surprised to hear him say, in the words which he had employed on the day of his discharge from the pickle factory:

"Lieschen, pring your grandfarder some peer."

The child obeyed with alacrity, and Mrs. Werner seemed cheered by this renewal of a habit which her husband had followed during more than thirty years. Werner took the pitcher from his little granddaughter when she returned, looked reflectively at the beer, and then emptied into it a paper of paris green which he took from his waistcoat pocket. Having so done, Werner softly agitated the pitcher, in order that the poison might be well stirred up, and calmly drank the contents.

For the rest of the day the discharged pickle-maker sat smoking at the window, while the family wept. Mrs. Werner would have given notification of her husband's act, and would have summoned medical assistance, but he commanded her to the contrary, and she had long been accustomed to acknowledge his will as law. The poison sickened him, but seemed unlikely to produce any more serious result. Werner waited patiently until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and then once more summoned the little Lieschen, whom he instructed to procure for him another pitcher of beer, and to stop on her way to the paint store and buy five cents worth of paris green.

"You tole der boss dot was for rats," said Werner.

Mrs. Werner went into a paroxysm of sobbing, and the child was frightened and unwilling to do the errand, but the authority of Werner prevailed, and Lieschen brought the beer and the poison duly. Werner drank the beer, all but a single glass, without admixture. Into the last glass he poured the powder. Holding his pipe in one hand and the deadly dose in the other, he was about to drink, when his wife struck the mixture from his grasp and it was spilled upon the floor. Werner contemplated his wife in placid sorrow, and then turned his attention to the glass. A thick green mess remained at the bottom of it. He took up the glass and swallowed the poison at a gulp.

It was then about 4.30 o'clock, and Werner stretched himself upon the kitchen floor and closed his eyes. Mrs. Werner sat by him, torn by conflicting emotions. Whenever she or the children moved as though to summon assistance he commanded them to desist. None of them dared to disobey him. It may be that a man less obstinate would have died more easily. This one died at last. At 10 o'clock that night the spirit left him, and his wife and grandchildren went sobbing with the story to the police.

No Checks Cashed or Money Loaned.

"You have probably observed in your travels," said the hotel clerk, "the sign hung out at the cashier's desk in all leading hotels; 'No money loaned or checks cashed here!' Those signs are hung out to protect the hotel from dead beats, and they serve the purpose to a certain extent. We make a mistake now and then, as was the case here a couple of weeks ago. An old codger came along with an old-fashioned satchel, and he looked so hard up and rusty that I gave him the poorest room in the house, and asked for a deposit of five dollars. He made it, and I gave him no further attention. At the end of a week he came up to settle his bill, and when I gave him the figures he pulled out a check book and filled up a check for the amount.

"'Can't take it,' I said, as I showed it back.

"'Why?'

"'Got beat too often.'

"'But it's good.'

"'Maybe.'

"'Well, I have no currency, and must pay you by check; very few people refuse them.'

"'Look here, old fellow,' I replied, my mad coming up, 'if you think to beat this house you will get left! Either come down with the bill or you'll go to jail!'

"He tore up the check, filled in another for $200,000 on a Chicago national bank, and handed it over, with the remark:

"'Please step over to the bank and ask them to assure themselves that this would be honored in Chicago.'

"I went over to a national bank, and inside of an hour Chicago had answered that a check signed by the old man for half a million dollars was as good as gold. I had made a mistake in sizing my man up."

"But who was he?"

"He is familiarly known as 'Old Hutch,' king of the wheat ring."—[New York Sun.

The Rattlesnake a Coward.

"A rattlesnake is the biggest coward in the world," said John Kent, of Swamp Run, Clinton County, Penn., a professional hunter of rattlesnakes for their hides, grease and rattles, in the sale of which to city and country dealers he says he has built up quite a big trade. "The rattler would be scared at his own shadow if he could see it, and would try to run away from it, until he found that it stuck right by him. Then he would stop and try to fight it. When he made the discovery that he couldn't sink a fang into the shadow he would settle the whole difficulty by turning his poison on himself and committing suicide. Some people say that the rattlesnake won't commit suicide. I say he will. I've seen rattlers put an end to themselves dozen of times, but never when they were in captivity. Why that is I can't say. If you have a rattlesnake caged up you may put all sorts of indignities upon him, and, while he will work himself into a rage that is more than terrible to see, somehow he won't let his feelings so far overcome him as to bite and kill himself. It is different when he is met with on his native barren and cornered up. He won't, as a general thing, put an end to himself until he has exhausted all means at hand in trying to get out of the trouble he is in, when his rage seems to get beyond his control, and he twists his head around and sets his fangs in his body right over the heart, and in less time than you could kill him he stretches out stiff."

Watermelon Vinegar.

The latest story of Kansas productiveness comes from Ford county, where a Mr. Sternberg planted twenty acres to melons, and sold the seeds to an Eastern seed house for $400. From the melons he manufactured 1,000 barrels of vinegar, which he values at $10 per barrel. This melon vinegar he claims to be fully equal to, if not better than, the cider vinegar. If this story is true, this State will be principally devoted to the production of watermelons in a short space of time. Just think of it! $10,400 for the product of twenty acres of land.—Emporia (Kan.) Democrat.

NYE ON BEE CULTURE.

THE HUMORIST STUDIES THE BUSINESS END.

His Investigations Forcibly Impress Him with the Restless Habits of the Insects and Their Delight to Fasten the Same Upon Humanity.



BEES should not be hived until they swarm, writes Bill Nye, in the Chicago *Herald*. Bees begin to swarm as soon as the new queen takes the oath of office. The queen is a long-waisted bee, who does the toil. The honey bee proper belongs to the order Hymenoptera. All bees, according to Linnaeus, who kept several stands of bees himself, are included in the genus Apis, but they are now divided into many genera. I love to study the bee, and at one time kept bees myself. I kept several of them longer than I should have done. But honey bees are full of interest to me. I often think of the language of a late writer who goes on to state "that within so small a body should be contained an apparatus for converting the various sweets which it collects into one kind of nourishment for itself, another for the common brood, glue for its carpentry, wax for its cells, poison for its enemies, honey for its master, with a proboscis as long as the body itself, microscopic in several parts, telescopic in its mode of action, with a sting so exceedingly sharp that were it magnified by the same glass which makes a needle's point seem a quarter of an inch across it would yet itself be invisible, and this, too, a hollow tube—that all these varied operations and contrivances should be included within half an inch of length and two grains of matter is surely enough to crush all thoughts of atheism and materialism."

I also compare sometimes the new colony just starting out to hustle for themselves with the Pilgrim Fathers—where are they?—who came to these wild, inhospitable shores, taking their long, tedious, uneventful voyage across the unknown ocean with no relaxation whatever except prayer.

Professor Jaeger, referring to the pronounced habits of industry born in the bee and frequently alluded to in school-books, says: "It is impossible for any reflecting person to look at a beehive in full operation without being astonished at the activity and surprising industry of its inhabitants. We see crowds constantly arriving from the woods, meadows, fields and gardens, laden with provisions and materials for future use, while others are continually flying off on similar collecting expeditions. Some are carrying out the dead, others are removing dirt and offal, while others are giving battle to any strangers who may dare to intrude. Suddenly a cloud appears and the bees hurry home, thronging the entrance by thousands until all are gradually received within the inclosure. In the interior of the hive we see with what skill they work their combs and deposit the honey, and when their labor is over for the day they rest in chains suspended from the ceiling of their habitation, one bee clinging by its fore foot to the hind feet of the one above it until it seems impossible that the upper one can be strong enough to support the weight of so many hundreds."

The queen, during the propagating season, lays as high as two thousand eggs in a



NYE BEGINS TO GET RESTLESS.

day, and I have given much thought to the grafting of the queen bee upon the Plymouth Rock hen, with a view to better egg facilities, but so far to meet with little success. My experiments have been somewhat delayed by the loss of time in taking the swelling out of myself after each perusal of the bee character in his or her home life. The queen bee lives much longer than any other class of inhabitants, and hangs on to the throne, as the historian Motley says, like a pup to a root. She has a stinger, but does not use it on boys. She uses it simply for the purpose of fighting other queens.

The ancients were aware of the existence of a governing bee in each hive, but they thought it was a king. But a scientist with keen insight and massive brains, one day saw the monarch come off the nest and leave 2,124 warm eggs. Then it was settled in his mind that it could not be a king, for he was a deep, deep man. His name was Swamerdamm and he made this discovery 200 years ago last week. Aristotle and Virgil claimed in several articles, signed Vortina and Taxpayer, respectively, that the queen or king, as they called it then, did not lay at all, but secured some kind of pollen or other material from flowers, which produced the maggots from which the bee was hatched.

A writer on the bee says that the best way to ascertain the location of the queen is to divide the swarm, after which it will be noticed that the one having the queen will become very restless indeed. I tried this myself and noticed that they were restless. They also communicated their restlessness to me. All of us got restless.

Swamerdamm tied the queen by means of a long hair to a high pole in order to ascertain whether the swarm would follow. In ten minutes he had the whole colony on top of the pole.

The drones are the male bees of the hive. They do no work except to act in a parental



THE BEES ARE SWARMING.

capacity and vote. They have no stinger, but in its place they have a good appetite and a baritone voice. They are destroyed by the workers soon after the honey season and the widows have it all their own way. The drone leads a quiet and rather sunny life, lasting about sixteen weeks, after which he is put to death by the females of the hive by the Maybrick method.

About nine-tenths of the hive are workers or females, say twelve to fifteen thousand. They are the busy bee referred to in the books. They get up early in the morning, eat a hasty meal and go out looking for honey. They fly with great force and as straight as a bullet. Sometimes they try to go through a man on their way to the hive, but only get part way. A bee likes to have a tender young man with linen trousers sit down on it.

From the time the egg is deposited until a perfect bee is turned out requires about three weeks. A queen gets her growth in sixteen days and begins to reign.

Moths get into the beehives frequently during the winter season and destroy the insects. For this reason bees should be packed in snuff or fine-cut tobacco in the fall. This nauseates the moth and discourages him. Great care should be taken not to let the bees out too early in the spring. A good writer says that frozen fruit will still remain on the trees in the spring; while it contains a certain amount of sweet, it is liable to ferment and cause widespread colic in the hive, followed by cholera infantum and coma.

Linnaeus says that nothing is more pitiful than the picture of fifteen or sixteen thousand collicky bees suddenly called forth in the dead of night, running hither and thither, looking for hot cloths and Jamaica ginger, after eating too heartily of frozen apple juice.

Bees swarm about 10 a. m. or 3 p. m., and enjoy doing so on Sunday if possible. Selecting a hot Sabbath and waiting patiently until the farmer has shaved one side of his face and lathered the other, the bees decide that they will swarm. The farmer's wife notices it while she is in the garden getting a sprig of caraway to take to meeting. She calls Henry and tells him the bees are swarming. He starts out with a new hive, and looking up in the air he falls over a croquet set and injures himself. His wife says: "Henry, you ought to put on that mosquito-bar arrangement I made for you the other day. They are real cross this morning, and they will certainly sting you if you don't."

"Git out with your pesky nonsense," he straightway doth reply. "I never put nawthing on me before and I won't do it now."

"But, Henry, they are so feverish to-day, and you have got your other clothes on, so they won't know you. Do try it this time."

So he wraps up his head in a green mosquito net and puts on a pair of cowhide mittens. The bees alight on a tall elm tree, and he gets a ladder up there against it. Then he slowly ascends the tree with a beehive under his arm. Just before he put on the mosquito net he took a large chew of tobacco. He now wishes that he had not. People begin to go by on their way to meeting, and see him up in the tree with a large green head on him and hot leather mittens. They speak to him, but he cannot reply because his mouth is full of tobacco. It is very hot indeed. The sun pours down through the hot leaves and the breeze is taking much-needed rest. He gets up in the top of the tree and looks like a new style of lizard. Sabbath-school boys



WHEN THE BEES HAVE CEASED TO SWARM.

wearing chip hats faced with gingham, pause on their way to the house of worship and watch him. He reaches out to scoop in a handful of the brown fuzzy insects, but the leather mitts smell strangely to them. They do not recognize the proprietor by his paws and his odor. Three or four bees fall down inside those mittens, and, feeling that they must defend themselves, made a hot highway across the back of his hand. Then Henry yells and drops the hive on the Bible class. Some bees get under his green veil and his hair, and, finding that they cannot get out, they sink on him with their little heated hypodermics, and he says things which bring the blush to the features of his sad wife.

For days afterward they sit opposite each other at the table and do not say anything. He looks at her savagely with one eye, the other being closed by its creditors. It is three days before he will even ask her to pass the butter, he is so mad.

Bees are very industrious, but fool themselves by accumulating more than they need, forgetting that they will soon die and leave their substance for those who did not earn it. We should learn a lesson from the bee and not run the matter of industry into the ground. We should not strive to accumulate so much that it will prevent our enjoyment during our lifetime and only enrich the idle after our death. Bees should remember that their shrouds will not hold honey. The bee could learn much from man, I think, in this way.

False Alarm.

A Cambridge gentleman was asked to buy a ticket to the firemen's ball, and good-naturedly complied. The next question was what to do with it. One of his two men-servants would probably be glad to use it, but he did not wish to show favoritism. Then it occurred to him that he might buy another ticket, and give both his servants a pleasure.

Not knowing just how to proceed, he inquired of a policeman where the tickets were to be had.

"Why don't you go down to the engine house?" said the officer. "The men all know you."

So the old gentleman went to the engine house, but when he entered there was no one in sight. He had never been in such a place before, but was perfectly familiar with the use of electric signals. On the side of the room was a button, evidently connected with a bell, and, naturally enough, after waiting a minute or two, he put his thumb upon it.

The effect was electrical in every sense of the word. From the air overhead—so, at least, it seemed to the old gentleman in his bewilderment—men began to rain down, completing their toilets as they fell. The horses rushed out of their stalls, and, in a word, all the machinery of a modern engine house was instantly in motion.

Amid all this turmoil stood the mild-mannered and innocent old gentleman, who, even now, did not suspect that he had touched the fire alarm. The men rushed upon him for information as to the whereabouts of the fire, but when he opened his month it was only to say, in the mildest accents:

"I should like to buy another ticket to the ball, if you please."

The situation was so ludicrous that no one could be angry, not even the men whose nap had been broken into, and the old gentleman bought his ticket and departed in peace.—*Providence Journal.*

Curious Transmittal of Scarlet Fever.

In 1846 a boy of 8 years, the brother of the narrator's wife, was taken down with scarlet fever and died. One of the principal amusements of his illness had been looking over a large picture book. After his death this, with several other useful playthings, was packed away in a trunk. Twenty-six years later, in 1872, the sister-in-law of the editor took this trunk with her on a journey which she made to England, where he was then residing. The trunk was opened the second day after its arrival and the picture-book was taken out and presented to the editor's 2-year-old son. During the next fortnight the little fellow was attacked by scarlet fever. It was a wonder to the doctors who were called in consultation how the disease had been contracted, as there had been no scarlet fever in the town for years. At last it occurred to the editor that the picture-book might have transmitted the disease, and the medical men in attendance, on being told the facts connected with it, agreed that it had retained the poison for twenty-six years and communicated it to the child.—*Boston Post.*

A MEXICAN plant, called by the natives the "herb of prophecy," is reported to induce a sleep seemingly identical with the hypnotic state. The patient is completely insensible, but answers questions put to him and obeys any commands given.

THE scissors grinder is the only man who invariably finds things dull.

GIRLS OF LONG BRANCH.

EQUESTRIANISM CONSTITUTES THEIR FAVORITE SPORT.

Yet They Are Given to Indulgence in Various Other Pastimes, Not the Least of Which Is Gambling—Real Losses and Mythical Winnings.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]



ALL that is Long Branch is not so called. The extension of the immense summer population has gone so far beyond the limits of the original Long Branch that no less than sixteen distinct names for railway stations and postoffices are in use between Sandy Hook and Key East. Changes are frequently made in them, and it is only this season that Avon-by-the-Sea is substituted for the old-fashioned Key East. Wealth and fashion are whimsical, you know, and will not tolerate the commonplace in nomenclature any more than in other things. So uniform is the pretentiousness at Long Branch that the sight of a tatterdemalion girl playing in the water from a hydrant with her bare feet was a sight to make me stop and look. The modish children may take off their shoes and stockings for the sort, but the line for such indulgence is drawn for them at the bluff, and a dozen of them were watching this unconventional youngster with positive envy.

But I was writing about the fitful and sometimes foolish names of the different portions of Long Branch. Just now there is something of a controversy over two names for one railway station. Some bother for new visitors is caused thereby. It was only last evening that I saw a British tourist and his daughter interestedly viewing the prismatic fountain in the grounds of the Pennsylvania Club.

"And what place might this be?" the man asked of one of the policemen whom the authorities assign to friendly duty around this famous gambling house.

"This is the West End, sir," was the reply, "and that building is the Pennsylvania Club."

"But is the Pennsylvania Club at the West End, and are there two of them? Half an hour ago we saw a Pennsylvania Club at Hollywood."

It was the same establishment. He had approached it from the other side. There was a time when the West End Hotel was in Long Branch, but the proprietors secured a postoffice and railway station there, naming both West End. Later, John Hoey made his enormous investment in Hollywood, an adjacent park, and by donating the ground and edifice for a new station he has induced the railway people to call it



"A BRITISH TOURIST AND HIS DAUGHTER."

Hollywood and West End. He is now pushing hard for a separate postoffice to be called Hollywood.

This is not a political letter, yet it ought to contain the fact that Postmaster General John Wanamaker is an intensely discussed individual at West End. There is more than Republican versus Democratic partisanism in it, too, because Philadelphians abound here, and they are apt to be immovable adherents of the great Philadelphia merchant. He has just done something, however, to inject religious discussion into the talk about him. He has ordered the withdrawal of all Sunday mail service from the Long Branch section. Now, the thousands of Jews are, of course, disrespectful of the Christian Sabbath to begin with, and of the nominal Christians I suppose that two-thirds are worldly enough to desire to receive and send off letters on Sunday. That has been done ever since David M. Hildreth was humorously made postmaster of West End. That was when President Garfield was slowly dying at Elberon. The amount of mail matter was immensely increased. Postmaster General Thomas L. James visited Long Branch, and saw the inconvenience to which the West End and Elberon people were subjected in getting their letters to and from the Long Branch village postoffice. Hildreth was the principal proprietor of the West End Hotel, and James agreed to establish a postoffice there.

"I will do it if you will be the postmaster," he laughingly said.

"Agreed," was Hildreth's reply, "for it ought to be fun to a Democrat to be an office-holder under a Republican administration."

So James ordered the office to be created, but not without an unexpected ado, for there proved to be another postal West End in New Jersey, and the residents of

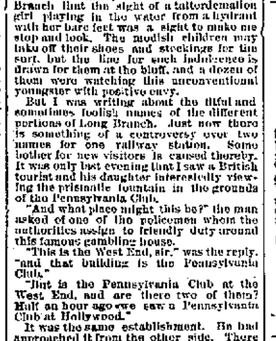


"NOTHING LUMBERING IN HIS WALTZES."

that place kicked up a row over losing the name. They were at length placated by a substitution of the name of the most popular and wealthy inhabitant, and so that difficulty was overcome. Hildreth had to give bonds for official rectitude, and the names signed to the document were Russell Sage and C. K. Garrison, representing anywhere from thirty to fifty millions of property.

But I have become too materialistic in writing a letter from a frivolous watering place. Even the heaviest dignity becomes blithesome here. One of the most industrious and enjoying waltzers in the Long Branch parlors is a bald and bearded man of eighty, who takes pride as well as other delight in bringing his style of dancing right up to date. His name is William Bryce, and he has made his half million in Michigan lumber operations, but there is nothing lumbering in his waltzes. His partners are the prettiest and liveliest of the girls, and they seem more than willing to couple themselves with him in the dance, the reason presumably being that it confers distinction upon them. A belle waltzing with a youthful beau is not singularity here, and it does not command particular attention, no matter how well it may be done, but the sight of December Bryce in an August waltz with May is one which holds the eyes of the spectators from start to finish.

It would be unsuitable to write a column about Long Branch without paying some attention to the gambling, which remains a foremost, assertive, and characteristic feature of the place. A portly, middle-aged man, broken in health and impaired in mind, is seen mingling in the dance assemblages. That is the notorious Phil Daly, the proprietor of the Pennsylvania Club, and for years so dominant in local politics that the police and other officials were servile in the interest of his lawbreakage. In those days he was an aggressive and stalwart individual. But never since the assault made on him by a conspiring gang of men and women in New York last winter has he been his old self. The Pennsylvania Club is open as resplendently as ever, and so is its equally gorgeous rival, the Long Branch Club. This season there is not even any talk of enforcing the law against them. Indeed, it is doubtful whether a vote of all the residents of West End and Long Branch proper, temporary and permanent, would count up against these gaming houses. The villagers are never permitted to lose any money in them, and many of them benefit by the employments afforded in one way or another by the clubs. The summer visitors are so largely Wall street men, turf operators and others accustomed to taking chances, that the faro and roulette tables would be regretfully missed by something like a majority. That may be wicked, but it is true. Go to Monmouth Park race course any day when the grand stand and club house are brilliantly crowded, and you will have to look about you very closely to find a person who is not gambling. The women are no exception. Some of them do their betting very quietly, through their escorts, and sit as placid as I have pictured two of them while the fate of their dollars is being decided. Others are open and above board, making no effort to conceal either their excitement or the other evidences of their indulgence in wagers. Nor are those women always of a kind who



"WHILE THE FATE OF THEIR DOLLARS IS BEING DECIDED."

generally break the rules of feminine decorum. On my last visit to the track I saw a carefully reared and in no wise reprehensible young daughter of a New York millionaire seated at the front of the club-house stand, making her bets through the medium of a well-known bookmaker's employe—a tough-looking fellow, who, of course, could not approach her socially, but who for this occasion was a familiar and confidential agent. She displayed conspicuously, before thousands of observers, the tickets representing her bets, and her consultations with the bookmaker's man, as well as her orders to him, were in ordinary conversational tones, overheard by everybody within a dozen feet. They were informed, too, by her rapturous and mathematical explanation at the close of the day's racing that she was a winner to the extent of two hundred and forty dollars.

Besides the public methods of gambling, quite secluded games of poker were never more numerous at Long Branch than they are this season. Out of that prevalence of the distinctively American cardgame came this bit of dialogue:

Father (who, having compromised on cards, forbids his boy to touch liquor, finds him with a straw in the demijohn)—"Dick, Dick, what is this?"

Dick—"You said you didn't mind poker."

Father—"This is not poker."

Dick—"Yes, it is. I'm drawing for a full."

A question commonly discussed here is whether the games at the two great club houses are "square." You would be surprised and amused by the partisanism, arising sometimes to rancor, over this seemingly inconsequential point. My own impression is that the club proprietors are content, as they really ought to be, with the regular percentage in their favor. Still, the magnificence of the establishments and the immense cost of their maintenance, to say nothing of the admittedly princely profits, are to a certainty paid for by the



"A WINNER TO THE EXTENT OF $240."

visitors. That should be enough to deter anybody from playing with a view to escape the almost inevitable expenses of the diversion. The club managers do at least indulge in one periodical exploit of humbuggery. Whenever an inordinately heavy loss is sustained by a guest, it is followed by a purely fictitious instance of heavy winning by a mythical outsider. That has happened every year or two since those clubs were opened. The latest of those occurrences was last month, when the recklessly profligate George Law lost over $35,000 in a single night at the Pennsylvania Club, and that was followed within a few days by an altogether fanciful account of almost equal winnings by "Millionaire Jim Reschler, of Denver, ex-Senator Tabor's old partner in the Little Pittsburg mine." A feminine Long Branch correspondent, who possibly may have believed what she wrote, gave this piece of fiction to the world. The club men declare its truthfulness, but I have found upon investigation no shadow of substantiality in it. Senator Tabor writes to me that there is no Jim Reschler, so far as he knows. A persistent search of hotel registers at Long Branch reveals no such name, a trustworthy witness of the alleged play cannot be found, and the whole matter was a concoction intended to offset George Law's losses in public attention.

The girls at Long Branch average well to the eye in dress and deportment. They are not displaying themselves in the surf as much as hitherto, and instances of indecorous bathing costumes have become scarce. Equestrianism is their favorite sport. What is called parasol flirtation is a new indulgence, and it consists in holding their gay sunshades thus or holding them so, with intricate meanings for flirtation in each movement. A more or less well-defined code of signal is in use, just as fans and handkerchiefs have been employed in that way. "Dancing in the barn" is the season's terpsichorean innovation here as at other



"PARASOL FLIRTATION."

watering places. It is a quite ballet-like departure in round dancing, and for a display of grace or awkwardness, as the case may be, it has never been surpassed in summer hotel parlors. For the dandies it is to be said that they are truly sweeter than the girls in the matter of costumes. They have taken to navy caps and white flannel suits, with colored sashes and canvas shoes brilliantly dyed. They are simply gorgeous. TREPSICHORE.

THE WATERMELON SEASON.

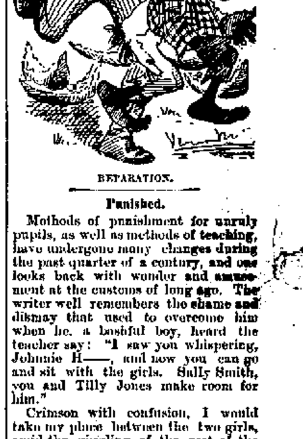
[From the Chicago Ledger.]



EXPECTATION.



REALIZATION.



REPARATION.

Punished.

Methods of punishment for unruly pupils, as well as methods of teaching, have undergone many changes during the past quarter of a century, and one looks back with wonder and amusement at the customs of long ago. The writer well remembers the shame and dismay that used to overcome him when he, a bashful boy, heard the teacher say: "I saw you whispering, Johnnie H——, and now you can go and sit with the girls. Sally Smith, you and Tilly Jones make room for him."

Crimson with confusion, I would take my place between the two girls, amid the giggling of the rest of the school, and for the next few days my schoolmates made life a burden to me. Before school, after school, and at recess, somebody was always ready to point the finger and say:

"Sha-a-a-mo! You had to set with the gals! Sha-a-mo!"

Again the teacher would say: "Johnnie H——, I saw you whispering to Billy Smith. Both of you come to me."

We went forward in fear and trembling; a clothes-pin was clapped upon each of our noses, and we were obliged to stand on the platform, facing the school, until we were thought to be sufficiently punished.

Sometimes we were compelled to stoop with the tips of our fingers touching a crack in the floor, and remain in that painful position until the teacher chose to release us. Let those who think this a light penalty assume the position described and keep it for five minutes!

The dunce-cap and block and feruling the hands, were every-day affairs. Sometimes a pupil, maddened with pain, would snatch the ferule from the teacher, snap it in twain, and flee from the room, a proceeding that always gave the rest of the school unlimited satisfaction.

One teacher, whose school I had not the privilege of attending, sometimes detained all offending pupils after school. Then they were made to clasp hands and dance in a circle before the teacher, while he accelerated their speed by using his rod on their shins, keeping it up until they were all howling with grief and pain.

With such educational advantages as I have described, it would have been surprising indeed if some of us had not turned out to be brilliant scholars and illustrious men!

Wanted a Correction.

The editor of the Hornbeam *Maul* received a visit from Tobe Phillips.

"Look here," said Mr. Phillips, "last week you spoke of the death of my grandmother, Mrs. Harky."

"Yes, yes, so I did. Anything wrong?"

"You said she was ninety-eight years old and——"

"Well, wasn't she that old?"

"Oh, yes, but you said that she never chewed tobacco and was never drunk in her life."

"Well, is there anything wrong about that?"

"But don't you understand, it sorter reflects on us—on her."

"How so?"

"Well, now I'll tell you. I don't reckon there is a more respectable lot of people anywhere than we are——"

"That's all right, old fellow. I didn't mean any reflection. You see, when a very old man dies the newspapers, particularly the temperance publications, say that he never used tobacco or liquor; and what I said was merely a take-off."

"Yes," said the visitor, "your intentions were all right, but what you say ain't the truth. The old lady usually took a chew of tobacco about the size of a walnut and I don't reckon there was a better judge of licker in our neighborhood. She was sorter proud of her record in regard to licker, and if it won't be too much trouble to you I wish you would make a sort of correction."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER



Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wal St., N. Y.

WANTED.

WE want a reliable person in your vicinity to superintend posting up advertisements of our goods in conspicuous places. No experience required. Wages $3.50 per day and expenses. Steady employment. Address, enclosing 2c stamp for reply, UNIVERSAL SUPPLY CO. Rialto Bldg., Chicago. Ill. aug16-4m

WANTED AGENTS! To solicit orders for our celebrated Oil Portraits. The finest made. No experience required! Beginners earn $50 a week. $2 Outfit free! Send for full particulars. A rare chance. Safford Adams & Co., 46 Bond St., New York. 10-12t

WANTED—Men to write Accident Insurance for the South B nd Life and Accident Insurance company. The most successful Accident Insurance company in the west. A very liberal commission allowed.

WHITE & MINCKLER,
Pixley & Long Block, Fort Wayne, Ind.

WANTED—People to come to 36 Clinton street for upholstered furniture, plush rockers for $7 and $8, mattresses $3. All kinds of work done on short notice. Respectfully, H. E. HOUK. 24-tf

PERSONS wishing to buy, sell or exchange property of any kind, or desiring to loan or borrow money, will find it to their interest to call on or address me.
J. F. COSTICK, Real Estate and Loan Broker, Rooms 1 and 2, Pixley & Long Building, Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Reference—Hamilton National bank. 20-3m

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—A dwelling house of five rooms, 118 Madison street. $10 per month. Apply next door.

FOR RENT—Brick dwelling No. 54 East Washington street. Rooms newly papered and painted. House in good order. O. F. Morgan. 6codtf

FOR RENT—House No. 37 Wilt street, has seven rooms in good repair, with a good stable and carriage house, well and cistern. Rent $15 a month. Enquire at 113 West Berry street. 13-tf

FOR RENT—Two nicely furnished front rooms on first and second floor, suitable for gentleman or man and wife, at 39 West Washington street. 2-1m

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—A six room house on Killean street, for $1,500 cash, lot 60x150. Barn and out buildings all new and in first class shape. 14-3t J. V. BILER.

FOR SALE—A handsome finish twenty foot counter. Will answer purpose for grocery or lunch room. Will sell cheap. Call at Ervin house, corner Pearl and Harrison street. 22-tf

Girls' Higher School

Removed from La Salle Ave. to 479 & 481 Dearborn Ave., Chicago. Fourteenth year begins Sept. 18th. Boarding and day school for young ladies and children. Full courses of study, including preparation for college. Excellent houses thoroughly fitted up.
Address {MISS REBECCA S. RICE, A. M.} {MISS MARY E. BEEDY, A. M.} Princ.
aug19-1m

BOSTON TEA STORE.

20 West Berry Street.

Watermelons.
Peaches.
Red and Black Raspberries.
Fresh Vegetables.
Extra sugar cured hams.
The Finest Coffee Sold.

P. E. COX,
PRACTICAL
Sanitary Plumber,
Has opened a shop at
No. 29 West Main Street.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT
Reasonable Prices

A. F. GESSLER,
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
FRESH, SALT
—AND—
SMOKED - MEATS,
60 East Main Street.

He has just placed new machinery in his establishment and is now prepared to make the finest Sausages in the market. Dressed Poultry and Home-made Lard for sale. 24-1yr.

DR. T. J. DILLS.
NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET.
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.
Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m.

ROBERT SPICE.

Pumps, Pipe, Hose and Fittings.
DRIVE WELLS.
Natural Gas Fitting a Specialty.

J. C. PELTIER,
Undertaker & Embalmer
17 WEST WAYNE ST.,
Telephone No. 174 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1889.

SULLIVAN and Kilrain, it is safe to say, will not fight on Mississippi soil again.

EDITOR ZIMMERMAN has again assumed editorial charge of the Valparaiso *Messenger*.

ELIAS LOOMIS, L. L. D., Munson professor of natural philosophy and astronomy at Yale, died at the New Haven hospital Thursday noon.

LEO XIII, although seventy-eight years old, works harder than any European sovereign. He rises between 4 and 5 in summer, and between 5 and 6 in winter.

IF Governor Foraker is re-elected in Ohio this fall, it will give him a prestige in the republican presidential candidate race that will put other competitors in the shade.

THE corner stone laying of the soldiers' monument at Indianapolis next week promises to be one of the most interesting events that has ever taken place at the state capital.

OUR city physicians report a great deal of sickness. "There is death in such weather as this," said one of them last evening, "and people cannot be too careful of their health."

IT is now generally conceded on all sides that there will be an extra session of congress. It is believed that the president has at last made up his mind definitely to call both houses together by the first week in November.

PRIVATE advices from Europe indicate that the condition of ex-Minister Pendleton is very grave. He goes about only when accompanied by an attendant. The shock of the loss of his wife and daughter followed by prostration by his illness, has proved very serious and it is feared he cannot recover.

TRAVELING QUACKS.

It is surprising how people will be duped by traveling doctors and professional fakers who come to the city and sell their medicines on the street corners, under tents and in other public places.

It is only necessary for the itinerant "professional man" to carry a good quartette of singers and be a slick talker for him to roll in the dollars.

His medicine is good for all the ills flesh is heir to. If it doesn't embrace the whole category, it is a sure cure for dyspepsia, or the liver complaint, or worms. It will knock either of these "higher than a kite."

He tells the hundreds who crowd to hear him of the wonderful cures that his medicine has performed. He has the documents to prove it, and they swallow his oily words for gospel truth.

The man may never have read the inside of a medical work. He knows his piece, however, and can speak it well. He wears a broad brimmed hat and has long hair. He is a Quaker, or a Shaker, or an Indian, or the son of a Quaker, or a Shaker, or an Indian, and this is conclusive proof that he knows all about medicine.

He convinces the people that his medicine is a grand thing, and, silly fools, they pay him a half day's wages for a bottle of it. It contains a little quinine, a few roots and herbs and lots of poor whisky. They take it and feel good under its temporary stimulating effects, and imagine it has done them a benefit, only to find out, after its effects have died away or the fellow has left town, that it is a miserable fraud.

Yet the very next traveling doctor that comes along catches them and they invest another dollar, only to find out again that they have been duped.

This swindling of our people is going on constantly and will continue to go on until the fools are all dead, which, judging by the success that these fellows have, will never be the case.

If people will be duped in this way they have nobody to blame but themselves, but it does seem as if some of them have lived long enough in this world to know better. If you are sick, patronize a reputable physician of Fort Wayne. He can do you more good than a thousand of these quacks, who are here to-day and away to-morrow, and whose medicines in nine cases out of ten are really injurious.

They are after your dollars and care nothing for the permanent effects that their medicines will have upon you. Let the traveling quacks alone.

THE CHURCHES OF THE UNITED STATES.

The *Independent* prints its usual annual summary of statistics of the various religious organizations of this country, gathered from the denominational year books and other authoritive sources. Presented in tabular form, the summary is as follows:

	Churches.	Ministers.	Communicants.
Adventists......	1,575	810	100,712
Baptists.........	46,624	32,017	4,070,650
Christian Union.	1,500	500	120,000
Congregationalists............	4,569	4,281	475,608
Friends..........	563	1,017	106,930
German Evangelical..........	695	590	125,000
Lutherans.......	6,971	4,151	988,008
Methodists......	50,980	29,770	4,723,881
Mennonites.....	420	605	100,000
Moravians.......	99	111	11,219
Presbyterians...	13,349	9,786	1,180,113
Episcopalians...	5,159	4,012	459,612
Reformed........	2,068	1,379	257,512
Roman Catholic	7,424	7,996	7,855,294
Universalists....	721	670	38,780
New Jerusalem.	100	113	6,600
Unitarians......	381	431	64,780
Totals........	142,767	98,222	20,097,518

The relatively large figures for the Roman Catholic church are accounted for by the fact that they include all the adherents of that church, as reported in Sadier's Catholic Directory, while in the case of the other churches the figures represent only the actual church membership. The net gain for the year was 3,882 churches, 3,865 ministers, and 876,995 communicants. Upon these figures the *Independent* remarks:

"Certainly a net increase of nearly 877,000 Christians for the year is no insignificant return. The deaths among the 19,790,323 Christians of last year must have made a large figure. This loss and all other losses have been made good by conversions and immigration, and nearly 900,000 gained in addition. We now have 142,767 churches and 98,000 ministers, showing a net gain of 3,882 churches and 3,865 ministers. A clear addition of an average of between ten and eleven churches and as many ministers every day in the year does not appear to indicate decline of power or growth. A daily harvest of 240 souls is not symptomatic of that decay which certain skeptics profess to discover in Christianity in this country."

TWO THOUSAND BADGES

Will be Given Away on Labor Day—A Balloon Ascension and Parachute Descent—Speakers Engaged.

Many subjects were discussed at the meeting of the committee on arrangements for Labor day last night.

Rev. M. C. Lockwood, who has been invited by the committee to attend and deliver one of the leading speeches of the day, is an eloquent Baptist divine of Cincinnati, who champions the cause of labor from the pulpit, as well as on the lecture platform. Rev. Lockwood's sermons are frequently printed in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and are extensively read by the subscribers and patrons of that paper. Labor day comes on Monday and it is understood by some of the committee that Rev. Northrop wants him to arrive in time to deliver a Sunday sermon.

Mr. William Nichols and Mrs. Elizabeth C. Williams-Patterson have been engaged to deliver addresses. Of Mrs. Williams-Patterson, the brilliant orator, THE SENTINEL will some day next week give an extended account. She is editress of the Chicago *Express*.

The committee ordered 2,000 Labor day badges printed bearing the inscription, "Labor Day—1889." These will be given away on the morning of Labor day to shop employes and others who desire to join in the grand parade.

The privileges of the fair grounds will be sold next Saturday at 3 p. m. The program is completed and will be issued next week. The balloon ascension and parachute descent will surely take place.

The following additional business men have signified their intention of helping to make Labor Day a success:

A. J. Langohr, F. M. Kiesling, H. Butke, A. C. Keel. S. Tiquere, F. Brown, W. T. Kirn, G. W. Litt, Kayser & Baade, Robert Spill, W. F. Geller, Rippe & Son, W. Hahn, John M. Riedmiller, J. S. McKenzie & Co., Peter Eggeman, August Korn, L. Brames & Co., N. Leikauf, G. Seberzinger, A. R. Mills, U. Stotz, E. Shuman, George Lenk, N. B. Rowe, E. Spiegel, Kasten & Kohlmeyer, August N. Ehle, L. P. Huser, J. A. Thieme, P. Pierre, Peter Malone, F. E. Houk, John Loar, A. Sullivan, Puff Bros., J. Suelzer, H. Busching, Markey & McNoice, Froese & Fehling, Stador & Co., Archer & Bro., J. Zern, A. H. Boerger, F. D. C. DeLagrange, Gording & Aumann, Gruber & Gray, *Daily Freie Presse*, J. V. Hiler, Daniel Klotz, Zoeller, Merz & Co., W. Scheiman & Co., Fred Tegtmeyer, T. H. Lange & Co., W. H. Polhamus, F. D. Holam, A. Kalbacher, John Scheffer & Co., Henry Bauer, C. H. Waltemath & Sons, F. J. Miller, Philip Graf, Joseph J. Freiburger, Joseph A. M. Storm and Joseph Hartman & Bro.

All merchants who have not been seen will confer a favor by leaving their names with President Hench, at the *Sentinel* office, Secretary Brinkman, at Baker's cigar factory, or George Jaap, 81 East Columbia street.

BITTEN BY A DOG.

The Young Sons of James Summers and Mr. Koch Bitten by a Vicious Canine.

Mr. James Summers, proprietor of the house of call at the corner of Calhoun and Baker streets, called on Mayor Harding this morning and asked to have a dog killed.

The canine, he said, had bitten his son, and also the young son of Mr. Koch, living at the corner of Brackenridge and Webster streets.

Marshal Franke instructed an officer to investigate and shoot the dog if such act was warranted.

Thieme & Gross, the druggists, will be pleased to have all who suffer from headaches give Baker's Famous Headache Specific, the new discovery, a trial. There is no other remedy which gives such universal satisfaction, and it is fast becoming a household remedy. Use it once and you will never be without it.

Some Kansas towns have taken up cricket. It is so English you know.

A STRANGE CAPER.

Dr. B. R. Freeman, of Decatur, Deserts His Family and is Found by an Officer at Corning, N. Y.

The gossips of Decatur, Ind., are busying themselves with the affairs of Dr. B. R. Freeman, for many years a prominent physician and surgeon of that city. The doctor is married to an excellent lady and is the father of three children. A son is a trainman on the "Clover Leaf" railroad and a daughter is the wife of Dr. Kell, of Delphos, Ohio.

On May 6th last Dr. Freeman suddenly left Decatur, abandoning an excellent practice. He told his wife and friends that he had concluded to locate at Rapid City, Dakota, and that because of the length of his journey he might not be heard from for several weeks.

Months came and went, but the promised tidings from the doctor failed to reach his distressed wife. At last Mrs. Freeman had a description of her missing husband printed upon cards, which also bore the doctor's photograph, and sent them to every sheriff and chief of police in the land. It was learned that Dr. Freeman had gone to Chicago, to which place his trunk had been traced, but trunk and owner had there disappeared.

The agonized wife finally placed the task of finding her husband in the hands of ex-Deputy Sheriff Mark M. McConnell, and that gentleman was not long in connecting his strange leave-taking with the absence from Decatur of a woman who is known to have visited his office with so much frequency as to excite comment.

Miss Carrie Schlegel, an attractive young woman of good family, had left Decatur going east on the Chicago and Atlantic railway. The officer followed, and at Marion, Ohio, he learned that she had bought a ticket to Corning, N. Y. To Corning he went and acquainted the chief of police there and at other places, of his secret mission.

The chief of police at Blossburg finally located Dr. Freeman at Wellsboro', seat of Tioga county, and so apprised McConnell. That officer left for Wellsboro', taking with him the broken-hearted wife. Over the meeting between the disgraced physician and the woman he had vowed to love, before all others, THE SENTINEL draws the veil of charity. It is sufficient to state that a reconciliation has been affected; that Dr. Freeman has cast off any and all unholy alliances, and that with his wife he will seek a new location in a distant part of the United States and seek to gain again an honorable position in society and a professional standing such as he had long enjoyed in Decatur.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. We know of no remedy for dyspepsia more successful than Hood's Sarsaparilla. It acts gently, yet surely and efficiently, tones the stomach and other organs, removes the faint feeling, creates a good appetite, cures headache, and refreshes the burdened mind. Give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial. It will do you good.

Mary Anderson has been ordered to quit London and go to the highlands of Scotland.

News About Town.

It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and and Lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Any druggist will give you a trial bottle *free of cost*. It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. The large bottles are 50c and $1.

The Ingalls letter is producing a harrowing effect in the newspaper offices of Kansas.

JOLIET, ILL.

J. M. LOOSE RED CLOVER CO.—I purchased a box of your Red Clover Pile Ointment of F. P. Goliday, at this place, after using various other ointments without effect. I used several applications of the Red Clover Ointment and have not had any trouble since. I now believe I am permanently cured. My case was not one of the worst, but I have suffered with them over a year, and bled so much I became greatly reduced in flesh. Your ointment acted miraculously, and I am only too glad to speak to the many sufferers of this painful disease. If it cures all who use it as quickly as it did me, you will sell a great deal of it. But I am convinced your Pile Ointment was made to cure, and not like the many others I have tested, to defraud. It is a pleasure to me to say, the Red Clover Pile Ointment has been a priceless blessing to me, and I know it will prove such to others who will try it.

Respectfully, I. V. PARK.
For sale by Dreier & Bros.

Closing out sale of Stoves at Staub Bros., 16 East Columbia street. 2-tf

Free sample bottles to ladies, Creme de Orient, or Magical Beautifier for the complexion, at Mordhurst's drug store, No. 74 Calhoun street. tf

Mexico has caught the fever. It will have an exposition in 1892.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

A BIG SUCCESS!

—THE—
OPENING
—OF THE—

NEW YORK SHOE STORE,

36 CALHOUN STREET.

STORE THRONGED

—THE—

FLOOD GOODS GOING FAST BECAUSE

The fact is appreciated that they are solid, substantial, honest made goods and are being sold at half the original cost.

Everybody Flocking to the NEW YORK SHOE STORE for Shoes and Slippers from the Great Pennsylvania Floods.

THE NEW YORK SHOE STORE,

(J. W. EMERY & CO.)

36 CALHOUN ST.

(Next door north of Mergentheim's.)

Important Change in Time

On the "Muncie route," Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville, takes place Sunday, August 18, by which trains will leave Fort Wayne daily at 7:05 a. m. and 6:00 p. m., for Indianapolis, and 10:40 a. m. (except Sunday) for Cincinnati. Returning trains from Indianapolis arrive in Fort Wayne at 11:45 a. m. and 8:16 p. m. daily and from Cincinnati at 4:23 p. m. (except Sunday). A new feature is to be offered our citizens, viz., half fare rates to all points on the line every Sunday. The "Muncie Route" being the short line to Indianapolis, will, with its new fast service, secure a large portion of the business. 14 4t

Special Excursion to Salt Lake, Utah.

On Tuesday August 20, the Wabash railroad will run a special cheap excursion to Salt Lake City, Utah. The round trip rate for this occasion will be $46.20 and tickets will be good for return passage thirty days from date of sale. As the accommodations are necessarily limited application should be made as early as possible for berths, tickets, etc. Special agents will take charge of the party all the way through. Apply to E. L. Craw, Geo. K. Torrence or to R. G. Thompson, passenger and ticket agent, Fort Wayne, Ind. 12-tf

Health is Wealth!

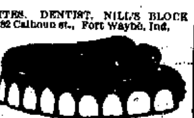


Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, Sole Agents, 91 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

H. C. SITES, DENTIST, NILL'S BLOCK 82 Calhoun st., Fort Wayne, Ind.
I still occupy same rooms I occupied 14 years ago.





SIXTH POINT

You should read THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS because, being a family newspaper, *it's against the saloon*. The home and the saloon are forever opposed. There can be no neutrals in this war. But THE DAILY NEWS is temperate in temperance. It isn't a prohibition organ—it's not sure prohibition is the best way of treating the evil—but it believes in prohibiting the saloon keeper from ruling and ruining in American society. If you would read, and have your family read, a newspaper which places the interests of the home higher than those of the saloon, read THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS.

Remember—its circulation is 220,000 a day—over a million a week—and it costs by mail 25 cts. a month, four months $1.00,—*one cent a day*.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE BYRON ROLL COLLAR.



COMFORTABLE and ELEGANT.
For Sale by Leading Dealers.
M'f'd Solely by WM. BARKER, Troy, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

Saturday, Aug. 17th.

J. K. EMMET

In His Entirely New and Natural Drama

UNCLE JOE,
—OR—
FRITZ IN A MAD HOUSE.

Which ran three months at the 14th Street Theatre, New York.

Excellent Company.

PLINLIMMOM, the $5,000 Dog.

The Largest and Handsomest Dog in the World.

Secure seats after Thursday Morning. Prices 50, 75 and $1.00.

Grand Opening, Season '89-90.
SATURDAY, AUG. 31st.
Theatre entirely restocked with new Scenery.
KEENE AS "OTHELLO."

JAMES MADDEN,

PLUMBER,

Steam and Gas Fitter,

101 Calhoun Street,

Next door to Y. M. C. A.

FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.
PLUMBERS,
Steam and Gas Fitters,
48 East Main St.
FORT WAYNE, ... IND

THE BEST MEATS IN THE CITY.
—AT—
GOTTLIEB HALLER
South Side Meat Market, carries nothing but the choicest meats. Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Sausage at
No. 388 CALHOUN STREET,
AND HANNA STREET (WESSEL BLOCK.)

WATER WORKS.
Bath Tubs, Pumps, Rubber Hose, etc.
—AT—
C. W. BRUNS & CO.,
PLUMBERS,
166 Calhoun Street,
Opposite the Cathedral. Fort Wayne, Ind.

COSGROVE & SNYDER,
Tubular and Drive Wells
Put Down by Skilled Workmen.
Special Attention Given to Pump Repairing.
We keep on hand a full line of Pumps and Repairs. PERKINS WIND MILLS.
NUMBER 9 HARRISON STREET,
Sign of Wind Mill Rudder. jun18-tf

FINE MEATS.
ROUSSEAU & PFEIFFER,
44 WEST BERRY STREET,
Have one of the BEST MEAT MARKETS in the city. They handle nothing but first-class meats. Sold at reasonable prices.

Take
Hood's Sarsaparilla
100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the marvellous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that this medicine actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Its real merit has won for Hood's Sarsaparilla a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier.
Merit Wins
It cures Scrofula, all Humors, Dyspepsia, etc. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

LONG LIFE.

There is nothing in the world more generally desired than long life, yet the majority of people put off caring for their health—not because they are really careless, but because we live our lives at such a pace we have not time to give the subject sufficient thought until we receive a reminder in the shape of a severe illness.

Then, too, we are constantly bewildered by the various schools of medicine, and the physicians who represent them, and often blunder in our choice of a doctor.

If people only knew that the very best health-keeper, life-preserver and disease preventer that has yet been discovered, is simmered down into a concentrated and very palatable form in the shape of New Style Pleasant-Taste Vinegar Bitters, they would not hesitate a moment to try it.

But they do not know. How can they know, when so many not only worthless, but positively injurious drugs are constantly flooding the market under various names and guises, that the New Style Vinegar Bitters is as bad as any of them?

They do not know, of course, unless they have the courage to try the New Style. It straightens out a tangled-up system in a very short while, and those who buy it once buy it always.

Why don't you try it, reader? It is sent out by a responsible house, and is exactly as represented. It costs but a dollar for a very large bottle. Try it once and you will never be so glad of anything in your life. Your druggist may not have it, but he will order it for you. Be sure it says New Style Pleasant Taste on carton and bottle before you take it. Try it, and you will feel happier than if you had found a gold mine, for it really is a mine—of health.

Free from alcohol and opium; composed of expensive herbs and roots, with fine, delicate flavoring.

Send for a beautiful book free.

VINEGAR BITTERS
Vegetable · Free from Alcohol · Purely · Dr. Walker's California
VINEGAR BITTERS

R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO.,
Cor. Washington & Charlton Sts.,
NEW YORK CITY.

BALL'S


CORSETS
BONED WITH KABO.
Warranted Not to Break or Roll Up with 1-Yrs' Wear
If they do we will cheerfully return the money paid for them, or if the Corset is not SATISFACTORY IN ALL RESPECTS after 3 weeks wear it may be returned to us and money will be refunded.
CHICAGO CORSET CO.
CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

DIETER'S
CROWN
BAKING
POWDER

Recommended by the highest medical and chemical authorities, who testify to its absolute purity, wholesomeness and wonderful strength. Every can guaranteed to do the work of any other baking powder costing twice as much. Every can guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded.

1 lb. Can, 30c.; ½ lb., 18c.; ¼ lb., 8c.

If your dealer does not keep Crown, do not let him persuade you to buy some other he claims to be just as good, but ask him to oblige you by getting
DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER.

S. BREIDENSTEIN.
Real Estate & Loans
26 Court Street.
Watch his bulletin for some special bargains.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1889.

HIS LAST WHACK.

Postmaster Higgins Draws His Last Pay as a Railroader—Gossip From the Busy Centers.

"This is my last whack at the pay car," said Postmaster C. R. Higgins, as he stepped from the Pittsburg pay car this morning at the depot and met THE SENTINEL reporter, who was waiting for him.

He had just drawn his pay for the fraction of a month from the paymaster. It was his last pay as chief clerk to Supt. C. D. Law, of the Pittsburg.

Twenty-eight years ago Mr. Higgins entered the service of the Pennsylvania company as a telegraph operator at Delphos, O. Seven years afterwards he came to this city and took a position as night operator in the Pittsburg train dispatcher's office, which he filled for nine years, when he was appointed wood and tie agent for the company.

This position he held for three years, when he was appointed chief clerk in Superintendent Law's office.

Here he has been for the last nine years, proving himself one of the most pleasant and efficient officials in the railroad service. Ceil Higgins knew his duty and did it in a manner that won for him many plaudits not only from his employers, but the public, to whom he was always courteous. He can be proud of his railroad record, for as Superintendent Law's chief clerk he has proven himself a success.

About a month ago he retired from that position and entered upon his duties as postmaster of Fort Wayne. He is a hard worker, methodical in his system, and THE SENTINEL, although opposed in politics to the administration which put him into his present office, believes that Ceil Higgins will make a good postmaster.

He will remain in this office for four years, and will then step down and out for a democrat, and will probably drift back into railroad life again.

THE DAY'S NEWS.

THE SENTINEL reporter was shown a group photo this morning of the employes of the Bass blacksmith shops, recently taken by an artist who was at the works. The boys look handsome. There isn't a better looking lot of men in the city than the Bass blacksmiths, although there are a few bald heads among them. The group is composed as follows: John Lyle, Peter Hohanzen, Robt. Sitterlin, Charles Batcher, Wm. Limecooley, Charles Ginter, Wm. Palmer, J. B. Gilbert, Joseph Slator, Charles Bodenbeck, Edward Eix, Barney Johnson, Wm. Schondel, Henry Mennewisch, Peter Anderson, Martin Heusler, Peter Herner, Lorenzo Armbuster, Jacob Hausbach, Morris Zauner, Abraham Geoglein, Charles Dickmeyer, Henry Romke, Joseph Buckley, Henry Hidenright, Jacob Seibold, Herman Robst and Henry Eix.

On Monday next, the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisvile will put on three trains each way between Fort Wayne and Muncie, each making close connections with the trains of the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis railroad, at Muncie, and on Sunday there will be two trains each way, which will carry passengers for one fare for the round trip. Gen. Pas. Agent Fisher is determined to show the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis that it will pay them to run through coaches between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis over the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and St. Louis and Big Four.

There is a handsome group picture standing on the desk of Clerk J. J. Wiesner at the Olds wheel works. It contains the foremen and several of the clerks at the works. Our reporter recognized their familiar faces as follows: Supt. Victor A. Sallot, F. W. Dunham, Wash Mack, Thos. Cragg, Wes. Davis, James Shepherd, John Koorsen, Jacob Fraunfelder, Joseph Heit, Will Cragg, Wm. Smith, J. J. Wiesner, Wm. Hatfield, H. B. Woolsey, James Smith, Charles Daryrimple, Robert Renfrew, Russell Thompson and Thomas Underwood.

Jay Gould is said to be a bull on the reorganized Wabash. Naturally, he would be. He has $50,000 of the original Wabash stock which, years ago, cost him much more than the stock will sell at, and he has been paying heavy assessments. However, the phenomenally large earnings of the road at the present time is a good argument to bull the stock with.

The Ottawa *Sentinel* brings us this news: "Work on the Midland railroad west of Ottawa is still progressing. The difficulty in adjusting matters connected with the right-of-way is delaying the work of track laying. As soon as this matter is adjusted the work will be pushed with vigor."

Albert Miller, machinist at the Bass works, while working at a bolt machine yesterday afternoon, had his hand caught and the lower half of one of his little fingers was completely cut off. He lives on East Washington street and will be kept from duty for some time.

Mr. A. D. Dwelle, for some time past assistant general passenger agent of the Wabash railway, has been appointed assistant general passenger and ticket agent of the Iowa Central road, with office at Marshalltown, Iowa.

John Fleming, formerly of this city, but now foreman of the Grand Rapids round house, at Grand Rapids, has moved his family to that city.

The Pittsburg works have an order for building ten new class S. locomotives. They are now working on six engines from the old order. Next week all the departments will work thirteen hours a day.

W. H. Sherbondy, of the Pittsburg works, who had his leg injured a few days ago by a driving wheel falling on it, is getting along nicely, but will be unable to resume his duties for several days.

Lewis Altevogt, an apprentice boy at the Bass works, while assisting Machinist Charles Taylor about the machinery this morning, had his hand badly crused. He lives in South Wayne.

W. P. Foster, who formerly represented the Wisconsin Central in this territory, has been appointed traveling passenger agent of the Mexican Central.

William Berning, of the Pittsburg machine shops, was injured the other evening by falling in a natural gas trench.

Joe White, foreman of the east yards blacksmith shop, is off duty to-day, on account of an injury to one of his eyes.

The Olds wagon works employes went to Rome City this morning. There were seventy in the party.

A. L. Woodworth, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is going to sell his horse and buggy.

Lewis Seibt, machinist at the Bass works, has returned to duty after an illness.

Fred Vodde, machinist at the Bass works, is ill with typhoid fever.

E. T. Cary, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is on the sick list.

William Korte, of the Bass works, is on the sick list.

The Pittsburg pay car went west today.

EAST YARD TALK.

Who is the "$-g-o-p-r?"

Cars for grain are at a premium.

The road men are getting in good time now.

O. L. Hobbs, the conductor, took the pay car to Chicago.

Joe Shea, the night messenger, is suffering with an inflamed eye.

Isaac Jones, the east end freight conductor, has resumed his run after a long vacation.

Stock business from the union stock yards at Chicago has been unusually heavy for several days.

Two new engines arrived from the east last night for the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville road.

Reily Evans, a conductor on the Cincinnati, Richmond and Fort Wayne road, is moving into his new home on East Williams street.

Frank Tibbs has returned from Zanesville, O., where he was visiting for the past ten days. His arm, which was hurt recently, is doing nicely.

George McManigal, who was thrown from a passenger train recently, is on deck again. George bears various mottled adornments on the port side of his countenance.

Jim Haskell, of the east yard office, has a new arrangement for hair cutting. From Jim's description of the plan we infer that it would not work very well in summer without bringing an ice machine into requisition.

Our readers have doubtless often noticed that Hood's Sarsaparilla is well spoken of in the newspapers. The press is quick to recognize merit, and does not hesitate to give praise where it is due. The following is from the *Baptist Weekly*, a leading religious paper:

"Advertising may bring an article prominently before the public, but no advertising can long help it if it has not real merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla is well advertised; but the best proof of its value is that so many persons use it on the recommendations of friends who have proved its peculiar virtues."

The town of Lee, in Maine, is said to be so well regulated that it has neither lawyer, doctor nor minister.

The Common Lot.

There is a place no love can reach,
There is a time no voice can teach,
There is a chain no power can break,
There is a sleep no sound can wake.

Sooner or later that time will arrive, that place will wait for your coming, that chain must bind you in helpless death, that sleep must fall on your senses. But thousands every year go untimely to their fate, and thousands more lengthen out their days by heedful, timely care. For the failing strength, the weakening organs, the wasting blood, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a wonderful restorative and a prolonger of strength and life. It purifies the blood and invigorates the system, thereby fortifying it against disease. Of druggists.

Spokane Falls is on its feet again and is already projecting a railroad from there to Alaska.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Cheap Harvest Excursions

Will be run via the Wabash Line to points in Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Dakota, Colorado, and all parts of the West, on August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th, 1889. Rates one fare for Round trip. For particulars, apply to nearest Wabash Ticket Agent. Oct1

Natural gas will be here by September 10 to 15, without fail. If you do not know whether pipes will be laid in the street or alley at your residence, call at the gas office. Remember that convenience and amount of heat considered, natural gas is one-half cheaper than coal or wood.

SALAMONIE MINING & GAS CO.
30 eod 1m.

OLD BONES.

Contractor James Fox Unearths the Bones of Human Beings at the Pittsburg Gravel Pit.

Mr. James Fox is contractor on the job of filling up the Pittsburg gravel pit.

Yesterday some of his workmen unearthed at a spot about 300 yards from the old cemetery the bones of five human beings. Beads and other trinkets indicated that the bones were those of Indians.

Mr. Fox will furnish a part of the collection to Mr. George Reiter, who will give them a prominent place in his collection of relics.

Economy and strength are peculiar to Hood's Sarsaparilla, the only medicine of which "100 Doses One Dollar" is true.

W. D. Ried, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, has gone to Rome City on a trip.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle *Free*, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and $1.00. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

Mr. Hulet and wife, of Marsailles, O., are in the city.

PAINSVILLE, O.

J. M. LOOSE RED CLOVER CO., Detroit.—I have used your Solid Extract Red Clover with perfect success and take great pleasure in recommending its use to any afflicted with Scrofulous or Cancerous affectiosn, believing it (from my own experience) to be a most efficient blood purifier.

J. J. HARRISON.

For sale by Dreier Bros.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

FOR Mosquito Bites Sunburn Piles Burns Inflammations Hemorrhages Soreness Sprains Lameness Sore Eyes Chafing Wounds Bruises and ALL PAIN
USE POND'S EXTRACT
DEMAND POND'S EXTRACT. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE FOR IT

FAC-SIMILE OF BOTTLE WITH BUFF WRAPPER.

TO CURE THE WORST CASES OF PILES USE POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT.
BY MAIL FOR 50 CENTS A BOTTLE.
POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 5th Ave., New York

WESTMINSTER SEMINARY.

Fall Term Opens, Sept. 11.

Music, Art, Gymnastics, Elocution, German, Latin, Higher Mathematics, Literature.

First Class Instruction. Select Association. Individual Attention.

ONE DAILY SESSION.
Tuition, First Term, $20.00.

Primary and Boy's Departments open same day.

For information apply at the Seminary.

A Proclamation!
Dr. I. Guy Lewis, Fulton, Ark., says—"A year ago I had bilious fever; Tutt's Pills were so highly recommended that I used them. Never did medicine have a happier effect. After a practice of a quarter of a century, I proclaim them the best
ANTI-BILIOUS
medicine ever used. I always prescribe them."
Tutt's Pills
Cure All Bilious Diseases.

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 862 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 2 cent stamp. Sold by Theime & Gross, Druggists, 34 Calhoun Street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

BROU'S INJECTION
An Infallible Remedy for the Cure of all Contagious Diseases of the Urinary organs; guaranteed not to produce Stricture; no sickening doses; and no inconvenience or loss of time. Recommended by physicians and sold by druggists everywhere. J. Ferré (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris.

Many Imitate, None Equal!
TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA 5 CENTS
Will buy sufficient
Pearline
to do a large wash—
Clean a house,
or enough of both to prove to any woman its wonderful dirt-removing and labor-saving qualities. Costs almost nothing, but makes the dirt jump. Does it hurt the hands or clothing?—NO, it is harmless. Many millions of packages used every year—no complaints, but many women write: cannot get along without PEARLINE.
Caution Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers. 146 Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

Schedule of Prices, Adopted July 1, 1889, for Natural Gas.

COOK STOVES—DOMESTIC.

Nov. Dec. Jan. Feb. March April	Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th Disc't.	Net.	May. June. July. Aug. Sept. Oct.	Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th Disc't.	Net.
No 7 Mixer	$2.78	.28	$2.50		$1.66	.16	$1.50
No 5 Mixer	2.22	.22	2.00		1.39	.11	1.25

Gas and Gasoline Stoves for Cooking, $1.00 Per Month.

LARGE COOKING RANGE.

From November 1 to May 1.	Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th Disc't.	Net.	From May 1 to November 1.	Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th Disc't.	Net.
No 9 Mixer	$3.33	.33	$3.00		$2.22	.22	$2.00

LAUNDRY STOVES.

(When Cook Stove is Also Contracted.)

	Rate per month.	If paid before the 10th. Discount.	Net.
No 7 Mixer	$1.11	.11	$1.00
No 9 Mixer	.85	.10	.75

HEATING STOVES AND GRATES.

	No. 7 MIXER. Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th. Disc't.	Net.	No. 5 MIXER. Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th. Disc't.	Net.
First Stove	$5 00	.50	$4 50	$3 89	.39	$3 50
Second Stove	4 44	.44	4 00	3 33	.33	3 00
Third Stove	3 89	.39	3 50	2 78	.28	2 50
Fourth Stove	3 33	.33	3 00	2 22	.22	2 00
Fifth Stove	2 78	.28	2 50	1 66	.16	1 50
Sixth Stove	2 22	.22	2 00	1 39	.14	1 25

ANNUAL CHARGES FOR HEATING STOVES AND GRATES IN ADVANCE.

	No. 7 MIXER.	No. 5 MIXER.
First Stove	$27.00	$21.00
Second Stove	24.00	18.00
Third Stove	21.00	15.00
Fourth Stove	18.00	12.00
Fifth Stove	15.00	9.00
Sixth Stove	12.00	7.50

FURNACES.

	Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th. Disc't.	Net.	Annual Charges in Advance.
22-inch fire pot	$6 95	$ 70	$6 25	$37 50
24-inch fire pot	8 66	86	7 80	46 80
26-inch fire pot	9 44	94	8 50	51 00
28-inch fire pot	10 00	1 00	9 00	54 00
30-inch fire pot	11 66	1 16	10 50	63 00
32-inch fire pot	13 89	1 39	12 50	75 00

Grates and open stoves using No. 5 Mixer or smaller, where boilers or furnaces are also used for heating the premises, shall be charged $7.50 each per annum.

The company will make all necessary connections with its street mains and run service pipes to the curb line without expense to the consumer.

The mixers are owned by the company, and are furnished without charge. Patrons are cautioned against interfering with them in any manner. Any defective service on the part of the company will be promptly attended to, upon notice to the office. A damper in the stove pipe is necessary to insure successful service.

All bills are due on the 1st day of the month, and payable in advance AT THE OFFICE OF THE COMPANY. Ten days' grace is allowed to patrons who pay promptly, but BILLS MUST BE PAID ON OR BEFORE THE 10TH OF EACH MONTH TO SAVE DISCOUNT. Allowing the time for discount to expire before making payment does not give an extension of time on the bill.

All applications, notices and complaints must be made at the office to insure prompt attention.

The business of the company MUST be transacted AT ITS OFFICE. If you do not clearly understand any point in this circular, call at this office and explanations will be cheerfully given.

The mixer is the bulb through which the gas passes to be mixed with air. A No. 5 mixer is the size generally used for domestic purposes and will supply sufficient gas for heating equal to an ordinary hard coal stove, burning from 4½ to 5 tons of coal during the season. No. 7 and upward are for hot air furnaces and steam heating apparatus.

No. 5 mixer has 4-32 opening.
No. 7 mixer has 6-32 opening.
No. 9 mixer has 8-32 opening.

Special attention is called to the annual rates, which are much below the cost of coal, wood or gasoline.

Furnace or cook stove will be counted as one stove, and where additional fires are used they will be figured on the basis of reduction named in price list.

Annual Contracts are payable in six monthly installments, commencing with the date of connection, between November 1 and May 1, and continuing to April 1, and commencing again November 1 if necessary to complete six monthly installments. If connection is under Annual Contracts are made after May 1, but previous to November 1, then such monthly payments shall begin November 1 and continue to April 1.

Any consumer using $40.00 worth of gas per year according to above schedule shall have the right to require gas to be furnished by meter measurement instead of schedule rates; in which case the company shall have the right to charge ten (10) cents per 1,000 feet. Standard meters will be furnished by the company.

For all manufacturing purposes and for all other consumers not designated in the foregoing schedule, gas shall be furnished at the option of the consumer as follows:

First, by special agreement, or second, by meter measurement not exceeding seven (7) cents per 1,000 cubic feet.

For further information, apply at office.

THE SALIMONIE MINING AND NATURAL GAS CO., 50 CLINTON STREET.

The PARKER GUN.

Double Barrel Breach Loading Shot Guns,
HAMMER AND HAMMERLESS.
Strongest and Best Shooting Guns made. Send for circular.
PARKER BROTHERS, MAKERS,
MERIDEN, CONN.

IF YOU are BILIOUS Take Hoptonic.
For sale at Thieme & Gross' Drug Store, Corner Calhoun and Wayne.

DR. H. W. NISWONGER,
GENERAL PRACTITIONER.
Treatment of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, resulting in Brights' disease, Disease of the Skin, Loss of Strength.
Electricity scientifically applied.
Consumption treated with success if not to far advanced. Examination will be sufficient.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, 264 E. JEFFERSON STREET, FORT WAYNE, IND. 10tf

Ask for Baker's Famous Headache Specific. It never fails to give relief. Sold and guaranteed by Thieme & Gross.

M. V. B. SPENCER,
Attorney-at-Law,
33 *CALHOUN ST., FORT WAYNE,*
Prompt attention given to all business intrusted to his care. jy13-daw tf

Ask your grocer for Fermentum Compressed Yeast. Take no other. 7-tf

The D&C
TO MACKINAC
SUMMER TOURS.
PALACE STEAMERS. LOW RATES.
Four Trips per Week Between
DETROIT, MACKINAC ISLAND
Petoskey, Sault Ste. Marie, and Lake Huron Way Ports.
Every Week Day Between
DETROIT AND CLEVELAND
Special Sunday Trips during June, July, August and Sept.
Double Daily Line Between
CHICAGO AND ST. JOSEPH, MICH.
OUR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS
Rates and Excursion Tickets will be furnished by your Ticket Agent, or address
E. B. WHITCOMB, G. P. A., DETROIT, MICH.,
Detroit and Cleveland Steam Nav. Co.

REMINGTON!

STANDARD
TYPEWRITER
It has been for fifteen years the STANDARD, and embraces the latest and highest achievements of inventive skill.
SEND FOR FULL PARTICULARS.
Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,
51 North Pennsylvania Street, Indianapolis, Ind
May 22-6mo

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

Under Schedule in Effect May 12, 1889.

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:

(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York *5:30 a. m., 11:30 p. m., *5:00 p. m., *2:00 p. m.

Crestline accommodation, †7:30 a. m.

WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *5:15 a. m., †11:30 a. m., *5:00 p. m., *1:45 a. m. Chicago accommodation leaves at 8:20 a. m. For Plymouth, †4:00 p. m.

*Daily.
†Daily, except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

GOING EAST		GOING WEST
Lv 2 00 p m	Express	Lv 2 40 p m
Lv 6 10 a m	Accommodation	Lv 6 45 a m

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.

(Fort Wayne Division.)

FROM NORTH		GOING NORTH
10 30 a m—A.	Cincinnati Ex......—Lv	
	Detroit Ex	" 4 40 p m
3 40 p m	"—Detroit Ex	" 11 50 a m
5 20 p m	"—Way Freight	" [illegible]

All trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER R. R.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.
[Fort Wayne Time Table.]

Going South.	Arrive
5 30 a m—Ft Wayne accommodation	9 30 a m
11 45 a m—Cin & Lo'v'le mail and ex	4 50 pm
5 30 p m—Indianapolis express	10 00 p m

WABASH RAILWAY.

MARCH 31, 1889.

GOING WEST.	Depart
Pacific Express, daily	5 00 a. m.
Kansas City ex, daily ex'pt Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail	5 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	3 30 p. m.

GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule Limited daily	5 05 a m
Cannon Ball, except Sunday	1 30
Limited Express, daily	6 25

Lafayette accom arrives 11 a m.

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m	10 30 a m
1 45 p m	6 20 p m
Lv Indianapolis	**Ar Ft Wayne**
7 15 a m	1 30 p m
1 10 p m	6 10 p m
7 00 p m	5 00 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect June 16, '89.

GOING NORTH.

*For Grand Rapids and North	Lv 2 10 a m
" " " "	" 8 05 a m
For Grand Rapids	" 2 50 p m
From Richmond	Ar 6 15 p m
From Portland	Ar 7 30 a m

GOING SOUTH.

For Richmond and Cincinnati	Lv 5 50 a m
" "	" 12 30 p m
" "	" 12 10 p m
For Portland	6 50 p m
From Grand Rapids	Ar 6 35 p m

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids.
All other trains daily except Sunday.

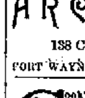
E. F. SITES, DENTIST,
No. 74 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind

Opposite the Aveline House over the Nord-lund Drug Store.

J. M. E. RIEDEL,
ARCHITECT,
ABOVE SCHANZ'S GALLERY,
112 CALHOUN ST. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Oldest Firm and Most Reliable in the City,
Wing & Mahurin,
ARCHITECTS!
Rooms 41 and 42, Pixley & Long Block.

FRANK B. KENDRICK,
ARCHITECT,
138 CALHOUN STREET,
FORT WAYNE - - - - - - - - INDIANA


Cook's Cotton Root Compound.—Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal. Successfully used monthly. Safe, Effectual, Pleasant. $1 by mail, or druggists. Sealed particulars 2 stamps. Ladies address POND LILY COMPANY, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.
Sold in Fort Wayne by Thieme & Gross, druggists. sept. 13-1yr

Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Unequaled as a health and pleasure resort. Finest Watering Place Hotel in the West.

The waters will positively cure all Kidney and Liver Diseases, Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Female Complaints, Skin and Blood Diseases, etc.

For handsomely illustrated descriptive pamphlet, apply to F. Chandler, G. P. & T. A. "Wabash Line," St. Louis, Mo. Oct1.

CURSE OF THE NATION.

REV. DR. TALMAGE SAYS THAT IT IS DRUNKENNESS.

His Text II Kings x. 10: "Who Slew All These?"—A More Fearful Massacre Is Now Going on, He Says, Than in the Old Days.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, recently preached at Helena, Mont., to a vast congregation. Taking for his text, "Who slew all these?" II Kings x, 10, he preached a powerful discourse on "Drunkenness the Nation's Curse." He said:

I see a long row of baskets coming up toward the palace of King John. I am somewhat inquisitive to find out what is in the baskets. I look in and I find the gory heads of seventy slain princes. As the baskets arrive at the gate of the palace, the heads are thrown into two heaps, one on either side of the gate. In the morning the king comes out, and he looks upon the bleeding, ghastly heads of the massacred princes. Looking on either side the gate, he cries out, with a ringing emphasis, "Who slew all these?"

We have, my friends, lived to see a more fearful massacre. There is no use of my taking your time in trying to give you statistics about the devastation and ruin and the death which strong drink has wrought in this country. Statistics do not seem to mean anything. We are so hardened under these statistics that the fact that fifty thousand more men are slain, seems to make no positive impression on the public mind. Suffice it to say, that intemperance has slain an innumerable company of princes—the children of God's royal family; and at the gate of every neighborhood there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the household there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the legislative hall there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the university there are two heaps of the slain; and at the gate of this nation there are two heaps of the slain. When I look upon the desolation, I am almost frantic with the scene, while I cry out, "Who slew all these?" I can answer that question in half a minute. The ministers of Christ who have given no warning, the courts of law that have offered the licensure, the women who give strong drink on New Year's day, the fathers and mothers who have rum on the sideboard, the hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women in the land who are stolid in their indifference on this subject—they slew all these!

I propose in this discourse to tell you what I think are the sorrows and doom of the drunkard, so that you to whom I speak may not come to the terment.

Some one says: "You had better let those subjects alone." Why, my brethren, we would be glad to let them alone if they would let us alone; but when I have in my pocket now four requests saying; "Pray for my husband, pray for my son, pray for my brother, pray for my friend, who is the captive of strong drink," I reply, we are ready to let that question alone when it is willing to let us alone; but when it stands blocking up the way to Heaven, and keeping multitudes away from Christ and Heaven, I dare not be silent, lest the Lord require their blood at my hands.

I think the subject has been kept back very much by the merriment people make over those slain by strong drink. I used to be very merry over these things, having a keen sense of the ludicrous. There was something very grotesque in the gait of a drunkard. It is not so now; for I saw in one of the streets of Philadelphia a sight that changed the whole subject to me. There was a young man being led home. He was very much intoxicated—he was raving with intoxication. Two young men were leading him along. The boys hooted in the street, men laughed, women sneered; but I happened to be very near the door where he went in—it was the door of his father's house. I saw him go up stairs. I heard him shouting, hooting, and blaspheming. He had lost his hat, and the merriment increased with the mob until he came up to the door, and as the door was opened his mother came out. When I heard her cry that took all the comedy away from the scene. Since that time when I see a man walking through the street, reeling, the comedy is all gone, and it is a tragedy of tears and groans and heartbreaks. Never make any fun around me about the grotesqueness of a drunkard. Alas for his home!

The first suffering of the drunkard is in the loss of his good name. God has so arranged it that no man ever loses his good name except through his own act. All the hatred of men and all the assaults of devils cannot destroy a man's good name, if he really maintains his integrity. If a man is industrious and pure and Christian, God looks after him. Although he may be bombarded for twenty or thirty years, his integrity is never lost and his good name is never sacrificed. No force on earth or in hell can capture such a Gibraltar. But when it is said of a man, "He drinks," and it can be proved, then what employer wants him for workman? what store wants him for a clerk? what church wants him for a member? who will trust him? what dying man would appoint him his executor? He may have been forty years in building up his reputation—it goes down. Letters of recommendation, the backing up of business firms, a brilliant ancestry cannot save him. The world shies off. Why? It is whispered all through the community, "He drinks; he drinks." That blasts him. When a man loses his reputation for sobriety he might as well be at the bottom of the sea. There are men here who have their good name as their only capital. You are now achieving your own livelihood, under God, by your own right arm. Now look out that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not create any suspicion by going in and out of immoral places, or by any odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush of your cheek. You cannot afford to do it, for your good name is your only capital, and when that is blasted with the reputation of taking strong drink, all is gone.

Another loss which the inebriate suffers is that of self-respect. Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink he feels demeaned. I do not care how reckless he acts. He may say, "I don't care;" he does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye, unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is destroyed; his self-respect gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He cannot. The Philistines have bound him hand and foot, and shorn his locks, and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of a great horror. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing disgrace and ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He cannot. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago; not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He cannot; he knows he cannot, so he does not try. I had a friend who for fifteen years was going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial and very generous and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say, "I can stop any time." But he kept going on, going on, down, down, down. His family would say, "I wish you would stop." "Why," he would reply, "I can stop any time if I want to." After a while he had delirium tremens; he had it twice; and yet after that he said, "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Rum! Rum! And yet among his last utterances was, "I can stop at any time." He did not stop it, because he could stop it. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which, if a man goes, he cannot stop!

One of these victims said to a Christian man, "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.'" I have a dear friend in Philadelphia, whose nephew came to him one day, and when he was exhorted about his evil habit, said, "Uncle, I can't give it up. If there stood a cannon, and it was loaded, and a glass of wine sat on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have it." Oh, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel that he is a captive. He says: "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death; but there is no hope now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal, beating against the wires of my cage in this direction and in that direction; beating against the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed, without remedy!"

"I go further, and say that the inebriate suffers from the loss of his usefulness. Do you not recognize the fact that many of those who are now captives of strong drink only a little while ago were foremost in the churches and in reformatory institutions? Do you not know that sometimes they knelt in the family circle? Do you not know that they prayed in public, and some of them carried around the holy wine on sacramental days? Oh, yes, they stood in the very front rank, but they gradually fell away. And now what do you suppose is the feeling of such a man as that, when he thinks of his dishonored vows and the dishonored sacrament—when he thinks of what he might have been and of what he is now? Do such men laugh and seem very merry? Ah, there is, down in the depths of their soul, a very heavy weight. Do not wonder that they sometimes see strange things, and act very roughly in the household. You would not blame them at all if you knew what they suffer. Do not tell such as that there is no future punishment. Do not tell him there is no such place as hell. He knows there is. He is there now!

I go on, and say that the inebriate suffers from the loss of physical health. The older men in the congregation may remember that some years ago Dr. Sewell went through this country and electrified the people by his lectures, in which he showed the affects of alcohol on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There were thousands of people that turned back from that ulcerous sketch swearing eternal abstinence from everything that could intoxicate.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain flies on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his creeping limbs! What fiends stand by his midnight pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut—he feels them all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where those inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and says, "Hush, now, be still. Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone, they begin again: "Oh, God! oh, God! Help! help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! Take them off me! Oh, God!" And then they shriek, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handsful, and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they ask the keepers to kill them. "Stab me. Smother me. Strangle me. Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch. That thing is going on in hospitals, aye, it is going on in some of the finest residences of every neighborhood on this continent. It went on last night while you slept, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it. I see it coming.

Again: the inebriate suffers through the loss of his home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things, and if he could not get drink in any other way, he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up in that way, no one but God knows.

Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul, I hate it. Do you tell me a man can be happy when he knows he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags? Why, there are on the streets of our cities to-day little children, barefooted, uncombed, and unkempt; want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches to-day, and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents, and drove them into the grave. Oh, rum! thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I abhor thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone and that is, that the inebriate suffers from the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that I suppose when an inebriate wakes up in this lost world he will feel an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eternity, where is the rum to come from? Dives could not get one drop of water. From what chalice of eternal fires will the hot lips of the drunkard drain his draught? No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds then for the dregs which the young man just now slung on the saw dusted floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for the rind thrown out from the punch bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives cried for water. The inebriate cries for rum. Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a fiend came up to earth for some infernal work in a grog shop, and should go back taking on its wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate in the lost world longs, what excitement it would make there. Put that one drop from off the fiend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed inebriate; let the liquid brightness just touch it, let the drop be very small if it only have in it the smack of alcoholic drink, let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world, and he would spring to his feet and cry: "That is rum! aha! that is rum!" and it would wake up the echoes of the damned: "Give me rum! Give me rum! Give me rum!" In the future world, I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow; I do not believe that it will be the absence of light; I do not believe that it will be the absence of holiness; I think it will be the absence of strong drink. Oh! "look not upon the wine it when is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last, it biteth like a serpent and it stingeth like an adder."

But I want in conclusion to say one thing personal, for I do not like a sermon that has no personalities in it. Perhaps this has not had that fault already. I want to say to those who are the victims of strong drink, that while I declare that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that while a man cannot stop in his own strength, the Lord God, by His grace, can help him to stop at any time. Years ago I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said: "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but somehow, since we gave our hearts to Christ, He has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power here not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate and redeem it. I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will this moment give your heart to God He will help you by His grace to conquer. Try it. It is your last chance. I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting under my ministry there are people in awful peril from strong drink, and, judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in five thousand that they will get clear of it. I see men in this congregation of whom I must make the remark that, if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards' graves; and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I knew that it is an awful thing to say, but I can't help saying it. Oh, beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! As ye open the door of your wine closet to-day, may that decanter flash out upon you. Beware! and when you pour the beverage into the glass, in the foam at the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to your soul, "Beware!" When the books of judgment are open, and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I to-day, in the fear of God, and in the love of your soul, told you with all affection, and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—a premonition of the blackness of darkness forever. Oh, if you could only hear this moment, Intemperance, with drunkard's bones, drumming on the head of the wine cask the Dead March of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lip, and you would go home from this service and kneel down and pray God that, rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind, the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God has a balm for such a wound; but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted death of a drunkard's sepulcher?

Pioneer Justice in Michigan.

A story that Judge Reilly occasionally repeats when the subject of Michigan justice is up for discussion, runs substantially as follows:

When Gratiot County, Michigan, first began to be disturbed by pioneers, and after it had its first justice of the peace, a farmer named Davison walked three miles to secure a warrant for the arrest of his neighbor named Meacham for assault and battery. To save the constable a six mile trip the defendant walked with the plaintiff. They encountered his honor just leaving his house with his gun on his shoulder, and Davison halted him with:

"Squire, I want a warrant for this man for striking me."

"I'm in an awful hurry," said the squire. "Come to-morrow."

"So'm I in a hurry, and I'm going to have a raising to-morrow."

"Meacham, did you hit him?" asked the justice.

"Yes."

"Davison, did you strike first?"

"No."

"Meacham, had you rather work for Davison three days than go to jail?"

"I guess so," answered Meacham.

"And will that satisfy you, Davison?"

"Yes."

"Then make tracks for home, and don't bother me another minute! My son has just come in with the news that an old bear and three cubs are up the same beech, down at the edge of the slashing, and I'm going to have some bear meat if it upsets the supreme bench of Michigan. Court stands adjourned at present."—*Detroit Tribune.*

Jones Would Compromise.

"When I used to run a grist mill over in Scrub Grass Township," said Uncle Silas Bowersox, "an old skinflint named Ab Jones always managed to come to mill just in time to be invited to dinner or supper, as the case might be. This went along most all Summer, when the old woman got mighty sick of it an' told me I mustn't invite him any more. I didn't see how I could very well help it, the way Jones managed things, but the old lady was pretty slick herself, and told me I could just tell him that I was very sorry, but that we didn't have a bite of bread in the house. That looked like an easy way out of it, and so the next time Jones kem to mill and lingered by the brookside, so to say, I jest up and told him how awful sorry I was that I couldn't invite him to stay to dinner, but it happened that Mrs. Bowersox didn't have a bite of bread or biscuit in the house.

"'Oh, well,' says old Jones, 'pies an' cakes will do.'"

"An' pies and cakes it had to be."

When He Was Away.

Jonjones—The poet says, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.' Do you think it does?

Jonsmith—Yes, I think it does. While you were away that sweetheart of yours was observed to keep company with Jabrown a good deal. She used to be quite fond of him once, you know. Yes, I guess absence does make the heart grow fonder—but it depends a good deal who the absent one is.

Disadvantages of Christianity.

Auntie—I suppose you are a good little Christian boy, Bobby, of course?

Bobby (dubiously)—Well, I don't know. Willie Wallies is a Christian boy, and I wouldn't like to be like him.

Auntie—What's the matter with Willie?

Bobby—Every boy half his age in school can lick him.—*Life.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON CONSIDERED.

Reflections of an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lessons Intelligently and Profitably.

The lesson for Sunday, August 18, may be found in I Sam. 15: 10-23.

INTRODUCTORY.

The connection calls for a brief survey of Israel's conquests under Saul. Conquests, we have said, because wherever Israel went victory perched upon her banners. But conquest proper belonged to David's day; those wars under Saul were mainly defensive and expulsory rather than subjugatory. It was the king after God's own heart who at a later time set the bounds of the kingdom and established its authority. But Saul was a mighty warrior in his day, and, had he followed up his advantages, he would have been a great king. His first victory was over the *Ammonites*, just prior to his full coronation (I Sam. 11). The second triumph was over the *Philistines* (I Sam. 13 and 14), where Jonathan comes to the front. The third was over the *Moabites*; the fourth, the *Edomites*; and the fifth, the *Syrians*—all mentioned in I Sam. 14: 47. The sixth campaign, with the *Amalekites*, the subject of to-day's lesson, occurred about the fifteenth year of Saul's reign. Two other Philistine wars mark the declining years of Saul, in the latter of which he perished. Saul was a man who stopped short of his greatest possibilities. "He smote thrice and stayed."

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES

Behold, he set him up a place. A stone of triumph for King Saul. A monument to himself! That was a tell-tale shaft. It reveals to us the fatal weakness of Saul's character—he set self above God. Carmel came before Gilgal, stones before sacrifice. That was the trouble in the initial default, a few years before, there at Gilgal. Tired of waiting for Samuel, God's prophet, anxious to be through with the formal ceremony of the burnt offering, ambitious to do for himself, he essayed that which belonged to the messenger of God alone to do. He boldly put forth his hand, and himself offered the burnt-offering. It was essentially an exaltation of self. Saul thought more highly of himself than he thought of God. So here he has wholly mistaken the character and object of this war, and his place in it. It was not merely for Saul's uplifting. It was to be a religious war, a war of extermination for Israel's lasting good. Saul, thinking of self again, sees in it a mere opportunity for present plunder and for personal glory. Hence his conduct. In the providence of war compromise is often selfishness: it may be treachery. Abatement of the issue, how it pressed upon us in revolutionary days, and again in the more recent war of the sixties. Heaven be praised that there were those who saw a higher purpose. Alas for Saul that he did not.

I have performed the commandment of the Lord. Moral aberration. It is one of the strangest, suddest things in the world—how wilfulness warps the judgment and twists the faculty of discernment. See, said Saul, "I have performed the commandment of the Lord." And when the man of God looked, what did he behold? The flagrant tokens of real disobedience. Saul has performed his own will, not God's. Oh, these consciences of ours, how we can pervert them! "I have performed the commandment of the Lord," some one is saying at the baptismal font; and when we look, alas, what a travesty of the ordinance commanded! "I have performed the commandment of the Lord," some one is saying as he leaves the sacred desk, and lo, it is a pitiful, if not blasphemous, man-made righteousness he has been preaching, and right in the face of the oracles of God. "I have performed the commandment of the Lord," some one is saying at the Lord's treasury, but alas, how meager is his "all for Jesus!" God sees it all. Words will not change its character. "Blessed be thou of the Lord"—cant. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that *doeth the will* of my Father which is in heaven."

The people spared the best to sacrifice unto the Lord. Saul was not the last man who robbed in the name of religion, or gave pious names to such odious things as selfishness, and avarice, and cupidity. Jesus met afterward with a people who, in their wicked covetousness, said to father or mother, regarding something they would fain enjoy themselves, "It is corban," i. e., dedicated to God, and so were "free." Thus, said Christ, ye make "the word of God of none effect." They played with the word of God, that was all. Alas, how the lusts of pride and power and possession were humored through the centuries of Rome's domination, and the church, so-called, became in the name of religion a self-seeker and a robber! Sacrifice, indeed! And there is a lesson for ourselves as individuals. Jesus says, "If thy right hand offend thee cut it off and cast it from thee." And we understand it is that we let no cherished attainment or valued possession hinder our eternal well-being. Yet, in spite of this plain mandate, behold us, burdening and embarrassing our poor souls with earth's rubbish or worse. We have "spared the best," we think, but even that which is "the best" becomes the worst for us if it be kept for self rather than for God. To lay hands on that which is *devoted* is not to win heaven's favor, but to court heaven's wrath. "Ye are *not* your own."

The rest we have utterly destroyed. But "the rest" will not atone. There is no such thing as partitive obedience. It is whole or nought. Neither is there any such thing as a balancing of good against ill. No amount of strength in yesterday's loyalty will make up for to-day's weak treason and disloyalty. The schoolboy may know how to subtract and divide very well, but if he know not how to add and multiply as well his "answer" will be all wrong. It is no palliation before the court that the embezzler was a fair and honest accountant twenty years of his life, no more than that, for the most part, he was a "royal good follow," and knew how to return a favor. "My son, give me thy heart," says the Voice within. "Utterly destroy the reign of self is what it means. Have you done it?" "No. But I have no great vices. I tell no lies. I have stopped my club expenses. I have even dropped my cigars." *The rest we have utterly destroyed.* Friend, never mind the rest, for the present. Come to the main requirement. Have you "obeyed the voice of the Lord?"

Didst fly upon the spoil. Thus early do "the spoils" prove the ruin of high officials. Saul is sent to do a holy mission, but on the way he has as, the Douay version significantly frames it, "turned to the prey." The aim of the expedition has been forgotten; it has become a mere predatory excursion. And this is the meaning of that grave charge at the opening of the lesson: "He is turned back from following me, and hath not performed," or, as the Douay again phrases it, "*executed* my commandments." That is, Saul had not completed what he set out to do. He had run off the track. Beware of it, friends. God has sent each man out on a holy warfare in this world. Satan slyly thrusts his allurements in the way, to draw us from our high purpose or destiny. Shall we leave fighting sin and forthwith "fly upon the spoil?" Alas, what a sordid conception of life some men have! They see nothing in it but booty. They will sacrifice everything to its "spoils." Talk to them of something loftier and they seem like men dull. "Sandy," said the old Scotch King to his Prime Minister Alexander, "is there any king yet we have not conquered?" "None, your Majesty, unless it be the one they call the King o' Heaven." "Go find Him," said the complacent monarch, "and tell Him we will fight Him." Alexander went out and met a priest. Forthwith returning, he said, "Please, your Majesty, the King o' Heaven sends word that *you may hae His Kingdom for the asking.*" "In truth, mon," cried the Highland chief, "will you tell the King o' Heaven that for His civility *no Scot shall set foot in His dominion.*"

Go and utterly destroy. Here is the end of the whole matter. God wants uncompromising loyalty, unconditional submission, full and complete devotion. He wants it not simply for his honor and glory but for our comfort and blessing. Would you offer sacrifice? "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice." It *is* sacrifice, for it is that in which the Lord delights. Would you render service? "When thou wast little in thine own sight wert thou not made the *head of the tribes of Israel?*" Self-emptying abatement before God is the way to leadership. Destroy pride, root and branch. "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." O, ye men of holy ambition in the kingdom of Christ, believe it, rebellion here is "as the sin of witchcraft." It is virtually going over to the enemy; it is desertion of God. "Because thou hast neglected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee—think of it—*from being king.*" Saul rejected the word of the Lord and lost—a crown. Do we do less?

Next Lesson—"The Anointing of David." I Sam. 16: 1-13.

What Ailed Her.

Douglass Jerrold once exasperated a fish-woman almost to the point of frenzy by rushing up to her, and crying: "You're a noun, you're a pronoun, you're a verb, you're an adjective, you're a participle, you're a preposition, you're an interjection!" Language that people do not understand sometimes has a more powerful effect upon them than language that is more easily comprehended. This is well illustrated by the following incident:

A lady entered the consulting-room of a well-educated and intelligent physician.

The doctor made his usual examination by feeling the pulse, looking at the tongue, etc. In giving his directions, he said: "Madam, you should eat less, and take more out-door exercise."

The advice seemed to be too common for the lady, and she resolved to consult a notorious quack in the community.

While the empiric knew nothing of the nature of the disease, he had learned how to take advantage of the patient's weakness, and confounded her with a cloud of high sounding terms. "The only true and legitimate manner of accounting for your rare disease," he said, "is in the physiological defects of the membranous system. The obtuseness of the spinal abdicator causes the cartilaginous compressor to coagulate into the diaphragm, and thus depresses the duodenum under the fandango. Now, if the disease was caused by the vogation of the electricity from the appendages, the tympanum would dissolve the spiritual sinctum, and the ossificator would ferment in the olfactory, thus becoming identical with the pigmentum. Now, as this is not the case, in order to produce your disease, the spinal rotundum must diverge to a point on the elliptical spero. But, as I said before, in order to produce this disease, the ligamentum teres must subtend over the digitorum to a degree sufficient to dislodge the stericoletum."

The lady replied: "Yes, doctor, you describe my case exactly. I'd like you to treat me."

Hale and Hearty in Old Age.

What is more beautiful than an ancient tree clothed with an ample robe of verdure? Apt is the comparison between such a growth and an old man or woman infused with health and vigor. The *sine qua non*, the indispensable condition of vigorous youth, robust manhood and a virile old age, is sound digestion. Without this life is shorn of the hearty zest that should attend it. No more beneficent and agreeable contributor to the attainment of a hale old age, and efficient means of counteracting the infirmities that too often attend life's decline, can be found than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Dyspeptic symptoms, a tendency to kidney complaint, nervous inquietude and rheumatic trouble are overcome by its use. The effects of exposure and over-work are nullified by it, and it affords efficient protection to all subjected to malarial influences. Give it a thorough trial.

An Amusing Incident of the War.

"One of the funniest incidents that happened under my observation during the war," said Col. Mosby, "occurred in a cavalry fight in the Shenandoah Valley along in 1864. In the midst of a sharp cavalry engagement with Sheridan's men in a charge near Berryville there came crashing like a whirlwind into our lines a Yankee soldier on a big black horse. A score of men tried to stop horse and rider, but the old black's blood was up, and he went on clear through the lines before he was under control. The rider was sent to Libby Prison, and we mustered the black charger into the Confederate service. A few days later we charged some of Custer's men, and I'll be —— if that old horse didn't return the compliment by carrying a 'Reb' into the Federal lines, and never came back."—*New York Tribune.*

This is the age of wonders, and the average American citizen is no longer surprised at anything. If you want to experience that sensation, however, just write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., and hear what they have got to say of the success of some of their agents. They have got the goods that sell, and any one out of employment will consult their own interests by applying to them.

The Inquiries Had a Purpose.

"Johnny," said the farmer to a lad who had arrived with the summer boarders, and who was watching him turn the grindstone. "Kin ye read?"

"Yes, sir."

"And write?"

"Yes, sir."

"And spell?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, spose ye jest spell me a little while at this grin' stone till I go and feed the cows."

Montana's Free Lands.

The Great Reservation of Montana, thrown open for settlement by the President last May, contains 18,000,000 acres of land, all legible for entry for free homes, under the United States Land Laws. It extends for three hundred miles East and West, and on an average of one hundred miles North and South.

If you intend going to Montana remember that THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL is the direct line between Chicago and St. Paul, making close connection at St. Paul for all points in Montana. Solid through trains with Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars and Unrivaled Dining Cars are run between Chicago and St. Paul. For other information, pamphlets, etc., address JAMES BARKER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Indisputable Evidence.

De Lolo—Where do you intend to spend your vacation.

De Pole—I am going to our milkman's dairy farm. There is the finest kind of fishing in that neighborhood.

"Huh! You don't take his word for it, do you?"

"No, indeed. We've found young trout in his milk."—*New York Weekly.*

You don't have to *take our word* for the good quality of Dobbins' Electric Soap. Just *get one bar* of your grocer, and let it tell you *its own story* next *Monday*, and be governed by that, *good or bad.*

A BILLIARD ball gets off its baize when it jumps the table and tries the floor for a run. —*New Orleans Picayune.*

WHY is a painter like a second-hand clothes dealer? Because he brushes for a living.

All Run Down

From the weakening effects of warm weather, by hard work, or from a long illness, you need a good tonic and blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives a good appetite, strengthens the whole system, purifies the blood, regulates the digestion.

"It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My health two years ago was very poor. My friends thought I was going with consumption. I commenced using Hood's Sarsaparilla, took five bottles of it, and to-day I can do as hard a day's work as I ever could. It saved me from the grave, put me on my feet a sound, healthy man." WILL R. D. TURNER, Wigconsville, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

DETECTIVES

Wanted in every county. Shrewd men to act under instruction in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Send 2c. stamp. Grannan Detective Bureau Co. 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

There is a man in our town
And he is very wise, sir.
When e'er he doesn't feel just right
One remedy he tries, sir.
It's just the thing to take in spring
The blood to purify,
He tells his friends, and nothing else
Is he induced to try;

because, having taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to cleanse his system, tone it up, and enrich the blood, and finding that it always produces the desired result, he considers that it would be foolish to experiment with anything else. His motto is, "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." That's why he pins his faith to the "Golden Medical Discovery."

WALKING advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are the thousands it has cured.

One or the Other.

"Chicago is a great place."

"What's up there now?"

"Nothing except the usual thing. If the people are not excited over some great social scandal it is some recent assassination."

"That's so. It is either hug or thug."

For Cure of SPRAINS & STRAINS use St. Jacobs Oil Cures PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY WITHOUT RETURN OF PAIN. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE. THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO., BALTO., MD.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY. $75 per month and expenses paid any active man or woman to sell our goods by sample and live at home. Salary paid promptly and expenses in advance. Full particulars and sample case FREE. We mean just what we say. Standard Silverware Co., Lock Box 5308, Boston, Mass.

HOME STUDY. Bookkeeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Circulars free. BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N.Y.



SHE TELLS HIM THE SECRET.

"*Later unto Amicola*
Came a pale face preacher, teaching
Peace and progress to the natives.
Wooed and won he Uanita.
She, nobler to make his calling,
Whispered to him nature's secret—
Told him of the herbs so potent
For the healing and the saving."

—EXTRACT FROM POEM OF "UANITA."

An Editor's Experience.

Major Sidney Herbert, a well-known journalist in agricultural circles, writes April 15th, 1889: Some five years ago I wrote a letter stating that Swift's Specific had cured me of severe rheumatism. Since that time I have had no return of the rheumatic troubles, although frequently exposed to the influences that produced former attacks. Several of my friends had a similar experience, and are firm in their conviction that S.S.S. brought a permanent cure. The searching power of this medicine is shown in the fact that it developed a scrofulous taint that was conspicuous in my blood over thirty years ago, and has removed the last trace of it. I have also tested S. S. S. as a tonic after a severe attack of malarial fever, which kept me in bed for three months, and am convinced that its curative and strengthening properties insured my recovery from that illness, as I was in a very low condition of health. SIDNEY HERBERT, Atlanta, Ga.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

FREE DR. WALTER LANGTRY'S TREATISE ON DISEASES OF HORSES AND CATTLE, Bound in cloth, containing 150 Engravings and 220 PAGES OF VALUABLE INFORMATION. Price $1.00. The above given with every purchase of $1.25 worth of Scotch Remedies, assorted, i. e. Scotch Oil Liniment, Scotch Colic Cure, Scotch Distemper Cure, Scotch Compound Condition Powder, Scotch Ointment. For sale by all druggists, or address LANGTRY'S MEDICINE CO., box 126 Ft. Wayne, Ind.



TO INTRODUCE OUR GOODS We will send by mail on receipt of $1.25 A PAIR —OF— LADIES' DONGOLA OXFORD TIES ANY SIZE CLARKE SHOE CO., Middletown, Conn.



FATHER'S BALD HEAD TREATMENT Will Grow Hair on any and all Bald Heads. Will refund Five Dollars in Gold for every unsuccessful treatment where the directions have been carefully followed. Price $3.00. Write for particulars. Address VENETIAN COMPOUND Co., P. O. Box 207, Fort Wayne, Ind.



$15. FREE TRADE PRICES! NO PROTECTION! NO MONOPOLIES! $45 SEWING MACHINES ONLY $15 We are now selling our WESTERN IMPROVED SINGER SEWING MACHINE—same as cut—complete with all attachments and warranted for 5 years for only $15. Send for circular and see full description of this and other styles to M. A. SCULLEN & CO., 162 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

NORTHERN PACIFIC LOW PRICE RAILROAD LANDS & FREE Government LANDS. MILLIONS OF ACRES of each in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. SEND FOR Publications with Maps describing The BEST Agricultural, Grazing and Timber Lands now open to Settlers Sent Free. Address CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Commissioner, ST. PAUL, MINN.

CATON'S FRENCH VITALIZERS. [illegible]

$25 AN HOUR made by our Agents. THE DR. PERKINS MEDICAL CO., Richmond, Va.

JOSEPH H. HUNTER, ATTORNEY, WASHINGTON, D. C. WILL GET YOUR PENSION without DELAY.

Bryant & Stratton Chicago Business College! SHORT-HAND INSTITUTE and ENGLISH TRAINING SCHOOL. Is the STANDARD INSTITUTION and the LARGEST IN THE WORLD! Full information, Catalogue, terms, etc., sent FREE. Address H. B. BRYANT & SON, Proprietors, Chicago, Ill. We recommend this college to our readers. Mention this paper when you write.

A MAN UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Pond Creek, Kingfisher, Fort Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—and Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Traverses new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. Through Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (east of Missouri River) Dining Cars Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to North Platte, Neb., and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels (furnishing meals at seasonable hours) west of Missouri River. California Excursions daily, with CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The DIRECT LINE to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitariums, and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE,

Solid Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake, and Sioux Falls, via Rock Island. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. CHICAGO, ILL. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agent.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

Baby Carriages We manufacture to sell direct to private parties, and deliver free of charges within 700 miles of Chicago. Send for Catalogue. CHAS. RAISER, Mfr., 62-64 Clybourn Ave., Chicago.

N. U., F. W. .... No. 33—89.

When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

IN THE VINEYARD.

Some Gems of Thought Culled for Sabbath Day Reflection.

WHOLESOME READING FOR ALL CLASSES.

Thought as the Supreme Factor—Two Religious Documents by Lincoln—Socrates.

Thought as the Supreme Factor.

Someone points out the fact that thought is not the supreme factor in modern life. News is this factor. Sensation has taken the place of thinking. Germany, "the land of thought," furnishes interesting illustrations. Say what you will of the great universities and the magnificent libraries, they are, after all, for the few. The daily press is the daily food of the nation. Now Mackenzie is the sensation then an empress; then Bismarck; Geffken comes to the front, disappears in prison, and Morier is the theme; the English ambassador is lost sight of when the tragedy of Crown Prince Rudolph and Baroness Vetsera furnish an interesting and exciting sensation; then King Milan leaves his throne and becomes the hero of the press for a week. Then the interest centers around the divorced queen and the papers wonder whether she will now return to Servia and influence her son and national affairs in favor of Russia. In the intervals, the pause, or between the acts, Boulanger poses, or the French ministry dances before the public, or Parnell and Irish affairs are excitedly discussed. Prospects of war also made interesting episodes. Crime and fraud and filth are the pepper and salt and mustard always ready for proper seasoning.

Is that thought? Is that intellectual culture? Is that solid daily food?

Socrates.

The victims of religious persecution have been so many since his day, and we are so well accustomed to the deaths of courageous men in support of a religion, that we are apt to under-value the greatness of the first heathen philosopher who sealed his evidence to the cause of goodness with his blood, and this is the more to be lamented because there has probably been no more consistent life and death recorded in the pages of profane history, with the exception, perhaps, of the life and death of our own countryman, Sir Thomas More. Socrates, like Sir Thomas More, might have escaped the extreme penalty of death had he been willing to plead guilty. In a large jury of nearly six hundred persons, a majority of five votes only found a verdict against him, and had he appealed for mercy there is no doubt that it would have been granted, but to appeal for mercy would have been to admit guilt, and to admit guilt would have been to discredit that Divine commission—to better his countrymen—which he believed himself to have received. Further, he had always declared that death was in itself no evil; to live unjustly was evil; to suffer unjustly was a small misfortune in comparison with doing unjust acts; and so he submitted to his sentence with a dignified cheerfulness which, as described by his friend and disciple, Plato, has been the object of the veneration of all centuries of learned and good men have since been privileged with the emplation of his great example.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Two Religious Documents by Lincoln.

From the *Century* "Life of Lincoln," we quote the following: "We subjoin two papers from the hand of the President, one official and the other private, which bear within themselves the imprint of a sincere devotion and a steadfast reliance upon the power and benignity of an overruling Providence. The first is an order which he issued on the 16th of November, 1864, on the observance of Sunday:

"The President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and naval service. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the National forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperiled, by the profanation of the day or name of the Most High. 'At this time of public distress adopting the words of Washington in 1779] men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality.' The first general order issued by the Father of His Country after the Declaration of Independence indicated the spirit in which our institutions were founded and should ever be defended. The General hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country."

The date of this remarkable order leaves no possibility for the insinuation that it sprung from any political purpose or intention. Mr. Lincoln had just been re-elected by an overwhelming majority; his party was everywhere triumphant; his own personal popularity was unbounded; there was no temptation to hypocrisy or deceit. There is no explanation of the order except that it was the offspring of sincere conviction. But if it may be said that this was, after all, an exoteric utterance, springing from those relations of religion and good government which the wisest rulers have always recognized in their intercourse with the people, we will give one other document, of which nothing of the sort can be said. It is a paper which Mr. Lincoln wrote in September, 1862, while his mind was burdened with the weightiest questions of his life, the weightiest with which this century has had to grapple. Wearied with all the considerations of law and of expediency with which he had been struggling for two years, he retired within himself and tried to bring some order into his thoughts by rising above the wrangling of men and of parties, and pondering the relations of human government to the Divine. In this frame of mind, absolutely detached from any earthly considerations, he wrote this meditation. It has never been published. It was not written to be seen of men. It was penned in the awful sincerity of a perfectly honest soul trying to bring itself into closer communication with its Maker.

"The will of God prevails. In great contests each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both may be and one must be wrong. God can not be for and against the same thing at the same time. In the present civil war it is quite possible that God's purpose is something different from the purpose of either party; and yet the human instrumentalities, working just as they do, are of the best adaption to effect His purpose. I am almost ready to say that this is probably true; that God wills this contest, and wills that it shall not end yet. By His mere great power on the minds of the now contestants, He could have either saved or destroyed the Union without a human contest. Yet the contest began. And having begun, He could give the final victory to either side any day. Yet the contest proceeds."

AN ELOQUENT WITNESS.

In the County Court of Summit County O., a man was recently on trial for stealing a horse from Albert G. Mallison. The principal witness for the prosecution was John Mallison, aged 64 years. The following verbatim report of his testimony has been sent to the Rochester *Post-Express* by a Western lawyer:

Question (by prosecuting attorney)—Where is your home, Mr. Mallison?

Answer—I reside, sir, and gentlemen of the jury, in the Smoky City of the Keystone State.

Question—At the time when it is claimed the horse was stolen you was visiting your brother, A. G. Mallison, I believe?

Answer—Gentlemen of the jury, at the time the horse was stolen I was visiting my only brother for the first time in twenty years. We were quietly sitting by the comfortable old fire-place, engaged in pleasant converse of our boyhood days, when suddenly his hireling, without any sign of warning, rushed into the room in a state of breathless excitement, and with quivering lips announced that the best horse had just been taken from the barn, and that he had come up the highway just in time to see him ridden rapidly away.

Question—This was in the evening, as I understand it; what kind of a night was it, Mr. Mallison?

Answer—A few light and fleecy clouds flitted across the disk of the moon.

Question—What was done when you heard of this?

"'Mount the large bay mare and ride up the right hand road with celerity, while I will ride the gray gelding up the left hand road with alacrity.' We mounted and wore off like the wind. At about two miles from the starting point these two roads came together. For some reason the rascally thief did not ride as fast as we, and as we neared the point of intersection I observed the hireling coming toward me, and the thief was between us. I shouted to him to halt. He saw the situation, halted and dismounted. I bounded from my horse. Hostilities ensued. I struck him to the earth like a dog. He rose again; hostilities were resumed. The hireling was now with me, and, gentleman of the jury, we soon had the villain *hors de combat* and conveyed him to the jail of the county, and gentlemen (rising to his feet and pointing to the prisoner,) there sits the cowardly, cringing, contemptible, dastardly scoundrel, and may God have mercy on his soul!"

THE "COON" QUESTION DISCUSSED IN THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Judge Asphalt Green, at the meeting of the Limekiln Club, arose to a question of privilege. Time after time he had listened to communications in which the colored race was referred to as "coons," and none of the members had been moved to object. He could hardly pick up a newspaper without seeing the same reference, and more than once he had heard the expression on the street and in the shops. He didn't want to be captious, he said, but such things pained him. He hoped the club, as a club, would take some decided action to express its deep displeasure.

"Brudder Green, would you object to being called a fox?" queried Brother Gardner.

"I reckon not, sah."

"Well, dar' am no great difference between de fox an' de coon—not 'nuff to kick about. It's jist a habit sartin white men hev got into, dat's all. Dey would call you a fox or 'possum or wood-chuck jist as quick, but dey dun doan' think quick 'nuff. I'll spoke to 'em about it an' hev 'em call you a hoss or a mule, if dat will relieve your mind."

"But, sah, do you uphold such conduct?" protested the Judge.

"No, Brudder Green, but I ar' keepin' quiet for fear of results. De white man has got a mighty long head on him, an' if he was prevented from callin' you a 'coon' he'd hunt up sunthin' a good deal wuss beto' he was a day older. Sut down, Judge—not down an' rest yer backache. You hasn't been feelin' well fur de las' week, an' perhaps dis change in de weather has affected yer mind."—*Detroit Free Press.*

WOMAN'S PROGRESS

Gossip About Matters in Which the Dear Creatures Take an Interest.

SEASONED WITH A LITTLE WIT.

A Column or Two of Tittle-Tattle Anent Matronly Mothers, Modish Maidens, and Merry Misses.

Ingenious California Girls.

For some time past it has been the custom of a number of young ladies employed in a dressmaking shop to repair to the Capitol Grounds at the noon hour to partake of their luncheon. They invariably sat beneath a large cedar tree, the wide branches of which afforded a generous shade. Several young men about town observed this fact, and almost daily they could be found shortly before 12 m. lounging under a tree not far distant from that beneath which the young ladies sought shelter. This was of course annoying to the young ladies, and each of them has provided herself with a large parasol, all of which are opened when the grounds are reached and placed around in a circle. This forms a perfect corral three or four feet in height, within which the young ladies can partake of their lunch and recline at ease, free from the prying eyes of the curious young men.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Killed a Rattler With Her Tin Pail.

Mrs. Frank Keen, of Chichesterville, had a rather thrilling experience with a rattlesnake a day or two ago, which she will probably remember during the remainder of her life. She was picking raspberries in her garden when she suddenly heard a peculiar rattling noise. She continued her work for a minute or two, when she again heard the same noise nearer by, accompanied by an ominous hiss, and, glancing into the bushes close at hand, she saw a big rattlesnake already coiled and about to spring at her.

Mrs. Keen had a large tin pail partly filled with raspberries in her hand, and without a moment's hesitation she let the snake have a taste of the berries and the big pail at the same time. The pail must have fallen with a terrific whack on the reptile's head, for when Mrs. Keen went closer to examine into the injuries done to her pail, as well as to see how the snake liked its berry bath, she found the head had been nearly severed from the body. Mrs. Keen says she feels assured that the snake would not have attacked her if she had kept a respectable distance from its quarters. The snake measured four feet in length and had nine rattles.—*Kingston Freeman.*

A Womanly Deed.

"I saw a little act of kindness yesterday," said one of our court officials, "that struck me as very pretty and womanly. I suppose you've noticed that there are quite a number of gypsies about the streets lately. Well, yesterday afternoon one of the women was in rather of a fix out on West Main street. She was carrying a bouncing young Roman, and the gay handkerchief she wore twisted about her head instead of a bonnet was on the point of slipping off and falling on the dirty sidewalk. Having both arms full of baby she couldn't readjust her head dress herself, and her evident distress over what seemed a rather trifling matter seemed a fit subject for laughter to those who observed her at all. "Just then," says the Rochester *Democrat*, "a very handsomely dressed lady came along, and evidently took in the situation at a glance. She walked straight up to the gypsy woman, smiled an 'allow me!' reached across the not over clean baby, and with her daintily gloved hands tied the handkerchief under the woman's chin. Then she gave the repaired headdress a little twitch at the sides to set it straight, and with another smile and that final pat with the hollow of the hand on the knot with which all women put the finishing touch to a bow went on her way. It don't sound like anything in telling, but it struck me as a bit of real womanly kindness, and judging from the look in the brown woman's eyes, it struck her so, too."

Don't Sit on Your Feet.

Another deplorable habit, and one common to the most refined and fastidious women, is the practice of sitting on their feet. Once they acquire this trick it becomes second nature, and they develop into such experts that they find but little trouble in arranging for themselves this, to them, most comfortable perch, even when in the most public places. With a cunning twist of their body and a little side twitch of their skirts they can accomplish the feat under the nose of an ardent admirer without in anyway arousing his suspicions. It is not graceful, but if the young woman is a small specimen of humanity she curls herself up in a kittenish sort of a way and, with a little air of such perfect content that one has not the hardness of heart to deliver her a lecture upon the subject. This habit once fixed is apt to follow one down to old age. I met not long ago a charmingly refined old lady who laughingly told me that she had never been able to break herself of this habit, and really she could perform the feat of sitting on her foot with all the ease of a girl of 16.

Sometimes the consequences are rather disastrous. Not, perhaps, as much so now as in the days of hoop skirts, when results most embarrassing were apt to ensue. A funny story was told me the other day by a lady friend who became the victim of her own folly. "It was," she said, "in the days when the small steel skirt was an important part of woman's attire that I took my seat in a horse-car, and, without a moment's thought, deftly curled up one foot beneath me. When I arrived at my destination I signaled the conductor to stop the car and attempted to rise, but found that my foot had become entangled in one of the steels of the wretched skirt. What to do I did not know, but finally, finding that I was becoming a target for all the eyes in the car. I concluded to ride on, not daring to make a second move until I reached the stables. I am sure," she added, "that from that day to this I have never attempted to sit on my foot."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Pretty Hosiery.

In nothing does the truly feminine soul so delight as in pretty hosiery.

"Gloves and stockings are my weakness," frankly confesses one of the most exquisite of women. "I will get on with three gowns a year, but I must have well-fitting gloves and pretty stockings."

And so she has. Nothing comes in the way of dainty novelty in this line that she does not add to her already generous store. In her enthusiasm she might almost be classed as a collector of this special line of womanly adornment. She is only one of a class, although she may be a little extreme.

"It costs me more, in proportion, for my boots, stockings, and gloves that it does for the larger articles of my wardrobe," said a working girl the other day. "I can scrimp in some things, but not in these."

How horrified a well-dressed woman would have felt a quarter of a century ago had it been proposed to her that she should wear a colored stocking. She would have considered that not only her good taste but her ideas of cleanliness had been outraged. Nothing was admissible but a pure white stocking, one on which not even a speck of dust could be seen. Fine and immaculate and sunny white, this was what the swinging skirt must show if, inadvertently, the ankle was exposed to view.

The first innovation came with the cream-tinted balbriggans, finished so finely that the surface had a silken look. These held their own for a long time. Then came introductory stripes of color on the cream white, these stripes being very narrow, hardly more than a hair line, while the white stripe was very broad. By degrees the stripes widened and the color deepened, until, almost before the women were aware of it, they were wearing stockings of a solid color and admiring them, too, immensely.

Pale blue, pale rose, and a soft French gray were the first innovations; then came scarlet, navy blue, and seal brown, and by and by all these colors deepened into black, which took the place as the proper color for every day wear. Now the black stockings seem to have a firm hold upon the affections of the wearers, as white had a few years ago. It is the exception when a woman is seen in anything but a black stocking in the street or at home in the morning.

A LAUGH THAT COST FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

His daughter was going to Europe. He is a very rich man, but a millionaire will always make up a telegraphic code to save money. It would be nothing to him if she sent a hundred words, but he will always get as much as he can for nothing anyway, and he will have a telegraphic code. I don't know, though. Perhaps he thought she might take as many words to say a thing by telegraph as ladies ordinarily do in conversation, and that would bankrupt a millionaire. Let us acquit him of economy. Let us say that by confining her to one word he would understand what she telegraphed, whereas if he left her to express it in her own way he might never have found out what she meant. He left her to make out the code. She made out one quite to the point on all important matters. She selected the words herself, wrote it all out and handed it to him when she left. He locked it in his desk, and it was all right. Last week he got a telegram from her. It consisted of one word—"Laugh." He laughed. It seemed to be something quite pleasant. His code was at the house. He went up there in the best of humor. He got out the code and read: "Laugh—Send me $500."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A COMPOSITOR'S FEAT.

James Leonard, President of the New Orleans Typographical Union, is a typo in the *Times-Democrat* office. On Friday, July 5, Mr. Leonard began his week's work. He was offered no special opportunities to make a great record (or, in typographical parlance, a "big string") by setting up easy matter ("fat takes," as the printer puts it), but worked on the regular "file," which contains the general run of matter that appears in the *Times-Democrat's* columns. The type used in the office is brevier, agate and nonpareil, the latter largely predominating. The agate measures 99 ems to a line, the nonpareil 25. Mr. Leonard worked seven and a half hours a day for seven consecutive days, and on Thursday night last, when he cast up his "string" it was disclosed that he had set up just 102,800 ems, an average of 14,685 ems a day, or 1,941 ems an hour. And he made few errors; his "proof" was good. In doing this feat Mr. Leonard set 205,600 letters, and returned the same to their boxes. The distance traveled by his arm was about 125 miles. This record is the best made in New Orleans since the war. Mr. Leonard was born in Keokuk in 1858.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU HANDLE THIS.

The Joker—Ah, I see you deal in all sorts of shares here?

The Broker—Yes, sir, all sorts of shares. What can I do for you?

The Joker—Well, you see my Uncle Jonas away back has died and left me his farm and outfit, and I want to dispose of the old plough-shares.

The Broker—You git!

THE STAGE.

"All the World's a Stage; the Men and Women Merely Players."

GREEN-ROOM NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

Fresh News, Idle Gossip, and Amusing Stories About Actors and the Histrionic Art.

A SQUABBLE as to who will have Miss Luna Merville's services next season is imminent.

WILLIAM BROWN, of Chicago, aged 90, is the oldest circus man in America. At 13 he was first jokey to King George III.

A REPORT comes from London that Richard Mansfield and Beatrice Cameron became man and wife before their departure for this country.

IT is said that a syndicate of English capitalists has offered H. R. Jacobs half a million dollars for a two-thirds interest in his circuit of theaters, he to control the remaining interest and receive $15,000 a year salary as general manager of the circuit.

FRANK M. GARLAND will travel with James A. Herne the coming season, playing a character part in Mr. Herne's play, "Drifting Apart." Mr. Garland is a brother to Hamlin Garland, the Boston lecturer and literateur, and is making realistic character acting a specialty.

A CUBAN circus manager is going to give ten exhibitions in Mexico, in which an elephant and a tiger are to be separately pitted against some of the fiercest bulls that can be brought into the arena. The old time elephant, Romeo, well known here, will do the honors on these occasions.

J. K. Emmett will introduce a new feature into his performances next season. Instead of having a vocal quartet he will employ a string quintet. Mr. Emmet has written a new lullaby, which he will sing next season with the quintet accompaniment. The quintet will also be added to the orchestra.

WILSON BARRETT purchased recently from the widow of E. P. Rowe all the rights of dramatization of "He Fell in Love with His Wife" for England and America. Mr. Barrett is about completing a dramitization of the story. It is said an American manager has bought the play from Mr. Clark Saxumis, Mr. Barrett's representative here, as the English actor has not much use for domestic dramas.

"THERE are only one or two instances," says the London *Graphic* "of plays written in French by English playwrights being successfully produced on the Parisian stage. A recent case is that of 'L'Heritage d'Helene,' written in French by Richard Davey and Mrs. Lucy Hooper and produced last week at the Theatre de l'Application. M. Sarcey spoke highly of the play, and it is possible that an English version of it will be seen in London next season."

HELEN DAUVRAY, the wife of the New York base ball club's shortstop, John M. Ward, has arrived from Europe. Although there have been numerous reports that Mrs. Ward did not intend to act next season, there is no good reason to doubt that she will star under H. C. Miner's management. Robert C. Hilliard will be the leading man. The principal pieces will be "A Scrap of Paper" and "One of Our Girls."

TWO SWEET young things who occupy a prominent position in the back row of the chorus lied them to the photographier's, and they said, "We want to be took in our stage clothes;" and when they had engaged in the process of doffing till the mugtaker's phiz was the color of a boiled beetroot, that mugtaker yelled, "D'ye take this studio for a Turkish bath house?" Then did the two ladies talk in the language of the ancient Britons, the fur flew, and two young things are still un-took.

MANAGER HENRY E. ABBEY, has purchased "Aunt Jack," the late Court Theater, London success. It is said to be a very laughable comedy, which derives its title from Joan Bryston's (Aunt Jack) suit for $25,000 damages for breach of promise. In her bill of particulars she claims $10,000 for blighted hopes, $7,500 for loss of faith in the male sex, $5,000 for loss of future prospects, so far as at present can be foreseen, and the remaining $7,500 for the worry, bother and anxiety in making up her case.

At the Wild West Camp, Neally, Paris, a little Indian papoose, while playing war-path, swallowed a couple of bullets. His mother, alarmed, hurriedly sent for a doctor. The "medicine man" only laughed at her fright, and, patting the child on the cheek, quietly said: "The danger will soon pass." "Doctor! doctor!" exclaimed the mother, "do, please, prescribe something for the child." The doctor took his pencil and wrote: "If in three weeks the bullets are still in the child fill him with gunpowder up to the throat." N. B. "Do not aim the child at anybody." The child was not loaded

ADELINA PATTI, in speaking of her career, is reported to have said: "I am not beautiful but I pass for pretty, that's one; I am tolerably graceful, that's two; I am a good dresser, that's three; I have a way with me that is piquant, that's four; I like my public, that's five, for my public like me because I like them and never tire of pleasing them; I have a good voice, that's six; I know how to sing well—my way—that's seven; I always know my music, that gives comfort to the audience and may count as eight; I act fairly well with the roles I sing, that's nine. What more could one want in a singer."

FLORENCE BREEDON has sued her husband, Harry Breedon, at Chicago, for divorce, and Alice Irving, of John Dillon's company, is implicated.

Miss Louise Sylvester, who is well known as one of the best eccentric character actresses in America has been engaged to succeed Miss Deaves in the part of Ayeesha in "Bluebeard, Jr." Arthur Dunn, who showed remarkable cleverness in Hoyt's pieces, will succeed Martinetti.

CHARLES H. MATHEWS, who has been identified with the firm of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau for the last ten years, has decided to resign his position as a member of Mr. Abbey's executive staff next month and devote his time and attention to his own special theatrical venture, "The Burglar."

THIS season Robert Mantell wears some very handsome and expensive costumes in "Monbars." Among them is a dressing gown of electric-blue plush, lined with crimson silk, and trimmed with silver fox fur, that must have cost several hundred dollars. Other dresses are equally rich, and "Monbars" is one of the finest-costumed dramas now before the public.

MISS ALBERTA GALLATIN, a granddaughter of Albert Gallatin, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and Miss Alice King Hamilton, a descendant of Alexander Hamilton, have been engaged by Daniel Frohman for the Lyceum Theater, New York. Both the young women are actresses of some years' experience. Miss Gallatin has starred in the South and West.

MARGARET MATHER recently said to a New York reporter: "One of the objects of my trip abroad was to find a new play, but I did not succeed, for good plays seem quite as scarce there as here, and the demand for them is even greater, if that be possible. The best play we saw was Pinero's 'The Profligate,' but the author was not then willing to sell the American rights."

GEORGE WESSELLS, who has been engaged to play Gounod in Joseph Haworth's "Paul Kauvar," has been a leading heavy man for upward of twenty years. He used to support E. L. Davenport, William Sheridan, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, Mary Anderson, Modjeska and other stars. He has played such roles as Macbeth, Othello, Iago, Edgar in King Lear, and Richard III. Wessells has not been seen by Eastern theater-goers since 1876, as he has been in California.

SUCCESS like a dancing ray of sunlight has followed the frisky heels of Lena Merville from "Bunch of Keys" to "Oolah." She has been identified with all the big farce comedy successes; her doll dance in "Arabian Nights" saved it from perdition and perdition followed her resignation from that company. Her early training in English burlesques, pantomimes and vaudevilles gave her a wide range of experience, developed her versatility and put her in possession of resources to draw from such as no other American soubrette of to-day has at her command. After the termination of her engagement with Francis Wilson, she leaves the "Oolah" Sept. 9, to fill a thirty weeks' engagement with Munroe and Rice in "My Aunt Bridget."

THERE is considerable pow-wow going on at present in England over the bill for the abolition of theatrical children. The measure will have in all probability a stormy passage through the House of Lords, if it ever gets through. Augustus Harris and other prominent people in the theatrical world protest against this hysterical legislation and with considerable force. If all children were as carefully and as humanely treated as those employed in American theaters their little lives would be brighter. It is right that the safe-guards of law should be thrown around those who start out early in life as bread-winners. The theater is not the only institution that needs special legislation. Here we occasionally see an exhibition of zeal at times that takes the honest bread out of the hands of juvenile performers. If children have to be wage-earners why should not they be allowed to follow an occupation in which kindness, good treatment and fair remuneration is the rule, not the exception?

FRANK MAYO is going to revive "Davy Crockett" next season, but he doesn't like the idea of doing so at all. "I am really compelled to produce the play," he said the other day. "Five years ago I wanted to burn the 'props' and manuscript, but everybody said that I would be glad to make use of them again. I am not glad, but I am like the apothecary; my poverty consents. I am in as serious a predicament as Frankenstein. I worked hard to create the character of Davy Crockett, and now I cannot destroy it. It lives to pursue me; next year I am going to Australia to get rid of it. I shall try to establish some reputation there for Frank Mayo instead of for Davy Crockett." Nevertheless, Davy Crockett has been a good friend to Frank Mayo, and has brought him lots of pleasant compliments, as well as a good deal of money. I remember an occasion nearly ten years ago when Mayo nearly lost a good engagement through a peculiar newspaper comment which was made concerning his appearance in another role. He was playing the part of Badger in "The Streets of New York" at the Boston Theater, and a writer on the staff of one of the evening papers of that city thought it a good joke to criticise him as if he had been Frank Mayo on the stage instead of Badger. Mayo was under contract to play "Davy Crockett" at the Boston Museum, and Manager Field of that house, who read the grotesque criticism rather too literally, sent in hot haste to investigate Mr. Mayo's behavior on the stage of the Boston Theater, in the fear that his own stage was in danger of desecration. It was not until the paper had published a long explanation of its own joke that Mr. Field felt safe in allowing Mayo to fulfill his contract.

INDIANA HAPPENINGS.

EVENTS AND INCIDENTS THAT HAVE LATELY OCCURRED.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crime, Casualties and General News Notes.

Driven From Home.

The other night Christian Dalhoover, a farmer living with his wife and three children in Milton Township, Jefferson County, was awakened by the barking of his dog. Looking out of the window, he saw about a dozen horsemen riding toward his house, the leader wearing a mask. They halted before his home and ordered him to come out. Almost frightened to death, he barred all the doors and windows, when, all of a sudden a crash was heard, and a ponderous bowlder came through the roof of the frail structure, landing alongside of the bed, wherein slumbered his three small children. Hastily awakening them, he carried two and his wife one in her arms, and they made their escape through a side door. As they fled they could hear the crash of timbers and the rattle of dishes, for the midnight marauders had torn off the roof and weather-boarding, and, gaining an entrance, had entirely demolished the stove, furniture and ornaments. When the old man returned in the morning he found his home a heap of ruins.

Minor State Items.

—Richmond is building an electric railway.

—Anderson has a small typhoid fever epidemic.

—Typhoid fever is epidemic in Monroe County.

—Work has been begun on Muncie's street railway.

—An unusually large peach crop is predicted for Southern Indiana this year.

—The Diamond Plate-glass Company, of Kokomo, has struck another big gas well.

—A barn belonging to David Mickley, in Whitley County, was struck by lightning and burned.

—Clark County paid out, during the past year, on account of sheep, killed by worthless dogs, $1,432.50.

—At Spencer, S. H. H. Mathis and daughter were thrown from a buggy by a runaway horse and seriously hurt.

—Newton Weston, of Lafayette, was shot from ambush, while passing a cornfield, and received a painful wound in the leg.

—The labor organizations and citizens of New Albany have appointed committees to solicit aid for the Clay County strikers.

—Cal Shields, a farmer, living one mile north of Montpelier, while cutting wheat with a reaper, had a valuable horse killed.

—The Diamond Plate-glass Company, of Kokomo, has opened a monster gas well near that city. Experts say the well is the largest in the State.

—Hog cholera has broken out in Jackson County and Fred White, one of the best farmers in that section, has lost over fifty head recently.

—Mrs. John Shelton, a young wife of Seymour, has given birth to an unusually large and hearty boy with six well-formed fingers on each hand.

"Milk sickness" has broken out in Dubois County, and prevails to such an extent that two or three localities have almost entirely tabooed the use of milk.

—Southern Indiana has produced this season one of the largest peach crops ever known in that section. Brown County seems to be "humping" herself especially.

—Charles B. Dougherty, of Bluffton, becomes heir to $10,000 by the will of his aunt, Mrs. R. G. Stulls, whose death at the sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich., occurred recently.

—Lafayette is in the throes of a faith-cure sensation. Miss Mamie Smiley and several others claim to have been cured by a Wayne County Christian scientist named R. H. Ramsay.

—The other night a meteor crashed through the roof of John Faschnicht's house, near Lafayette, and was embedded in the floor near the bed where Mr. and Mrs. Faschnicht were sleeping.

—An attempt to wreck a south-bound C. & M. train was made by piling rocks on the track, at the Silver Creek bridge, near Jeffersonville. The engine was thrown from the track, but nobody was hurt.

—John Unison was in the act of getting on the east-bound Vandalia accommodation, at Greencastle, when he slipped and fell, crushing his left foot beneath the rail. His injury is severe, though amputation may be avoided.

—James Ferrell, foreman on the Evansville Suburban and Newburg Railroad, was fatally injured at Newburg, while working under an embankment. A huge pile of earth caved in, burying him beneath it and breaking his back.

—During the past few years a number of valuable pearls have been found attached to shells in White River, near Rockford. One resident of the village has realized over $300 from that source, and a large specimen recently picked up by him sold readily for $38.

—While S. H. H. Mathes, formerly editor of the *Journal* at Spencer, was out riding with his daughter the horse became frightened and ran away, throwing both violently to the ground and seriously injuring the daughter. The father sustained only slight bruises.

—Cutsinger & Son, living a few miles north of Columbus, recently shipped to Liverpool, England, twenty-four carloads of the finest beef cattle that have ever been shipped from the Indianapolis stock-yards, so dealers say. The cattle averaged 1,510 pounds each.

—It is stated that the Mayor of South Bend has received a letter from Benedict, Field & Co., of Chicago, boot and shoe manufacturers, asking what that place will do for them if they locate their factory there. They propose to build a factory with a capacity of 300 pairs of shoes a day, and they will employ 300 hands.

—In Rock Creek Township, Bartholomew County, and over in the edge of Decatur County, there are more copperhead snakes this year than have ever been seen in that locality for many years. The fields there are said to throng with the reptiles, and the people there are very careful to guard themselves against being bitten by the poisonous snakes.

COLD BLAST FEATHERS,

For Ticks and Pillows—these are the feathers that are perfectly clean. We have them in

1-2-3 and 5 pound bags.

Cotton Flannels,

at 5c, 6c, 7c, 8c, 9c, 10c, 12½c.

Much better than you had last season at the same prices.

See our Cotton Flannels,

Bleached, Unbleached and Colored.

SPLENDID COTTON BATTING

Light and Clean

at 8c, 10c, 12½ and 15c.

And the handsome

WHITE ROSE BATTS.

Have you seen that

5c. UNBLEACHED MUSLIN.

You'll say its too good for the price —and that's what it is.

Handsome

NEW FALL PRINTS!

Rivals in styles of fine sateens.

At the Linen Counter you will see some choice things in

TABLE LINENS.
NAPKINS.
TABLE LINEN SETTS

in the new watered stripe patterns.

Call in and see them.

ROOT & COMPANY

W. E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,

Dental Office in Shoaff's Gallery,
21 W. BERRY St,

SHIRTS ♦ MADE ♦ TO ♦ ORDER.

All the Latest Styles in Fancy Bosoms and French Flannels. All Flannels are shrunken before they are cut. Satisfaction guaranteed.

P. G. KUTTNER,
July 20-3m 144 CALHOUN ST.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1889.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. J. M. Kuhne has returned from the north.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Kuhne left last night for a trip east.

The uniform rank, K. of P., will hold a meeting next Monday evening.

There will be a general soldiers' reunion at Greensburg, October 9 and 10.

United States Deputy Marshal T. W. Blair returned from Indianapolis last night.

Mr. John McCurdy, the rising young dentist, will spend Sunday at James lake, near Angola.

"Laughing Jack," the new song of Emmet's, was received with great success in Toledo last night.

Mr. Bob Smith is home from Chicago, where he went in the interest of the Fort Wayne Driving association.

The store of Sam, Pete & Max was crowded all day at the big sale and the doors had to be locked frequently.

Mr. Thomas M. Glenn and family will leave for Rome City next week to occupy their cottage until September 1.

The Old Fort Pulley works shipped twenty-nine pulleys to-day to Raleigh, N. C. This industry makes extensive shipments.

Michael Kenny, who, after an injection of the elixir of life, walked off with his crutches over his shoulder, is hobbling about with them again.

Huntington *Herald*: "Miss Bertha Hildebrand went to Fort Wayne on the noon train to-day, where she will visit with the family of George R. Hench."

Governor Hovey and his staff will go to Arkansas City, Kan., on invitation, to attend a great soldiers' reunion. They will leave Indianapolis the evening of September 9.

Rev. J. Hartman, pastor of the Wilson avenue Baptist church, of Cleveland, Ohio, is in the city, a guest of the family of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Hartman, of West Wayne street.

Last evening a little daughter of Mr. John M. Mooney, at the corner of Monroe and Jefferson streets, was run over by a lumber wagon and badly injured. Dr. Boswell attends the little sufferer.

Rev. H. N. Herrick, president of the Fort Wayne college, will occupy the pulpit of the M. E. church at Wabash to-morrow. While there he will be the guest of his brother, George T. Herrick.

Huntington *Democrat*: "Fred Etzold, of Fort Wayne, is down visiting his cousin, John Etzold. The first thing he did on getting here was to go to the river and catch a turtle so large he could hardly lift it."

Mr. E. A. Gill, who has been doing the work in the Wabash dispatcher's office during the sickness of Mrs. A. E. Wells, the regular operator, left to-day for Indianapolis. Mrs. Wells has recovered and will return to her duties Monday.

Mrs. A. C. Keel will go east in a few days.

Mr. Fred Beach, sr., has returned from Philadelphia.

Mr. Fred N. Marquardt, of Monroeville, has taken a position in this city.

Miss Eliza Dandy, of Dayton, Ohio, is the guest of her grandma, Mrs. Dan Harmon.

H. Spencer Davis has accepted a position in the incandescent room of the electric light works.

The Shaker medicine snap has gone to Creston, Iowa. Their tents and goods were shipped by the Wabash.

Mr. George C. Richards has completed his bill board improvements. He has the finest boards Fort Wayne ever had.

Mr. Dennis McCarthy, of the Wabash freight office, left this afternoon over the Nickel Plate for Chicago. He goes to visit his brother a few days.

Mr. John C. Fleming, of the Grand Rapids road, left to-day with his family for Grand Rapids to reside. Mrs. Addie Tate accompanied them and will make her home there also.

The Knights of St. Charles will go to the national convention of the order at Cleveland and will run an excursion over the Nickel Plate on the occasion of their trip, the latter part of this month.

Ex-Councilman Joseph Storm and wife entertained a number of friends at their residence last night in compliment to Misses Lizzie and Augusta Paul, who both celebrated their birthdays yesterday.

The comedian, Emmet, played to an enthusiastic audience last night, in Toledo, and will repeat the success at the Temple this evening. "Uncle Joe; or, Fritz in a Mad House," is the bill announced.

In the show window of Schierzinger's jewelry store is exhibited a large photograph of the tug-of-war team that won the first prize at the military academy, at Chester, Pa. Mr. J. B. White, jr., of this city, is in the group.

Mr. John McKenzie, formerly of this city, is now located at Port Townsend, W. T. He is young, hearty and prosperous. John will be recalled as a graduate of Central Grammar school. His parents reside on Butler street.

Special Policemen John Maddon and John Baker discovered a blaze in the sheds at the rear of Albrecht's carriage works last night. They extinguished it and a big fire was averted, as the flames would have communicated with the carriage works.

Mr. Silas Lucas, formerly one of the proprietors of the Globe Warehouse, but now in business at Scranton, Pa., is in the city. Mr. Lucas had some goods packed in the fourth floor of the building of Sam, Pete & Max, and the goods were a little damaged by the recent fire.

The officers of the Fort Wayne City band are as follows: President, J. Dennison; vice-president, H. Soberrer; secretary, F. Goebel; treasurer, F. J. Reineke, trustees, M. Bacher, H. Scherer, W. D. Kyle; finance committee, G. Jacobs, S. Burdolt, H. Wolf; 1st, P. Koinle, 2nd, B. Rekers.

Don't fail to ask your groceryman for the Leader Washing Compound and take no other. 17-tf

Lay in your Sunday supply of Cigars at Loesch's; he keeps the best. By the box or at retail.

Flour, Cheese, Potatoes and Onions— No Advance in Price.

Best Quality Flour, $4.50 barrel.
Ohio Factory Cheese, 8c pound.
Best Missouri Potatoes, 35c bushel.
Choice Yellow Onions, 12½c peck.
FRUIT HOUSE.

Fine Jewelry at Voirol's.

Gruber's Best is acknowledged to be the leading 10c cigar manufactured in the city.

You can make a week's wages by buying your clothing now of
SAM, PETE & MAX.

Go to Warsaw with the Traveling Men Saturday, Aug. 24th. 17-6t

"Yes sir, I will be closed Sundays," said Mr. Frank Gruber to one of his customers to-day. So don't forget to fill your pockets this eve, with F. G's. and Frank's Choice, the best 5c cigars sold in the city.

Don't fail to ask your groceryman for the Leader washing Compound and take no other. 17-tf

We will have sixty clerks to wait on the crowd to-day.
SAM, PETE & MAX.

Cheap Reading.

Hundreds of paper bound novels, retailing from 20c to 50c each, slightly watered, your choice 10c, or three for 25c. *Puck's* libraries, mid-summer numbers of *Puck* and other good reading at 5c. German books very cheap.
The Detroit *Free Press*, daily and Sunday, at 10c a week.
A. C. KATT, 78 Calhoun Street,
17-2t Taylor's Music Store.

Remember the Traveling Men's excursion to Warsaw Saturday, Aug. 24th. 17 6t

Railroad Watches at Voirol's.

Don't mind the crowds, and if you have to wait your turn in getting in, remember you are earning a dollar for every hour you have to wait.
SAM, PETE & MAX.

Wedding Rings at Voirol's.

Chicago Markets.

The following table, furnished by T. M. Baxter & Co., Rooms 3, Trentman Block, Fort Wayne, Ind., gives range of prices for to-day. They have direct wires to the Chicago Board of Trade, and orders for grain, provisions and stocks will be filled promptly.
O. M. STONE, Manager.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, Aug. 17.

ARTICLES.	Opening to-day	Range to-day.		Closing. Aug 17	Aug 16
Wheat—					
August	77⅞	77⅞	77⅛	77⅞	78
September	77½	77½	76⅞	77½	77⅝
December	78⅛	78@78⅛	78	78	78@78⅛
Corn—					
September	35½	35½@⅝	35½@⅝	35½@⅝	35½
October	35½	35½@⅝	35½@⅝	35½@⅝	35½@⅝
Mess pork—					
September	9.00	9.03	8.95	9.00	9.12½
October	9.72	9.72	9.50	9.52	9.67½
Lard—					
September	6.25	6.25	6.17	6.17½	6.30
October	6.17	6.17	6.05	6.07	6.15

1864.

Notice.

The stand privileges for Labor day will be let by a committee, on Saturday, August 24, at the fair grounds at 3 p. m.
G. R. HENCH,
Chairman Committee on Arrangements.

Get your old tin roofs coated with pure "Trinadad Asphalte." The best Roof Paint in the world. It is cheap and will out last any roof paint in the world. Leave orders with the Osborn Remington Co., D. H. Lawton, Manager, Room 19, Pixley-Long Block. 6 tf.

Now is the time to secure Stores at actual cost. Staub Bros., 16 East Columbia street. 2-tf

Fresh Butter and Eggs, at
16-2t STANDARD GROCERY.

Staub Bros. 16 East Columbia street, are closing out their entire stock of Stoves and Gasoline Stoves at cost. 2-tf

Try Peerless Flour, sold by
16-2t PAUL BROS.

The excursion of the Catholic Legion to Spring Fountain Park, Warsaw, on Wednesday, August 21, promises to be the event of the season. th&s

Wm. Meyer & Bro. will receive their new fall styles of the celebrated Knox and Youman hats next week. 16-2t

Fine large Potatoes, 35c bushel at
16-2t PAUL BROS.

Just received our new fall styles of the celebrated Wilcox Hat.
WM. MEYER & BRO.,
16-2t 34 Calhoun Street.

Wait for the Catholic Benevolent Legion excursion to Warsaw, Wednesday, August 21. There will be a reunion of all the societies of Northern Indiana. th&s

"Stylish! Well, I should say," was the remark of one of Mr. William Meyer & Bros. customers this morning in regard to the new fall style of their Wilcox Hat, which they have just received. 16-2t

Choice Goods and low prices.
16-2t STANDARD GROCERY.

The Wilcox Light Weight Hat takes the lead for style and durability. For sale by Wm. Meyer & Bro., the leading hatters, 34 Calhoun street. 16-2t

Joe H. Brimmer, the only practical sign painter, will decorate your wagon for the great industrial parade on Labor day. 16-tf

Bananas, 10c dozen.
Nutmeg Mellons, 10c each.
Watermelons, 15c, 20c and 25c each.
16-2t AT STANDARD GROCERY.

A GRAND REUNION.

The Catholic Benevolent Legion reunion takes place at Spring Fountain Park, Eagle Lake, Warsaw, Wednesday, August 21. A grand excursion has been arranged for that date. th&s

Fine Cakes and Bread.
16 2t STANDARD GROCERY.

See the new fall style of the Wilcox hat. It is nobby.
AT WM. MEYER & BRO.,
The Leading Hatters,
16-2t 34 Calhoun Street.

Fine Teas and Coffee at
16-2t PAUL BROS.

MERGENTHEIMS BAZAAR BARGAINS
—IN—
Towels and Table Linen. Muslins, Sheetings and Canton Flannels

Sold cheaper than elsewhere.

Just received a large line of beautiful

LAWN APRONS

to be sold at 25 cents.

FINE SILK MITTS

18 and 25 cents.

Mergentheims Bazaar.

TAPS CIGAR - TAPS CIGAR

Full Havana! Strictly first-class, and without doubt the best 5 Cent CIGAR on the Market. Try 25 cents worth and be convinced it has no Equal.

W. H. PYKE,
SOLE AGENT. : : : 80 CALHOUN ST.

—THE—

"Jacobs Shoe Store,"

17 Calhoun Street.

Is the Place to bring your Dollars. We Guarantee to give you Better Shoe Leather for Your Money than any other concern in Fort Wayne.

We Shall always endeavor to maintain Our Well-Earned Reputation for selling First-Class Goods Exclusively.

We place on sale to-day 72 pair of Ladies' Bright Dongola Kid Button Boots—warranted in every instance—at $1.50 a pair, regular price $2.50.

Also: 150 pair of Gents' Dress shoes at $1.50, guaranteed to satisfy anybody.

Good Bargains in Children's shoes, Misses shoes, Ladies' Oxfords.

Make a Bee line for

The Jacobs Shoe Store,

17 Calhoun St.

Sugar and Flour DOWN.

Extra C. sugar 8 cts.
Coffee A. 9 cts.
Granulated, 9¼ cts.
Flour, $4.50 bbl.

COVERDALE & ARCHER.

FIRE! SMOKE! WATER!

Our Fire is Out, Our Losses Adjusted and Stock Arranged so that we can Commence Business Again.

MONDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19th.

AT 9 O'CLOCK,

Every Article in Our $80,000 Stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CARPETS, MILLINERY, CLOAKS AND SHAWLS, UNDERWEAR,

To Be Sold at a Great Sacrifice.

Not an article in our store has been touched by Fire. The only damage done was by Smoke and Water. They are just as good as ever. Come early Monday morning. Plenty of help so everybody can be waited on. This is a Bona-Fide CASH SALE Only.

LOUIS WOLF & COMPANY,

NO. 64 CALHOUN STREET.